Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 6, 1954 / 20¢

MICKEY SPILLANE AND HIS BLOODY HAMMER
By Christopher La Farge

THE BOOMING BUST OF THE PAPERBACKS
By Thomas E. Cooney

IN BRAINS WE TRUST
By John Mason Brown

Pearl Buck, author of "My Several Worlds." (See page 17)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The gentleman on the left is the **Fon of Bafut**, who rules the inhabitants—but not the animals—of a great African grasslands kingdom with a firm but affectionate hand. The gentleman on the right is **Gerald Durrell**, naturalist, explorer, inveterate collector of curious fauna, and the author of **The Overloaded Ark**.

When the Fon organizes a group of his subjects to help Mr. Durrell capture certain local beasts of varying sizes and dispositions, a series of marvelously toward and untoward events occurs, which make this beautifully told story unique among naturalists' chronicles. For reasons that will become apparent, it is called

The Bafut Beagles

and is by **Gerald M. Durrell**

Illustrated $3.75

The loveliest best-seller of the year —4th printing

With this completely delightful new volume, which includes her "Saints Without Tears," Miss McGinley has won the warm affection of critics and readers alike. And she has become that rare literary phenomenon—a best-selling poet. "A bright lucidity like hers shines like a good deed in the naughty gloom of modern poetry."

—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times* $3.00

The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley

REUNION

A story about eight men and their women at a fateful crisis in their lives

by MERLE MILLER Once they were a combat unit sharing a desperate hour. Now, it is the day of reunion, eight years later, and they are eight separate men—with their women—each with his inner turmoil and desire. Theirs is a gripping story of mounting suspense—for among them are a killer and his intended victim. "His finest novel. . . . An exciting book about living people."

—*Saturday Review* $3.95

THE VIKING PRESS

Publishers of The Columbia-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA

FOR THE FIRST TIME—*The best writing from a subtle, fascinating, and too-little-known literature*

During its brief life-span—the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—Jewish literature written in the Yiddish language had a magnificent flowering. Now, the best writings have been gathered together in this brilliant and comprehensive anthology, much of it translated into English for the first time.

Opening with a generous selection by the famous founding trio—Mendele Mocher Sforim, Sholom Aleichem, and Peretz—this handsome volume includes stories by Sholem Asch, I. J. Singer, I. Bashevis Singer, and Zalman Schneour, as well as several lesser-known writers of the first rank.

Most of the fifty-odd stories deal with village life in the old country, but a number of them treat of more recent aspects of Jewish life here and abroad. The editors' superb introduction is the first complete history of Yiddish literature from its origins to its decline. The translations have been made by outstanding writers of today, including Saul Bellow, Isaac Rosenfeld, Ludwig Lewisohn, Alfred Kazin, Maurice Samuel, Meyer Levin, and Irving Howe.

Drawings by Ben Shahn *630 pages* $5.95

A TREASURY OF YIDDISH STORIES

Edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MOST IMPORTANT BOOKS

Your Choice of Three...up to $17.95 retail value

LELIA
By André Maurois. "The finest study of George Sand, and by far the best book ever written by André Maurois." —*Time* *Pub. ed. $5.00*
Members' price **$2.29**

For only **$3.98**

PRIMITIVE HERITAGE
Edited by Margaret Mead and Nicolas Calas. An anthology of over 100 articles by outstanding anthropologists, writers, psychiatrists and sociologists—covering all phases of the behavior of man in primitive society.
Pub. ed. $5.00
Members' price **$2.50**

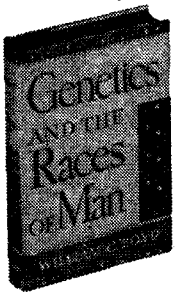
THE WORLDLY PHILOSOPHERS
By Robert L. Heilbroner. A profound and stimulating presentation of the lives, times and ideas of the great economic thinkers from the 18th century to the present. *Pub. ed. $5.00*
Members' price **$2.50**

For more than twelve years the **Book Find Club** has been supplying mature, thoughtful readers with the most important books — the best books in literature, the arts and sciences — and all of them at an average saving of 53%.

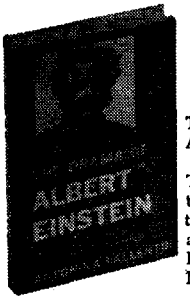
To dramatize its low price, as well as the high calibre of its selections, the **Book Find Club** now makes this remarkable offer:

Select ANY THREE of the outstanding volumes pictured and described on this page. For these books (retail values ranging up to $17.95) PAY ONLY $3.98 plus a few cents postage and handling. As long as you remain an active member you save an average of 53% on the books you buy — and you buy only the books you want.

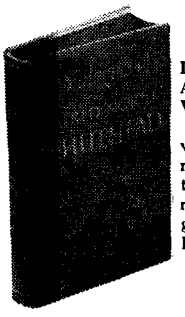
To take advantage of this special introductory offer simply fill out and return the coupon below.



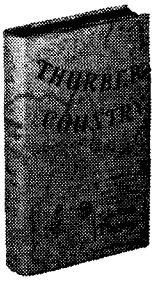
GENETICS AND THE RACES OF MAN
By William C. Boyd. "The first modern volume covering the subject of physical anthropology from a point of view adequate to the scientific world in which we are living."—Prof. I. Bernard Cohen, Harvard University. *Pub. ed. $6.00*
Members' price **$2.65**



THE DRAMA OF ALBERT EINSTEIN
By Antonina Vallentin. The first biography to treat, in human terms, the man who has brought about the greatest revolution in science since Newton. *Pub. ed. $3.95*
Members' price **$2.29**



DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD
A collection of the wise, human and far-ranging conversations of the great philosopher, as recorded during informal gatherings at Whitehead's home.
Pub. ed. $5.00
Members' price **$2.50**



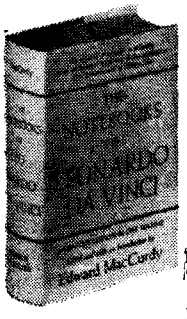
THURBER COUNTRY
A collection of 25 pieces—many of them published for the first time in this country—about Males and Females, mainly of our species. *Pub. ed. $3.75*
Members' price **$1.89**

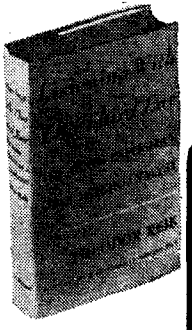
MAN AND HIS GODS
By Homer W. Smith. Man's religious beliefs through the ages are examined by an outstanding physiologist, and found wanting. Learned, provocative, profound—a modern classic of the stature of *The Golden Bough.* *Pub. ed. $5.00*
Members' price **$2.45**

A TREASURY OF SCIENCE
Over 700 pages by such eminent scientists as Lancelot Hogben, Sir James Jeans, Charles Darwin and T. H. Huxley. Revised and expanded, with an introduction by Dr. Harlow Shapley. *Pub. ed. $5.95*
Members' price **$3.00**

THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI
A magnificent record of Leonardo's thought as painter, sculptor, astronomer, architect, geographer and inventor—illustrated with his drawings.
Orig. pub. in 2 vols. at $15.00
1-vol. ed., members' price **$5.00**

BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFE
By Carson McCullers. Includes all her novels and some of her finest short stories.
Pub. ed. $5.00
Members' price **$2.50**





LISTENING WITH THE THIRD EAR
By Theodor Reik. From Dr. Theodor Reik's wealth of clinical experience comes perhaps the most important work on psychoanalysis since Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams.* *Pub. ed. $6.00*
Members' price **$2.65**

THE BOOK FIND CLUB

THE BOOK FIND CLUB
215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me the THREE books I have indicated. For these books I pay only $3.98 (plus 24¢ postage and handling) *regardless of retail value.* I am also to receive the Book *Find* News, the Club's monthly literary magazine. I understand that I may accept as few as 3 additional books (at low membership prices, plus 24¢ postage and handling) during the first year of my membership; and that I may cancel my membership at any time thereafter.
(Check any three titles at right.)

Name (please print)_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

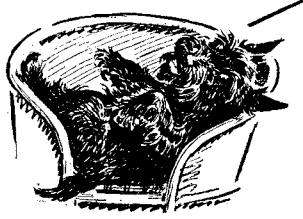
(Prices slightly higher in Canada) SRA

- ☐ *The Worldly Philosophers*
- ☐ *Genetics and the Races of Man*
- ☐ *Treasury of Science*
- ☐ *The Drama of Albert Einstein*
- ☐ *Primitive Heritage*
- ☐ *The Notebooks of DaVinci*
- ☐ *Man and His Gods*
- ☐ *Dialogues of Whitehead*
- ☐ *Lelia*
- ☐ *Thurber Country*
- ☐ *Listening with the Third Ear*
- ☐ *Ballad of The Sad Cafe*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time to Wake Up!

"WAKE UP, WHITEY! WE'VE GOT FRIENDS WAITING!"



"I'M WITH YOU THERE, BLACKIE! SEEMS EVERYONE'S AWAKE TO THE FACT THAT THE CHARACTER AND QUALITY OF BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

SR's Library Poll

POLITICIANS' words are usually moribund while they are still only sound, not to mention print. Ex-Governor Stevenson's published addresses not only achieved a large readership in 1952-53, but the interests of his new book have been advanced by an election two years after the one in which he took part. "Call to Greatness" is #17 on *SR*'s list this week.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

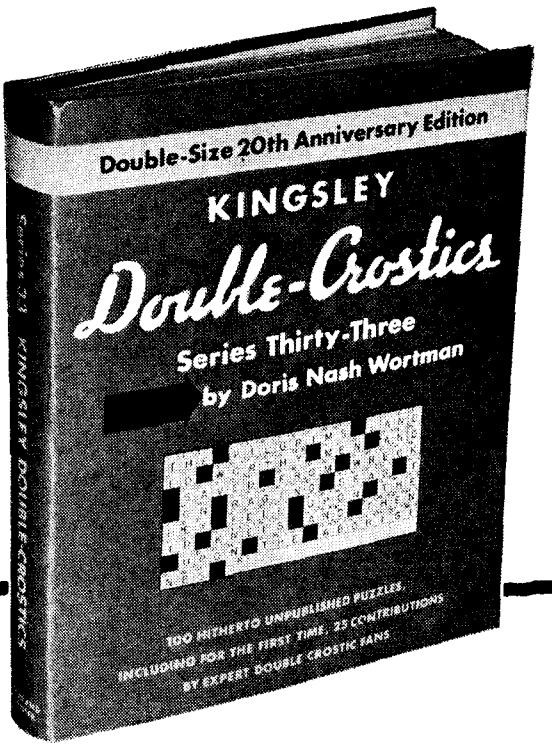
1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **Love Is Eternal**
   by Irving Stone (F)**
3. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
4. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)
5. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
6. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
7. **A Fable**
   by William Faulkner (F)
8. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
9. **TNT—The Power Within You**
   by Claude Bristol (G)
10. **Sweet Thursday**
    by John Steinbeck (F)
11. **The Dollmaker**
    by Harriette Arnow (F)
12. **Katherine**
    by Anya Seton (F)
13. **The Fall of a Titan**
    by Igor Gouzenko (F)
14. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
15. **Gone With the Wind**
    by Margaret Mitchell (F)
16. **But We Were Born Free**
    by Elmer Davis (G)
17. **Call to Greatness**
    by Adlai E. Stevenson (G)
18. **They Called Him Stonewall**
    by Burke Davis (G)
19. **The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill**
    by Hermann Hagedorn (G)
20. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)

PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N.Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Los Angeles (Calif.), Louisville (Ky.), Miami (Fla.), Milwaukee (Wis.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N.Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Washington (D.C.).

* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Just out in time for Christmas– the new **DOUBLE-CROSTICS** book with *twice as many puzzles as ever before!*

AN extra-special Double-Crostics book has just been published to celebrate the 20th anniversary of America's Number One Literary Puzzle.

DOUBLE CROSTICS #33 by Doris Nash Wortman contains twice as much entertainment as usual: not fifty but one hundred hitherto unpublished DC's.

It is the first book in the series to include — in addition to Doris Nash Wortman's superbly constructed puzzles — a special section of 25 Double-Crostics created by expert fans:

PATRICIA H. CONDICT
MARY VINCENT DAY
LYDIA S. DRIGGS
W. S. ELDRIDGE
HENRY D. EPHRON
LEON C. FRIEL
MARY HAZARD FROST
VIRGINIA GERSON
GEORGE M. GREENE
KATHARINE D. HARVEY
CATHERINE L. JONES
GERARD B. LAMBERT
CONSTANCE LANE
FRED L. MANDEL, JR.
CHARLES MERZ AND ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER
MR. AND MRS. DAVID E. MOESER
JOHN S. NEWBERRY, JR.
ROGER PACK
ELMER RICE
DOROTHY F. RODGERS
BURNETTE B. STAEBLER
E. E. THUM AND M. S. THUM
ROBERT TREE WEST
MARGARET R. WILLIAMSON

Each of the 100 puzzles in this book appears in print for the first time. Each is guaranteed (as in the preceding 32 volumes) to tingle the brain, relax the spirit, inflate the ego — and make your Doublecrosticophile friends happy at Christmas. It's just off press. Price $2.95. Send for your copies today on the coupon below.

To your bookseller, or
The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York City

Please send me.....copies of *Kingsley Double-Crostics Series 33, The Double-Size 20th Anniversary Edition.* Price $2.95 each.

I am enclosing my remittance for $.....

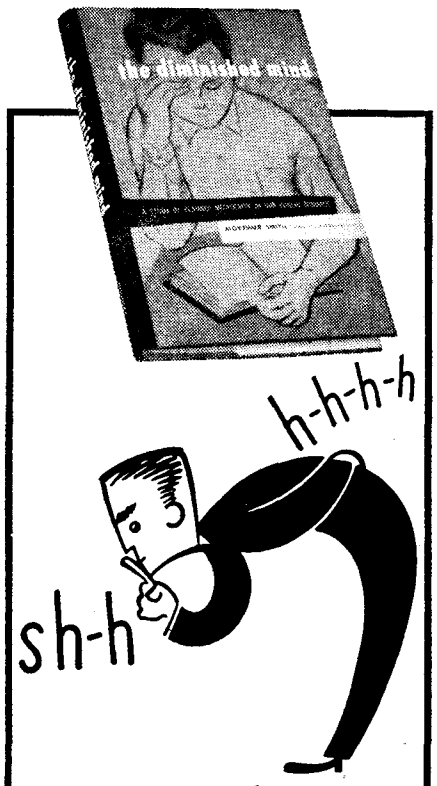
Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

New York City residents add 3% city sales tax

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



We almost hate to bring up the matter since it has been officially labelled "controversial" (and not too far from here either) but we have just published a book entitled THE DIMINISHED MIND by Mortimer Smith ($2.75 at all "controversial" bookstores). Mr. Smith's subject is an examination of the "planned mediocrity in our public schools."

It has been felt in many quarters, for a long time, that there was something drastically wrong with public education in the U. S. There have been many critics of the school systems, all of whom have been promptly tabbed as "extremists, controversialists, radicals, etc." Despite the righteous indignation of the educators, however, the criticism has not abated but rather increased. Mr. Smith is one of the most "vociferous", but also one of the most constructive critics of public education.

The bleatings of those who deplore controversy will not make Mr. Smith's book go away and hide. It will reach out to those who are genuinely interested in the education our children are getting in our schools. It is available in a special "controversial" edition, at your bookstore, $2.75.

Regnery • Chicago 4

The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 6, 1954

Cover Portrait by Allen Hermes

SR/IDEAS

11 MICKEY SPILLANE AND HIS BLOODY HAMMER, by Christopher La Farge
13 THE BOOMING BUST OF THE PAPERBACKS, by Thomas E. Cooney
22 FRANKFURTER—IN BRAINS WE TRUST, by John Mason Brown
24 COMPANION OF HISTORY: AN EDITORIAL

SR/BOOKS

17 MY SEVERAL WORLDS, by Pearl Buck
Reviewed by Margaret Parton
18 THE STARS AT NOON, by Jacqueline Cochran
Reviewed by Lucy Black Johnson
18 THE LADY BULLFIGHTER, by Patricia McCormick
Reviewed by Carl Victor Little
20 AMERICAN DEMAGOGUES, by Reinhard H. Luthin
Reviewed by Sidney Hyman
21 A PROGRAM FOR CONSERVATIVES, by Russell Kirk
Reviewed by Francis G. Wilson
21 MY HERO, by Donald Richberg
Reviewed by George E. Mowry
26 THE BULLS OF PARRAL, by Marguerite Steen
Reviewed by Barnaby Conrad
27 WHAT DID IT MEAN? by Angela Thirkell
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst
27 SWAMI AND FRIENDS AND BACHELOR OF ARTS, by R. K. Narayan
Reviewed by Joseph Hitrec
28 PRISONER IN PARADISE, by Garet Rogers
Reviewed by Harrison Smith
31 TREADMILL TO OBLIVION, by Fred Allen
LIFE WITH GROUCHO, by Arthur Marx
Reviewed by Bernard Kalb
32 103 LYRICS OF COLE PORTER, selected by Fred Lounsberry
Reviewed by Sandy Wilson
33 THE THEATRE IN OUR TIMES, by John Gassner
Reviewed by Lee Strasberg
34 CECIL SOREL: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Reviewed by Betsy von Furstenberg
35 A DANGEROUS FREEDOM, by Bradford Smith
Reviewed by H. A. Overstreet
36 THE TASTEMAKERS, by Russell Lynes
Reviewed by Roger Butterfield
36 PROFILE OF AMERICA, by Emily Davie and Bryan Holme
Reviewed by Saul K. Padover
37 AN ALMANAC OF LIBERTY, by William O. Douglas
Reviewed by Ralph H. Gabriel

SR/DEPARTMENTS

7 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf
9 LITERARY CRYPT
25 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
30 LITERARY I.Q.
38 BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes
39 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Lee Rogow
40 TV AND RADIO, by Robert Lewis Shayon
41 MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin
42 NEW EDITIONS, by Ben Ray Redman
44 *SR*'s WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR
45 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton
60 THE FINE ARTS, by James Thrall Soby
63 THE CRIMINAL RECORD
67 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 1076

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVII, No. 45, Nov. 6, 1954. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

PAPA ERNEST HEMINGWAY, back from his varied and death-defying adventures in Africa, is of a mind to cash in on a few of them by way of Hollywood. He is penning a screen story about big-game hunting in the jungle, and since the central character calls for a gent of Hemingway's build and disposition his co-producers, Bill Lowe and Frank McCarthy, have all but talked him into essaying the role himself.

Truth to tell, Mr. H. has always hankered to do a bit of acting—especially when he has a few stimulating liquids under his belt. Convivials will never forget the exhibition he once staged at Mr. Costello's pub on Third Avenue. Papa H. was there minding his own business when a valued friend dropped in, dressed to the teeth in frock coat and striped pants, with a shillalegh, if you please, under his arm. One drink led to another, and to hear the friend tell it, the value—and durability—of the shillalegh mounted steadily. "I could break it in two over my head," scoffed Papa H. at long last—and suited the action to his word. (He is proud of his very hard skull). The friend picked up the two shattered pieces of his shillalegh—and burst into tears. Papa H. was conscience-stricken. "I didn't know it meant so much to you," he admitted. "But I'll be abroad in a few weeks, and so help me, I'll bring you back a shillalegh ten times finer than the one I have destroyed."

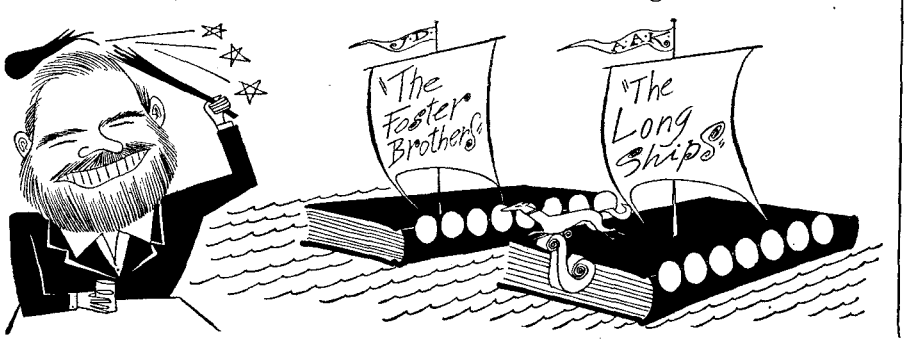
He did not forget his promise—and with a fine sense of the fitness of things arranged to make the presentation at the precise spot where the original damage had been done. The two friends met solemnly, the new shillalegh exchanged hands amidst mutual expressions of esteem, and then everybody settled down for a little serious imbibing.

Do I have to tell you how the evening ended? Mr. Hemingway suddenly picked up the brand-new shillalegh and announced, "I bet I could break this one over my head even more easily than the last."

As the sound of splintering wood echoes poignantly in our ears, we leave Costello's reluctantly behind us, and strike out for other parts. Goodbye, Papa H.! Goodbye, valued friend! Goodbye, shillalegh!

THERE HAVE BEEN two new books about Vikings in recent weeks, but the Viking Press had nothing to do with either of them. "The Foster Brothers," Edward Franklin's tale of two eleventh-century Icelanders in Britain, is a John Day publication, and Frank Bengtsson's "The Long Ships" bears the Knopf imprint. . . .The "whodunit" market and the automobile industry reflect similar trends. In the automotive world, General Motors and Ford gobble up more and more of the business, while the few remaining independents scramble desperately for the crumbs. In "whodunits," the new and less publicized scriveners face a lessened circulating-library demand and drastic cutbacks by the paperbound reprints, but the big shots find the demand bigger and better than ever. Morrow has just announced, for example, a new contract with Erle Stanley Gardner for a series of new Perry Mason mysteries that will net him over half-a-million dollars. First serial rights should double the take for Mr. G. Rival publishers meanwhile are digging for more Erle.

BEFORE LEAVING ON VACATION I reprinted an item from *Confidential* magazine to the effect that Alfred Kinsey was the inspiration for the character of the professor in the late Ross Lockridge, Jr.'s "Raintree County." From Dr. Kinsey himself comes a vigorous denial. "I cannot recall ever having met Mr. Lockridge," he states, "or having had any indirect contact which might in any way have affected his thinking in the writing of 'Raintree County.' The notion of our having hiked to the Brown



SU
SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Significant Books from Syracuse

THE SOVIET REGIME
W. W. Kulski

A comprehensive, documented study of how Communism is used to mold Russian social, cultural, and political life. Professor Kulski's book deals with the family, youth, civic duties, courts . . . the citizen and the State . . . Russian nationalism . . . Communism's basic attitude toward the West. Over 800 pages $8.00

THE FIRST REPUBLICANS
Stuart Gerry Brown

A re-examination of freedom in the light of today's political problems. Dr. Brown presents a systematic study of the ideas and programs of the original Republicans from 1775 to 1805: nature and rights of man, religion and the State, education in a free society, the meaning of the Constitution, proper domestic and foreign policy of a republic. $3.00

HARVEST OF HATE
Léon Poliakov

Translated from the French. An analysis of the social and psychological impact of Nazi crimes against humanity . . . a tragic chapter in human depravity . . . almost unbelievable, but thoroughly documented. Shows how totalitarian rule degrades the individual and warps the moral fabric of a nation. $3.75

at bookstores

Syracuse University Press
Box 87, University Station
Syracuse 10, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Random House books

No Time for Sergeants

A novel by MAC HYMAN. "The funniest book on the air force or any other force. Ring Lardner was never funnier than this."—*Nelson Algren,* CHICAGO SUN-TIMES. *$2.95*

Sweet and Sour

JOHN O'HARA on publishers' blurbs, the Bobbsey Twins, book critics, the Stutz Bearcat, novels about *Time* Magazine, and other matters which have amused and/or bothered John O'Hara. *$3.00*

A Fable

A novel by WILLIAM FAULKNER. "Faulkner at his best. *A Fable* is the most Faulknerian of all Faulkner's novels . . . a modern parable of love, honor, pity, pride, compassion, courage, hope."—*Lewis Gannett,* N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE. *$4.75*

Madame de Pompadour

NANCY MITFORD'S new bestseller. "A stylish Cinderella story about 'the most delicious woman in France.'"—THE NEW YORKER. *Illustrated $4.75*

Theatre '54

Edited by JOHN CHAPMAN. An exciting treasury of the '54 season on and off Broadway, including reading versions of the Golden Dozen plays of the year. *$5.00*

The incredible story of DAMON RUNYON

Father's Footsteps

By DAMON RUNYON, Jr. A remarkably candid picture of the man Broadway never really knew, *written by his son.* *$2.95*

At all bookstores, ***RANDOM HOUSE,*** *New York*

County Hills together and laid plans for our respective books is especially interesting, but to my knowledge he knew nothing whatsoever about our sex research, and I had no notion that he was engaged in writing a best seller until the book was released."

WHILE M. CHRISTIAN DIOR was tempting fate by designing clothes that would de-emphasize all the things that first made people realize Marilyn Monroe was a great actress, two of his doughtiest competitors have been quietly polishing off books of memoirs. The captivating Valentina and her dashing husband, George Schlee, are dotting final "i's" and crossing final "f's" on "Meenk Is for Football" (alternate title: "You Schlee Me"), and Elsa Schiaparelli's "Shocking Life" has already been Duttonated. Liz Hawes, however, still wrinkles up her pretty little nose at the didoes of all fancy-schmanzy couturiers and tells why in no uncertain terms in her just-published "It's Still Spinach" (Little, Brown).

Did you know that Schiaparelli had added an after-shaving lotion for men to her line of toiletries? Somebody gave me a bottle for Christmas last year, but being a simple Palmolive boy myself I hid it sheepishly on a back shelf. Last week, in a moment of wild abandon, I sampled it. Gad, men, it's heady stuff! "Snuff" is its brand name, and although the $2.50 price tag may be a deterrent at first, isn't it worth a premium really to smell as tangy and look as tweedy and cock-of-the-walky as all those boys in the ads do? Seriously, I liked the

fragrance of "Snuff" so much I laid in a full winter's supply (two bottles). I suggest it as a perfect birthday or weekend gift (plus a couple of books, of course) for the man who enjoys things a bit out of the ordinary.

SYBARITES WILL REJOICE, too, over the electrical pencil-sharpener now being produced in quantity by the Bert Morris Company in Los Angeles. Twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents sounds mighty steep for a gadget of this description—but you just try to pry it loose from anybody who's tried one! . . . *Tide* reports another new product that is fascinating everybody but the Manischewitz wine people. It's a brew bottled in China, obviously packaged to hoodwink buyers into the belief it's genuine Manischewitz wine. The Chinese entrepreneurs have made one slight error in the label, however. In-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stead of the familiar Manischewitz rabbi they picture an elegant Chinese Mandarin.

LUXURY PRODUCTS lead naturally to thoughts of the elegant Lucius Beebe and his pal, Charles Clegg, who have been laboring prodigiously in their private railroad car, *The Gold Coast*, sidetracked in Nevada, while their ferocious St. Bernard, Mr. T Bone, held autograph hunters and dazzled bobby-soxers at bay. Stanford University Press has published two of their books in a single season as a result: "Comstock Commotion," the story of the *Territorial Enterprise* (Gene Fowler opines that "it will give a dozen stuffy journalism professors apoplexy"), and "Legends of the Comstock Lode," tales of Virginia City in a heyday that Lucius is striving to revive virtually singlehanded. . . . *Fortnight* magazine offers an alluring slice of Americana, too, as its first sally into the dangerous quicksands of book publishing. It is Remi Nadeau's "The Ghost Towns of California," and is being distributed by Leslie Hood in Pasadena.

Nadeau found one moldering desert camp whose octogenarian postmaster maintained stoutly that the ghost of Pegleg Gertie, one of the painted ladies of yesteryear, still paraded the streets when the moon was full. Seeking corroboration, Nadeau collared a bewhiskered old desert rat, and asked, "Have you, too, seen the ghost of Pegleg Gertie?"

"Reckon I never seen the ghost," boasted the desert rat, "but dang bust it, I seen everything else!"

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 594

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 594 will be found in the next issue.

QUAB TO CQB FLP.

OEPMLKETDF ALGLHLO

RB RBLK USBK

PBOCBKXLPO NKZTOBO.

—XB WLOOBKBO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 593

Chaos often breeds life, when order breeds habit.

—Henry Adams.

SPECIAL DEMONSTRATION OFFER!

Newsweek

NOW TRY NEWSWEEK AT LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY

Get the Facts and Forecasts to Help You Forge Ahead

To show you how NEWSWEEK helps you get *more meaning* and *more personal value* out of each week's events, we make you a special money-saving offer: Try NEWSWEEK for the next 40 weeks for only $2.67 (less than 1¢ a day). See for yourself how NEWSWEEK tells you: (1) *what* has happened, (2) *why* it happened—and (3) *what the outcome* is likely to be. You'll grasp the full significance of the news . . . see what's ahead . . . and know how it can further your business or personal affairs. Specifically:

YOU GET ADVANCE REPORTS of new shifts in government policy, new developments in industry, new achievements in science and medicine . . . and, because you are shown the likely consequences, you can get set to meet these changes and make the most of them.

YOU GET ANALYSES that show you the *meaning* of each week's news happenings: Raymond Moley, in his column, *"Perspective,"* explains the purpose and portent of the government's activities. Ernest Lindley's column, *"Washington Tides,"* gives you a clearer view of what's afoot regarding key laws, legislators, and political maneuvers. Henry Hazlitt, in *"Business Tides,"* shows the impact of major news events upon our economic life.

YOU GET FORECASTS predicting changes that will shape your life and livelihood in the months ahead. Exclusive Features: *The Periscope; Washington Trends; Business Trends*—right 88 times out of 100! The equal of many private newsletters selling for $18 or more a year, these forecasts alone are worth the cost of a NEWSWEEK subscription!

YOU GET SIGNIFICANCE SUMMARIES—unmatched by any other newsweekly; special chartings of *why* major news events happened, *what* are their likely effects.

PLUS . . . *Special Interviews* with key newsmakers . . . *Special Reports* on places or happenings that are shaping the headlines for tomorrow . . . *Special Picture Stories* where the camera reveals the news at a glance . . . and crisp, clear reporting of each week's events in National Affairs, International News, Business, Medicine, Science, Radio-TV, Movies, Theater, Books, Art and Sports.

All these add up to an editorial service that is genuinely complete, yet so easy to read and so incisive that you gain a thorough grasp of the news (and its significance) in just a few minutes' reading time each week. Enter your NEWSWEEK subscription *now* at money-saving rate shown below.

Money-Back Guarantee

You take no risk. If the first 3 issues don't convince you NEWSWEEK is worth twice what you paid, tell us to cancel and we will mail your refund instantly.

40 WEEKS OF NEWSWEEK FOR JUST $2.67

although the same number of copies would cost you $8.00 at newsstands; $4.62 at regular subscription rate!

HERE'S HOW YOU'LL USE NEWSWEEK IN THE NEXT 40 WEEKS

- For gallery seats in Congress to keep watch on key laws and controversies . . . AND . . . exclusive Washington previews, *ahead of the parade* each week, on how new policies affect your life, business — and *taxes!*
- For special "closed sessions"—as Presidents, Premiers, or propagandists spar for victory in the Cold War . . . AND . . . weekly *entree* to UN, NATO, SHAPE, to bring out in the open for you the dangers and dilemmas of diplomatic struggles toward peace.
- For listening-posts behind the Iron Curtain, as experts translate Russian double-talk . . . AND . . . *frontline views* wherever battles rage or riots threaten us with "another Korea."
- For a look *behind the scenes* as industry shifts its production schedules . . . AND . . . canny forecasts of business prospects.
- For box seats on the bright side—to witness dramatic forward strides in medicine, science, education, religion . . . AND . . . plush seats for gay premieres of drama, art, TV and radio, books and music.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW! SEND NO MONEY!

SPECIAL DEMONSTRATION OFFER—for New Subscribers Only—Expires in 30 Days.

NEWSWEEK, Dept. SR1, 152 West 42 St., New York 36, N. Y.

Send me 40 weeks of NEWSWEEK for only $2.67, and bill me later. (Regularly $8.00 at newsstands; $4.62 at the usual subscription rate.)

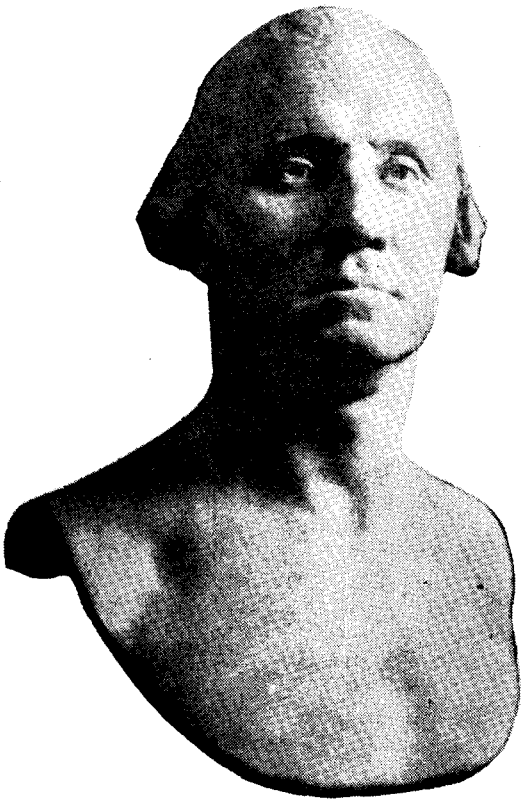
Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Guarantee: If first three issues do not prove NEWSWEEK'S value, tell us to cancel and we will mail your refund instantly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Announcing

DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN'S

CONCLUDING VOLUME OF

THE GREAT BIOGRAPHY

GEORGE WASHINGTON

VOLUMES I-VI

With the publication of Volume Six, *Patriot and President,* in Douglas Southall Freeman's epochal study of Washington, a literary achievement unsurpassed in the Twentieth century is brought to a close.

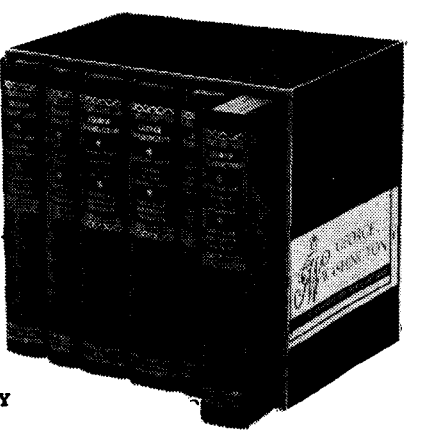
The six-volume set covers an entire era, from Washington's youthful days, through the French and Indian Wars, his planter's life, the exciting struggle of the Revolution, the military strategy of the Commander-in-Chief, and his eventful post-war years as our first President — the whole sweeping panorama of Washington's life and times until the end of his first administration. This biography is the definitive life — a work that will last through the ages and be treasured in every library.

Each volume sturdily bound in top-grade cloth, with real gold stamping, with maps, end papers and half-tone illustrations. Complete set of six vols., boxed together, $45.00; Volume VI, boxed individually, $7.50

At all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Publishers of the
DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY
and the DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN HISTORY



DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN

held rank as a world-famous writer, historian and biographer. The author of R. E. LEE, Pulitzer Prize winner, and LEE'S LIEUTENANTS spent the culminating years of his life on GEORGE WASHINGTON. Seldom in publishing history has a work received such acclaim from every major literary medium. The concluding volume adds another rich chapter to a truly epic study.

R. E. LEE

Awarded the Pulitzer Prize. "The greatest life of Lee that ever has been written or probably ever will be."—*Boston Herald.* "There is a monument to Robert E. Lee at Lexington. But this one, I think, will last as long."—*Stephen Vincent Benét.*
4 volumes, boxed, $25

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS

"In these great volumes Freeman has evoked the departed shades of this army, brought them once more to life, and re-created through them, the four most splendid and most tragic years of our past."—*Henry Steele Commager*
3 volumes, boxed, $22.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 6 1954

MICKEY SPILLANE AND HIS BLOODY HAMMER

By CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

Mr. La Farge—a painter and architect as well as writer ("Beauty for Ashes" is his latest book)—in this article examines the tendency of some contemporary individuals to act as private God, judge, and jury; and he criticizes in detail the most sinister example of literary vigilantism, the "boot-in-the-gut" novels of Mickey Spillane.

MANY million people in the United States have bought, and presumably read, the books on the adventures of Mickey Spillane's creation, Mike Hammer, the Vigilante-Killer. I know that there have been at least six of these published since 1947; and that the one called "I, the Jury" had sold by August, 1953 1,600,000 copies. As of June 1954 24,000,000 copies of Spillane's books had been published. One of these books, called "Kiss Me, Deadly," even had the unusual record for a so-called murder-mystery (Spillane's books have much murder and little mystery), of finding itself on the best-seller lists of the *New York Herald Tribune* and *The New York Times*.

This is a phenomenon that merits examination, although part of that examination has been made before. What is phenomenal about it is that a series of books can be written in what is supposed to be the form of fiction, but is not truly fiction, but rather a wholly unadmirable kind of wish-fulfilment on both an immature and a potentially destructive level, and be immediately successful on a scale far beyond average.

It would be a lot more fun (and a lot easier) to write a parody of these Mike Hammer books instead of an article, but the point to be made is a serious one, unfortunately, and the parody is limited in its application and has already been brilliantly done by Walt Kelly in his "Uncle Pogo So-So Stories" under the title of "The Bloody Drip by Muckey Spleen," about "Meat Hamburg, Private Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, and Leg Man, in another Big Game of Corpse and Robbers."

I don't know what moved Spillane to write about Mike Hammer as he did. Certainly there is in none of the three books I have made myself read anything whatever to justify the assumption that the series was cynically begun merely as a way of creating a highly salable commodity; though the continuance of the series might be a cynical act on the part of both author and publishers. Cynicism implies a form of prior intelligence that is nowhere evident. Rather there is indicated clearly by these books something very like a necessity felt by the author to explain again and again, and to attempt to justify, the philosophy of the very central character of all of them, Mike Hammer, as though that philosophy were justifiable. Many an author has felt himself compelled to create a character who is evil, or sadistic, or immoral, or a combination of these (as is Mike Hammer), and has been equally compelled to attempt to make some facet of that character sympathetic or even attractive to his readers, either through a genuine compassion or an intellectual concep-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of the variations possible within one human being. But it has never been my experience before to read of a sadist whose sadism was held up as a justifiable means to an admirable end.

What troubles me about this manifestation is that Spillane seems to have succeeded in making the character of Mike Hammer acceptable to a huge public. In this I believe he but reflects (and profits by reflecting) an attitude already held by that public—an attitude which has grown to an extent that is at the least inimical to the basic principles on which our country has so far operated. Mike Hammer is the logical conclusion, almost a sort of brutal apotheosis, of McCarthyism: when things seem wrong, let one man cure the wrong by whatever means he, as a privileged savior, chooses.

There is nothing new in history about McCarthyism, which has occurred again and again since recorded time, and reflects nowadays the human impatience of men at the necessarily slow movements of a government of laws, not of men. There is equally nothing new about the essential skeleton of a character like Mike Hammer, who represents in himself a one-man army of Vengeance and Retribution. In essence (but only in essence) he belongs to the Robin Hood tradition: the man who operates on the side of the Good but outside of, or in conflict with, Constituted Authority; and who (for whatever reasons) decides entirely for himself what is the Good and what is the Bad. He has even two recent forerunners in Edgar Wallace's "Ringer" and Leslie Charteris's "Saint"; and Erle Stanley Gardner's "Perry Mason," a lawyer, breaks the laws so that Right may Triumph. Hammer shares with all of these a willingness to take the law into his own hands, to bring to trial, to judge, to condemn (but in his case even personally to execute) those who he singly decides to have been of the Bad; and there is given to him, as to them, always some motivation, some purpose, that is in part laudable or, at least, popular. With them too he operates, as has Senator McCarthy, on the final philosophy that the end can justify the means: in this Hammerism and McCarthyism are similar.

WE HEAR a great deal nowadays about witch-hunting, and this reflects the disgust of all truly liberal minds with the continuance of an old and a bloody tradition in our country. The witch-hunt is still practised because we continue to have within us a strong residue of fanaticism, which operates to force us toward the elimination, rather than the alteration, of anything we disapprove, regardless of any balanced judgment and in conflict with all liberality of being; and because we are still close to the frontier days when it seemed necessary for men to take the law into their own hands, there being no other apparent alternative. The existence of the Vigilantes seemed to frontiersmen necessary, and such a system fitted into their impatience with what they saw as wrongdoing and the remoteness of the law. That such a system should ultimately spread from the elimination of cattle-rustlers and brigands to persons whose moral, racial, religious, or political outlook was disliked by the majority of a community was inevitable. Its children have been the persecutions and intolerances, the riots and the lynchings that mar so much of what is fine and good in our historical growth as a nation.

It is well, in thinking of this (as we must to understand Hammerism's popularity), to add to it another modern factor. This is the huge, impersonal groupings of an industrial civilization, creating (almost by opposites) a frontier of overpopulation instead of isolated dwellings of scattered humanity. No system of law-enforcement has yet been devised which can operate successfully within an industrial complex composed of a packed humanity of diverse and disparate backgrounds, desires, income, needs, and social habits that does not seem to such people cold and impersonal and essentially hostile. To many overcrowded city-men, infected with the impatient fanaticism which colors our historical tradition (or the tradition they stem from in other lands), Hammerism must appear to be a comprehensible and justifiable method,

(*Continued on page* 54)

The Literary Scene

By Ogden Nash

I

THE Marquis de Sade
Wasn't always mad.
What addled his brain
Was Mickey Spillane.

II

Some words, like ugly courtiers,
Should lag behind the portières.
Here's two such hippopotami:
Ambivalence, dichotomy.
I deprecate their prevalence,
Dichotomy, ambivalence.
Why do the learned quarterlies
Such couthless cant immortalize?

III

In imperial boudoirs
The heroine noudoirs.
For so mimsy a babe
The womraths outgrabe.

IV

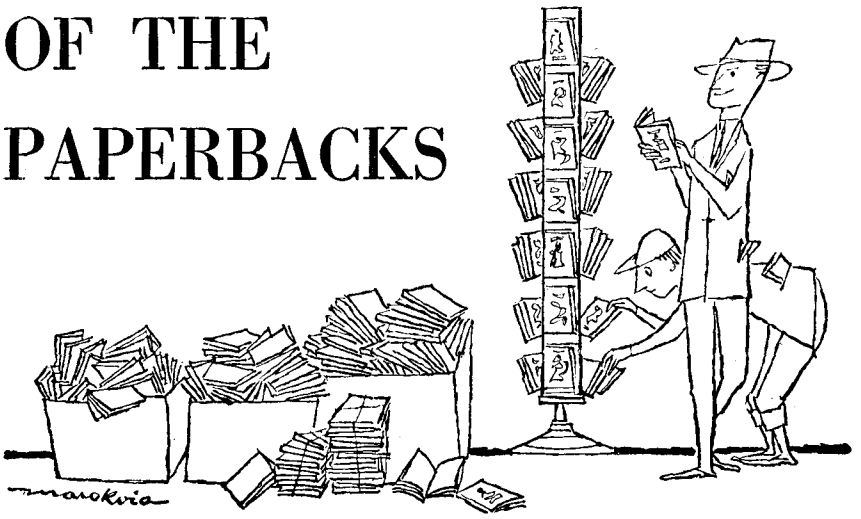
How many miles to Babylon?
Love-in-a-mist and Bovril.
Are there more Sitwells than one?
Oh yes, there are Sacheverell.

V

In a kindlier age, writers ate high on the hog
If they wrote books entitled "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog."
Now I hear that a scientist in a Yorkville rathskeller
Has devised an infallible title for a modern best-seller.
It's so obvious that when I repeat it I cry Ach Himmel!
"How to Think Positively While Climbing an Undersea
Mountain to Interview a Female."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOMING BUST OF THE PAPERBACKS



By THOMAS E. COONEY

EARLY this year one of the nation's growingest and boomingest businesses proudly published that index to all business success, its sales figures. As such figures go, these were nothing to sneer at. The figures said that in 1953 Americans paid a record total of seventy million dollars for one of the most remarkable cultural dispensations in the country's history, the paperback book. They said that this figure represented the sales of 292,000,000 copies of 1,061 titles—titles which have plastered the walls of 100,000 of the country's drugstores, newsstands, and supermarkets, thrusting philosophers, corpses, and bosoms at the public. ("Our sexy covers are given a fine-arts treatment," the publishers say.) The books have ranged from helpful Dr. Montague's advice, "How to Overcome Nervous Stomach Trouble," to a book featuring the expensively wrapped figure of a girl who says, "I Worked for Lucky Luciano"; from "The Little World of Don Camillo" to "The Universe of Dr. Einstein." The figures also said that this was 100,000,000 copies more than the number of books sold by the more respectable hardcover book publishers (including book clubs) and that these sales netted the authors and the original publishers the stupendous sum of five to six million dollars in royalties. Then, suddenly, to everybody's surprise, the paperback books, from "How to Overcome Nervous Stomach Troubles" to "The Universe and Dr. Einstein," began coming back to their publishers, and the growingest, boomingest business of the publishing world was reported on the verge of a collapse.

Right after the first of the year two small paperback firms were reported to be failing, and in July one of the biggest and best-known of them all, Permabooks, sold out to Pocket Books after a reported loss of $800,000 in one year. Now two others are cutting their staffs.

The sudden apparent toppling of the paperback book industry has become one of the most interesting public speculations in U. S. publishing—and cultural—history. It has brought cheers from the cynics who would like to see its cheap sensationalism vanish from the countryside; it has brought cries of anguish from others who believe that it has provided good as well as bad literature for a wider audience; and it has brought a certain amount of chaos to that great dispenser of American culture, the publishing industry itself. The head of one of the biggest paperback houses has said, "We're here to stay," but shifted uneasily in his chair as he said so. The president of another house has said, "We could all easily go bankrupt." And the highly respected lady editor of a hardcover publishing house has said, "They'll never last. Why, when Ballantine gets a good book it has to put it into hard covers in order to make it pay."

IN THE light of these contradictory reports and at a time when the American public is returning to the publishers an unprecedented number of unsold paperback books, *The Saturday Review* has made some study of the prospects—or lack of prospects—of a mass medium of communication which, having its beginnings at the turn of the last war, stands in this era second only to television as a new dispenser of culture.

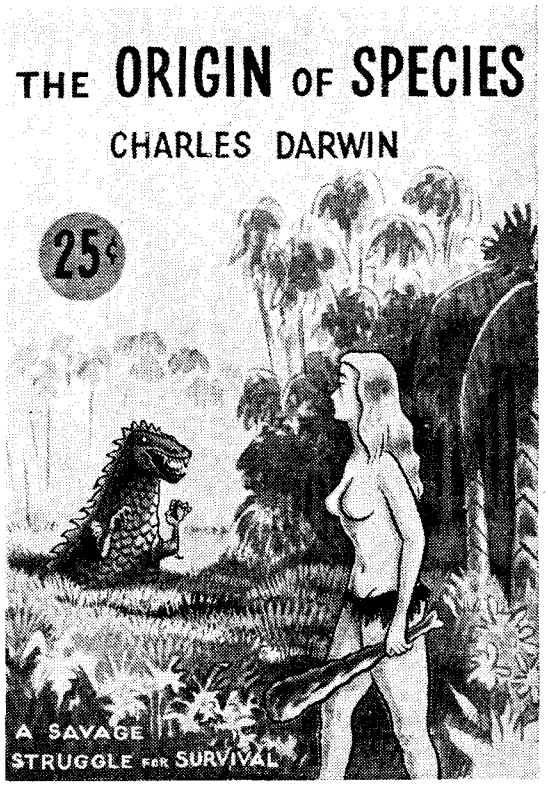
The colorful display racks in the country's drugstores, newsstands, supermarkets, and, incidentally, bookstores were put there by a total of fifteen paperback publishers, ranging from some which are highly respectable to some which are not so respectable. The oldest and certainly the largest is Pocket Books, Inc., a firm backed by Marshall Field, which is responsible for a good deal of the paperback's long-time success, and which dispenses such a balanced diet of books as "Dr. Spock's Pocket Book of Baby Care," a good round number of classical and semi-classical novels (including Tolstoy and Thomas Mann), and a host of mysteries and Westerns. The second largest is The New American Library of World Literature (boasting the slogan "Good Reading for the Millions"), which has attempted to provide exactly such fare, and which has published William Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell, and, in order to make money if for no other reason, Mickey Spillane. The New American Library has also published a good deal of near *avant-garde* literature, some of the most notorious of which have been the novels of Theodore Roosevelt's granddaughter Theodora Keogh. Her novels, like a number of other writers of her school, sold poorly in hard covers, having so far totaled only a little over 17,000 copies in that form, but they boomed with paperback covers to the remarkable total of more than 1,500,000 copies. The distinguishing feature of the New American Library, however, is its series of Mentor Books, to which such eminently respectable writers as Albert Einstein, Alfred North Whitehead, Albert Schweitzer, Margaret Mead, and Homer himself (*in absentia*) have contributed their serious writings.

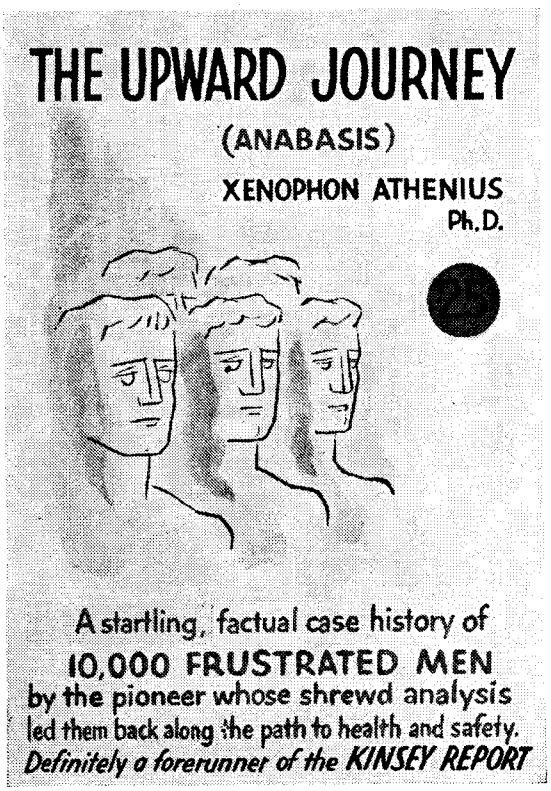
The third giant of the paperback industry is Bantam Books, Inc., a firm owned jointly by the Curtis Publishing Company, publisher of such magazines as *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Ladies' Home Journal*, and the old hardcover reprint house of Grosset and Dunlap. Bantam Books concentrates mainly on novels, both the sexy and the unsexy cover variety, and below it fall the other paperback publishers: Gold Medal, which is a subsidiary of Fawcett Publications and which has a list comprised solely of books written especially for it, most of them popular suspense and Westerns; Dell, which until recently has been almost indistinguishable from Gold Medal; and then Ace, Avon, Ballantine, Lion, Popular Library, and Pyramid—all of them popular publishers. There are also three quality publishers in the field: Penguin, Anchor Books, and Vintage Books. Of these Penguin is an old, established house which came

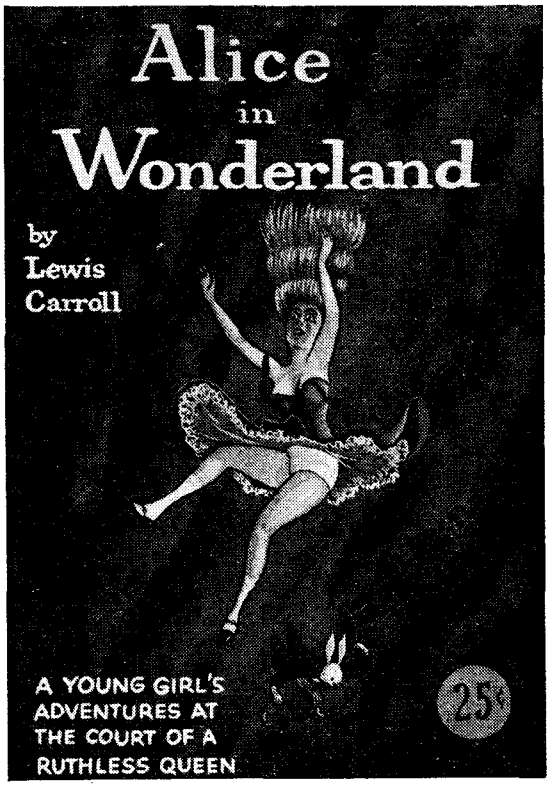
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAPERBACKING THE CLASSICS

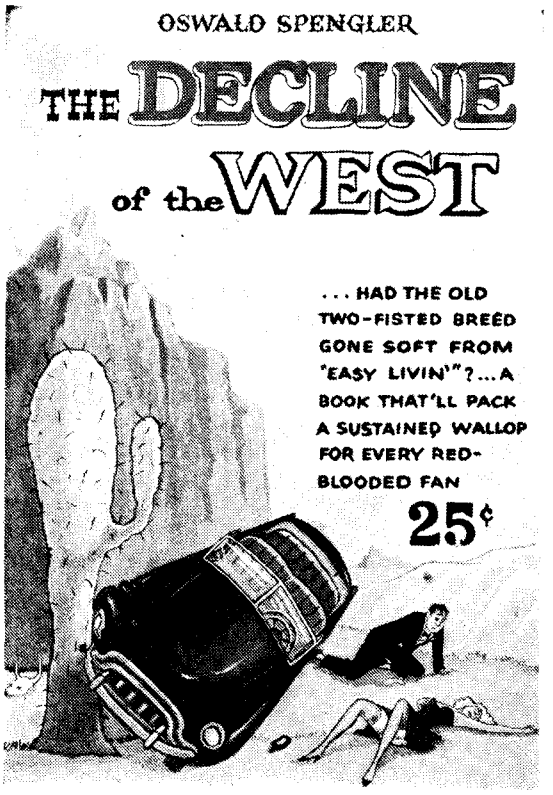
"PAPERBACKING" is well on its way to becoming as authentic a term as "bowdlerizing" or "blurb" in the lexicon of writing and publishing. The verb "to paperback" would mean to undress an idea or a book, but especially a book, and to varnish it with questionable taste. Some years ago, when the paperback field was in its infancy, it seemed to represent the most promising development in almost a half-century of book publishing, for it made available good books at low cost and in convenient size to a large audience of readers numbered in the millions. But a literary Gresham's Law has come into operation, with the result that cheapness is now the rule rather than the exception. Today paperbacks have become a focal point of national controversy. Misguided efforts have been made in many parts of the country to invoke censorship against them. The answer, if there is an answer, would be for each publishing firm that has found itself vulnerable to clean its own house. This several have done recently. But *SR* cartoonist Ed Fisher's drawings on these two pages are more than merely a spoof; some of the paperback publishers have come pretty close to imitating his art.

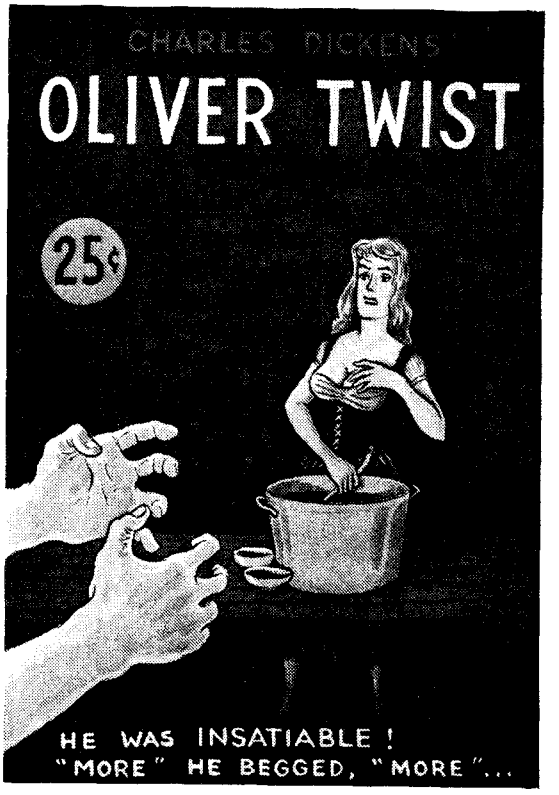


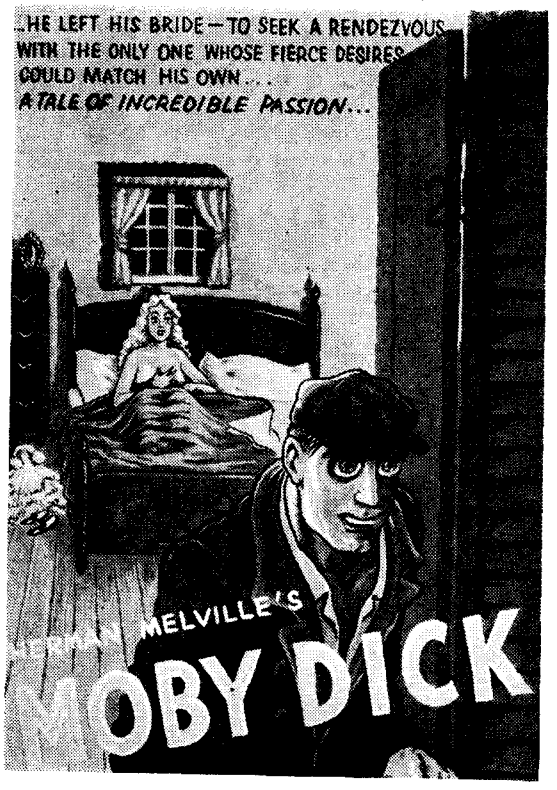

THE UPWARD JOURNEY
(ANABASIS)
XENOPHON ATHENIUS
Ph.D.
25¢
A startling, factual case history of
10,000 FRUSTRATED MEN
by the pioneer whose shrewd analysis
led them back along the path to health and safety.
Definitely a forerunner of the KINSEY REPORT

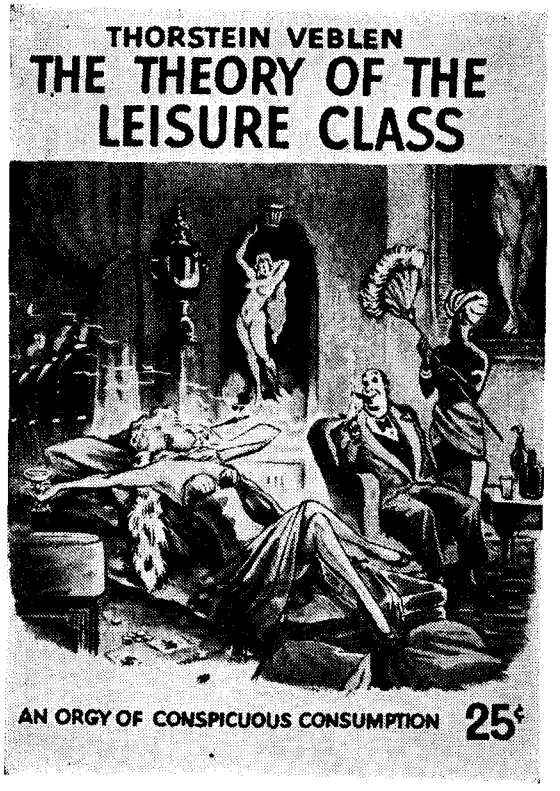


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


OSWALD SPENGLER
THE DECLINE of the WEST
. . . HAD THE OLD TWO-FISTED BREED GONE SOFT FROM "EASY LIVIN'"? . . . A BOOK THAT'LL PACK A SUSTAINED WALLOP FOR EVERY RED-BLOODED FAN
25¢




..HE LEFT HIS BRIDE—TO SEEK A RENDEZVOUS WITH THE ONLY ONE WHOSE FIERCE DESIRES COULD MATCH HIS OWN . . .
A TALE OF INCREDIBLE PASSION...
HERMAN MELVILLE'S
MOBY DICK



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to America from England, while Anchor, owned by Doubleday and Co., and Vintage, owned by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., are native and practically brand-new. In addition to these Modern Library, which is owned by Random House, has put some of its reprints into papercovers, and Rinehart and Co. has put out a series of scholarly paperbacks. But these are to be found mainly in the college bookshops.

To most of the country's book buyers the combined displays of all these companies seem to be an entirely new and garish phenomenon. Actually, however, they are not. The paperback book-publishing business has its roots far in the past. The first such venture in this country was taken by the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge in 1831. In 1837 a German venture was founded in Leipzig by Christian Bernhard Tauchnitz. In 1873 *The New York Tribune* began publishing "extras" in the various fields of science—a venture which proved so profitable that it began bringing out novels at ten and twenty cents a copy, and within four years there were fifteen or so firms putting out paperbacks along with the *Tribune*. Soon one-third of all the book titles published in America were paperbacks, while today's proportion is only one title in twelve. Now, however, it is to these past ventures that the modern paperback publishers are looking for some reflection of their own virtues and faults for some guidance in their misgivings of the future. For most of the paperback companies of the past had one irrevocable characteristic in common: they failed.

THE credit for the current boom of the paperbacks has been given largely to one man, Robert deGraff, who founded Pocket Books, Inc., and who, it is rumored, retired from the field with a fortune of four-and-a-half million dollars. DeGraff's gold-plated innovation threatened to change the face of the entire book industry, bringing it out of the 8,000 or so outlets for the lovers of hardcover books and into the 100,000 crass and commercial outlets of the drugstores, newsstands, and bus terminals. His idea was this: to treat his books as if they were magazines, instead of books, for sale. This meant that they would be distributed like magazines through the American News Company, the Curtis Circulation Company, Fawcett Publications, and the Eastern News Company, and would end up in the stores on the racks beside the magazines. To make their books look more like magazines so that they would sell like magazines Bantam Books in 1947 began using the magazine-art type of cover which has become indelibly associated in the public mind with paperback books. And, taking more and more to the magazine frame of mind, the paperback companies soon began to distribute new titles every month exactly as if they were new issues of so many magazines.

The system originated by Mr. deGraff has, however, proved a mixed blessing. Here are the reasons:

1.) The number of magazine-type outlets in the U. S. has just about been exhausted and few of the drugstore retailers make enough money from their profit of five cents a copy on paperbacks to justify any more rack space for the books. Yet the wholesalers receive a hundred new titles a month from the publishers and then send them on to the retailers. Therefore, the retailers tend to return all but the fastest-selling books. A few years ago a paperback title could count on six to twelve months on the racks, but now it is lucky if it gets six weeks to earn its way.

2.) To satisfy this rapid-turnover market, many publishers have more than ever cheapened the quality of their product, relying on lurid covers and blurbs that promise more sex than a Parisian postcard vendor. This cheapening has, amazingly enough, its commercial disadvantages. It fools those buyers who want sex into buying a book which is not particularly sexy, thereby angering those buyers. It also frightens away the buyers of more serious titles by making them feel that paperbacks are disreputable. One reprint editor recently saw a clergyman in a Chicago railroad station carrying a rolled-up newspaper; when a paperback book dropped out the padre kicked it aside.

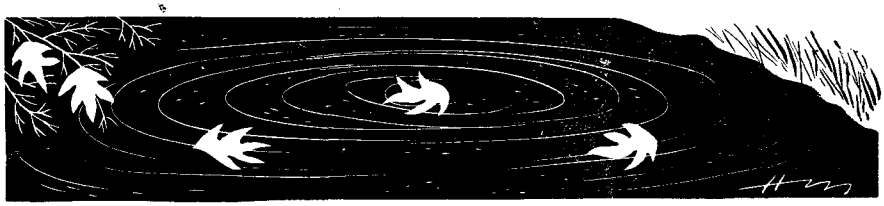
3.) The practice of treating books as if they were magazines means that there is nobody in the distributing organizations who knows anything about books as such. Therefore, the tendency has been to treat the paperbacks as bulk merchandise and to make little effort to discover which kinds of books sell in which stores and localities. As a result, today the warehouses are full of books which have been returned to the publishers.

The magazine distribution system of books is new and has no parallel in history. There are, however, troubles for which modern publishers can find many parallels in paperback publishing of the past—troubles which eventually contributed to *their* failures. The most frightening of these lies in the fact that too many publishers have entered the paperback field, thereby overloading the markets. From the former executives of Penguin Books alone two companies have had their beginnings. Kurt Enoch and Victor Weybright left Penguin to form the New American Library. Ian Ballantine left it to go to Bantam, and from Bantam he resigned to form Ballantine Books, a firm in which he planned to publish original books only, many of them simultaneously in hard and paper covers. This spring the ranks of the paperback publishers are to be swollen by still another executive of Bantam, Walter B. Pitkin, Jr., who resigned to make what he promises to be "a different and possibly greater contribution to the cause of low-cost publishing."

LIKE their predecessors, the modern paperback publishers have run into another problem: the lack of good titles to reprint. This problem, among other things, has led to some remarkable money-spending on the part of the paperbacks—the kind of spending they cannot afford. They have constantly bid against each other for good titles, frantically paying $75,000 (for "The Caine Mutiny") and $100,000 (for "From Here to Eternity") and similar high prices for others even though they themselves could hardly make money if they paid such prices. One reprint house figures that if it pays $20,000 in royalty guarantees on a new title it must sell 1,400,000 copies in order to break even in a market where profits come from bulk sales. The Authors League, whose members claim that they should be receiving higher royalties from the paperback publishers, has disagreed with the publishers on these figures, but the publishers still claim that most royalty guarantees have to be in the neighborhood of $1,500 to $2,000 because most paperbacks sell only 200,000 copies.

For this reason the paperback publishers are faced with the problem of whether or not they should develop their own originals. But such

(*Continued on page* 64)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Call of China

"My Several Worlds," by Pearl Buck (John Day. 407 pp. $5), is the autobiography of an American woman, reared in China, who won the Nobel Prize in literature. Here it is reviewed by Margaret Parton of the staff of the New York Herald Tribune, *who served for a number of years as a correspondent in India and other parts of the Far East.*

By Margaret Parton

"TWO worlds, two worlds, and one cannot be the other, and each has its ways and blessings, I suppose," Pearl Buck sighs, as she visits a lonely farm woman in a mechanized South Dakota kitchen and remembers nostalgically the chatter of Chinese women beating their laundry by the edge of the communal pond.

Of these two worlds Mrs. Buck has made a magnificent synthesis, writing of the world of China from the perspective of twenty years in the United States, of the world of America from the perspective of forty years in China. Those who have read all her books—as this reviewer has not—may feel that "My Several Worlds" is her finest achievement. Those who have not can take it as the rich autumnal flowering of a varied and sensitive mind whose roots are in the common soil of all humanity.

"We have no enemies, we for whom the globe is home," she writes, "for we hate no one, and where there is no hate it is not possible to escape love." With love, then, she has written her autobiography, and where there was hate or at least discord she writes with delicacy and a restraint almost too noble for contemporary taste, grown used to malice and vindictiveness.

If there are any toward whom Mrs. Buck reserves her anger, it is those who sowed the seeds which the innocent must reap today in whirlwind: the English who immobilized China for a century with opium wars and condescension and who for three centuries exploited India while giving nothing in return; the French in Indo-China, the Dutch in Indonesia, the Americans who must share guilt by the very reason of their silence. And Chiang Kai-shek too, with his limited military mind and his government of contemptuous young intellectuals who failed to understand the people they governed and most particularly failed in understanding that nationalism must be supplemented by idealism if a government is to survive.

". . . seeds for the whirlwind."

AS EVERYONE knows, Mrs. Buck is well qualified to write of these matters, to tell us of the China that is gone, and why it went. The daughter of missionary parents who first went to China in 1880, she was born in the United States but taken to China to live when she was three months old. And there, in the idyllic days before the Boxer Rebellion, she grew up in the strange dual world of the missionary child, slipping easily from Chinese patter with playmates to formal English with her parents, from a poached-egg breakfast in the dining room to rice dumplings in the kitchen, from Mark Twain to Confucius. Then the Rebellion forced the family to flee to Shanghai, and in 1909 the observant little girl saw the signs in the parks: "No Chinese, No Dogs." Seeds for the whirlwind.

China was never quite the same afterward. Each time the young Pearl returned from a trip to America, and particularly after her four years at college, she found the rift widened between Chinese and white. And yet she lived on, because it was her home, because she had undertaken a marriage "which continued for seventeen years in its dogged fashion" to an American agriculturalist stationed in China, and most of all because she loved the country about which she was at last beginning to write.

These China years are really the meat of the book, absorbing in their detail of friends, food, literary life, glimpses of Chinese history and philosophy, and the constant, tragic movement of current history. In the end the history, the continual wars and revolutions so ominous of the future, drove her from China as surely as did the dissolution of her own marriage, and her life broke in two, as does the book.

In America she found a Pennsylvania farmhouse, a happy second marriage, four new children to be adopted, and a host of new interests. But like so many Americans who have returned home after years in Asia, one thing she sought and did not find: and that was any curiosity on the part of most Americans about the life of the common man of Asia—a disinterest which is reflected in the ignorance of our statesmen and politicians.

Ah well, says Mrs. Buck with philosophical Chinese acceptance, "a nation, like a child, cannot comprehend beyond the capacity of its mental age. To teach calculus to a child of six is absurd. One has to begin at the beginning, one has to wait for maturity and it cannot be hastened."

While Mrs. Buck is, of course, giving a lesson in mature world thinking to beginners, it should be hastily added that she is far removed from a severe schoolmarm. An old hand at this sort of thing, she knows well how to combine instruction with entertainment—as witnessed by the fact that this reviewer tried conscientiously to skip here and there, and found it impossible to do.

Signature

By Hannah Kahn

IF I sing because I must
being made of singing dust.

and I cry because of need
being born of watered seed.

and I grow like twisted tree
having neither symmetry

nor the structure to avert
the falling axe, the minor hurt.

yet of one thing I am sure,
that this bears my signature.

that I knew love when it came
and I called it by its name.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rags-to-Big-Riches

"The Stars at Noon," by Jacqueline Cochran *(Little, Brown. 274 pp. $4.50), is the autobiography of a girl from the sawmill camps of Florida who became a cosmetic manufacturer and an internationally known aviatrix.*

By Lucy Black Johnson

JACQUELINE COCHRAN, the aviatrix and cosmetic manufacturer, has written an autobiography that is full of surprises. In "The Stars at Noon" she reveals herself as a woman who has dozens of interests, lots of ambitions, great enthusiasm, and an approach to life that combines that of the VIP, which she is, and the average woman, which she was.

Hers is a real rags-to-riches story. Jacqueline Cochran grew up on Sawdust Road, as she calls the sawmill camps in northern Florida, in miserable poverty, living with foster parents who were migrant workers. She does not know to this day who her parents were, but she did not like "Mama" and "Papa" and was pleased when as a small child she overheard that she did not really belong to them. She more or less raised herself, finding her own food when times were harder than usual, teaching herself her ABCs from passing freight cars, and earning money as a midwife before she was eight. When she was eight money became so short in the sawmills that her family had to move to Columbus, Georgia, to find work in the cotton mills. There before she was ten she had risen to a position where she supervised fifteen other children. Soon after that she left her family for good and started working in beauty parlors. Through push, bluff, and very hard work she became by the time she was fourteen a permanent-wave machine operator in a Montgomery, Alabama, department store, working on a commission basis. In a few years she had earned enough to take nurse's training; but she decided she wasn't cut out for that kind of career when she went back to Sawdust Road as a nurse. She returned to beauty-parlor work and eventually reached the eminence of Antoine's at Saks Fifth Avenue in New York and Miami before starting her own cosmetic business in 1934.

From the Thirties on her story is better known. She learned to fly in 1932, entered her first race in 1934, married Floyd Odlum, the financier, in 1936, and won her first Bendix Race in 1938. She is informative about all kinds of flying: racing, testing, record-making, and just touring. She is interested in extrasensory perception and tells of her successful experiments with Amelia Earhart in locating downed planes by this method. Ironically, when Miss Earhart was lost, though planes searched the area where Miss Cochran felt certain the accident had taken place, no trace was found.

The start of the war led her to England, but before that she had to battle about as much red tape and prejudice against women fliers as she had ever run into. She studied the methods of the English in organizing women pilots for ferrying work, and headed a group of American girls who went over to help in it. When we entered the war she came back to this country to head the WASP.

Highlights of her postwar adventures include being present in the Philippines when Yamashito surrendered; visiting Japan and China, where she had an interview with Mao as well as a number of friendly meetings with the Chiangs; attending the Nuremberg trials (she believes that Hitler escaped); trips in Russia and Spain ("The title of 'Dictator' should really be forgotten in connection with Franco . . . the Spanish form of government is not just like ours but . . . ours is not just like theirs"); helping to start Citizens for Eisenhower and being instrumental in persuading Ike to run; crashing the sound barrier and setting three new jet records, one of which still stands.

Jacqueline Cochran dictated the first of her book, and even after the ministrations of her husband, who acted as "wing-man" in the writing, it still conveys to the reader some of the feeling of being talked to directly. This turns out to be a good thing since it supplies a sense of closeness to the people and events that Miss Cochran gives in no other way. She can't describe people and usually doesn't try. She keeps her personal reactions to them almost completely out of the picture. Often there is no way of telling whether she liked them or not. Another handicap is that she is quick to feel resentment at anyone who, accidentally or on purpose, holds her back in any way.

But these things are less important than they might seem, especially after she covers her childhood and moves on to her public life. There the material is particularly well organized and smoothly paced in its presentation and the people are world famous. Throughout, of course, Miss Cochran dominates the book. She does it, with little introspection or egotism, by her enthusiasm, her interest in anything she comes across, and her willingness to tackle any job put to her.

—From the jacket of "The Stars at Noon."

Jacqueline Cochran—"push, bluff, work."

Lady in the *Corrida*

"The Lady Bullfighter," by Patricia McCormick *(Henry Holt. 209 pp. $3.95), is the autobiography of a twenty-four-year-old Texas girl who has won a degree of fame in Mexican bullrings. Carl Victor Little, our reviewer, is a columnist for the* Houston Press.

By Carl Victor Little

WE TEXANS, the meek who have inherited the earth just like the Holy Writ said the meek would, raise dollies for the Follies, as the Phil Harris record has it, and he might have added a Mary Martin of Weatherford for "South Pacific." But now we have another claim to fame—Miss Patricia McCormick, of Big Spring (pop. 17,000 with 15,000 registered autos, mostly Cadillacs probably). Big Spring is out in the mesquite country, several continents due west of Houston as the screaming eagle flies.

I had a deal of customer resistance when I picked up "Lady Bullfighter," the autobiography of Miss McCormick. The thought flashed through my enfeebled mind of an idyl of my youth—my courtship of a lady lion-tamer who wasn't quite couth but had a heart of gold and a predilection for straight bourbon. Then I thought of the lady wrestlers I had met socially in the long ago. And the channel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—From the jacket of "The Lady Bullfighter."

Pat McCormick—"fightingest bullfighter."

swimmers with whom I cavorted at Cap Grin Nez. Wonderful people, all, of course, but hardly exemplars of fluffy femininity that one would associate with moonlight and magnolias, a junior prom, or tea for two at Schrafft's.

Although the fightingest bullfighter extant, or extinct as far as that goes, Miss McCormick in her autobiography is revealed as a gentle, sheltered, well-born young lady of twenty-four, somewhat of a glamour girl, the daughter of a petroleum engineer. (Oil wells outnumber the mesquite in Big Spring three to one.) I probably would have taken the personal, introspective story told by Miss McCormick with several sacks of salt had not a Houston aficionado rushed to Big Spring, which has become a veritable shrine since Miss McCormick was gored by a bull on September 6 in Mexico, achieving what the newspapers call a miraculous recovery. (Incidentally, I discount the story that the brave bull gored Miss McCormick not in self-defense but because the perceptiveness of a highly intelligent animal told him that she

was an author.) The young lady Houston aficionado, a house guest of the McCormicks, returned with a verbal profile of an amazing Miss McCormick. Betty Co-ed with a sword in her hand, a girl who is so totally dedicated to her art that she has kissed the book, taken the vows, just as surely as if she had entered a retreat. (She hasn't had a date for four years.)

Miss McCormick, who had the advantage of the editorial assistance of Herbert Childs of Holt's in preparing the volume, turns out a well-written, thoroughly engrossing book, a veritable "sleeper" on the fall list. She believes, along with the little group of the gentry among North Americans who bear the proud title of aficionado, that bullfighting is an art (as Hemingway, Tom Lea, and many others have been telling us all the time) and not a sport; that it is a symbolic ritual of centuries' standing in Spain, Old and New; and that the killing of a bull in the plaza, or the occasional mangling of a moth-eaten horse ready for the glue factory anyway, doesn't constitute cruelty to animals—the SPCA, which doesn't object at all to the clouting of the so-called flower of American manhood in college football that often maims them for life or, at best, turns them into dimwits, notwithstanding.

Pat McCormick saw her first bullfight in Mexico City at the age of seven. She's been dreaming and living bullfighting ever since. At the time most little girls were playing with dolls, she was playing bullfighting. Her cats and dogs were bulls and she once made a make-believe bull of a duck. On another occasion, in a pasture in Indiana, she jumped a fence and "challenged" a bull that everyone else feared.

AT THE age of three, Miss McCormick reveals, she had no doubt but what she would become an artist. Her mother wanted her to be an operatic star and she took three semesters of voice at the University of Texas. A dispute with the aptitude psychologist—she insisted she wanted to be the best in the opera field and he thought she should be content with third- or fourth-rate proficiency—led her to leave school and enter Western Texas College in El Paso to become an art major. (She confesses she chose the El Paso college because it was across the river from Juarez, where one fights the bulls.)

Co-ed McCormick took up bullfighting and actually engaged in the ritual in the Juarez plaza, cutting classes. The housemother of her dormitory covered up for her. Any old port in a dorm, even though it is art.

—Book drawings by the author.

Of course, the secret had to come out. Her parents heard about her extracurricular activities but she wheedled consent from them to fight the bulls with a troupe of lady bulldozers. Then the headline: "CO-ED BULLFIGHTER MAKES FIRST KILL!" Of course she wasn't self-taught. She had clandestinely, as far as her parents were concerned, hired an instructor, a retired bullfighter of fame who wanted her to take up the ritualistic torch.

What I didn't know about the spirit of the bullfighting ritual, the symbolism, the religious significance, or those engaged in the art and the exciting life of Pat McCormick would fill a book. This is it. I defy you to read one chapter of "Lady Bullfighter" in a bookstore without reaching in your pocket or committing larceny if you haven't the $3.95.

Miss McCormick fights in the smaller Mexican towns. She refuses to enter the Plaza de Toros in Mexico City until she is accepted on the same terms as men. She'll be no drawing-card freak although she's had many offers. On that glorious day, she says, she'll retire, marry some lucky fellow, and settle down to the feminine business of babies and probable domestic boredom.

Stick to the bulls, gal. They may gore you to death, but they don't talk back.

Notes

FOUR ROMANTIC LADIES: An Englishwoman of many talents, Lesley Blanch has been a drama critic, theatrical designer, painter, and essayist. It is therefore not surprising that her new book, **"The Wilder Shores of Love"** (Simon and Schuster, $5), displays an

(*Continued on page* 53)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Modern Mobmasters

Reinhard Luthin—"engrossing, rewarding."

***"American Demagogues: The Twentieth Century," by Reinhard H. Luthin** (Beacon Press. 386 pp. $5), is a portrait gallery of ten men who became masters of the mob in our own time. Sidney Hyman, who reviews it below, is a member of the staff of* The Washington Post and Times Herald *and is the author of "The American Presidency."*

By Sidney Hyman

REINHARD LUTHIN'S engrossing and rewarding portrait of ten mobmasters of twentieth-century American politics reminds us once again that the American, like any man elsewhere, is of the seed of Old Adam; that he, too, can hail a serpent as a hero even though the serpent perpetrates outrageous villanies. It also reminds us once again that the hailing and perpetrating are not altogether a thing of accident. The inclination to follow men who flatter the prejudices of the people in order to betray their interests originates in real needs, in real grievances, and in real fears.

When these realities become pressing, and when the conservative forces either through ineptness or lethargy are not equal to the task of dealing with them in the context of our constitutional morality, the mobmaster fills the vacuum. How he does this is shown in the ten impressionistic but lucid and representative portraits of gutter aristocrats Professor Luthin has chosen for his gallery. Included in the display—there is not a Coriolanus in the list—are James M. Curley, the Boston Brahmin-baiter; Theodore G. Bilbo, "The Man" of Mississippi; William H. Murray, "Alfalfa Bill" of Oklahoma; Frank Hague, the boss of Jersey City; Mr. and Mrs. James E. Ferguson, "Pa" and "Ma" of the Lone Star State; Eugene Talmadge, "The Wild Man" of Sugar Creek, Georgia; William Hale Thompson, "Big Bill the Builder" of Chicago; Vito Marcantonio, New York's leftist laborite; Huey P. Long, the Louisiana Kingfish; and Joseph P. McCarthy, Wisconsin's brief-case demagogue.

There are Northerners here and Southerners, Republicans and Democrats, urban figures and rural ones, mayors, governors, and Senators. Significantly, there have been no Presidents who qualify for the group; and to this extent alone, thanks to our constitutional and extra-constitutional arrangements, America has been spared the European experience of having a gutter aristocrat for its chief officer of state. But, this apart, the methodology of the American demagogue in his own sphere of action, however limited, has more than a passing kinship with the top-lofty scoundrels and mountebanks who have ruled European nations in the recent past.

As in Europe, so here in America, the demagogue can draw into his train myopic conservatives who, mistaking their own power or his purposes, fear him less than they fear the darkling world around them. Or he can isolate them from the outset as the devils who are to be excoriated. But in either case he is supremely gifted in the art of obscurantism and vituperation; in fostering the notion that intellectuals, because they collect their thoughts, are guilty of unlawful assembly; in simplifying everything to a yes or no without room for a maybe; in using the various members in the family of coercion to silence opposition; in portraying himself as the eternal vigilante, as the supreme innocent.

And again, because his mission is so transcendent, everything done in its name acquires sanctity from that fact. Every obscenity becomes a higher piety. Every lie becomes a higher truth. Every treachery becomes a higher faithfulness. Every crime becomes a higher lawfulness. And every will to believe is in itself conclusive proof that what is believed is so. So much so that, of the demagogues in Professor Luthin's gallery who were either impeached in their office or were jailed outright for their crimes the event in no way shook the faith of the believers, but convinced them all the more that they were bound heart and soul to a Savior. In some cases what put an end to their influence was an effective liquidation by other men of the grievances and fears on which the demagogues played. But in the majority of the cases cited —and here this reviewer takes issue with the optimistic note struck by Allan Nevins in his introduction to the Luthin book—what put an end to them was the onset of senility or, more conclusively, death itself.

All this has a direct bearing on the current Senate move to censure Senator McCarthy. Thus far Senator McCarthy has differed from the other demagogues in Professor Luthin's gallery in that he had at hand and mastered the use of the new medium of television. But a second and more important difference is that he had no economic or social program to offer, however perverted. Taking the full title of Hitler's Nazi party as representative of all the key terms on which modern demagogues play, he limited himself (in a sense) to the word "National," while the other American demagogues like Long and Talmadge offered their special versions of "Socialist Workers."

WHETHER Senator McCarthy is censured or not his solid core of supporters can be counted on to remain faithful to him as they did to Mayor Curley when he was jailed, or to Governor Ferguson when he was impeached. And one can predict that if there should be another serious collapse in our economy, like other demagogues before him, the Senator will show a remarkable pragmatic agility in coming abreast of the new materials available for exploitation. Having already played the Nationalist line to the point of boredom, he will revive himself by embracing a twisted version of "Socialist Workers." And, with all his authentic genius at turning day into night, he will again bid for power as the darling of the masses—while his Texas friends, like the Thyssens before him, will suddenly awaken to the occupational hazards of demagogic alliances.

What has just been said is the opinion of this reviewer alone. But it has been suggested by the pattern of demagoguery which Professor Luthin has drawn in his swift-moving, sometimes funny, sometimes terrifying, but at all times eminently readable book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Past in Present

*"**A Program for Conservatives,**" by **Russell Kirk** (Henry Regnery, 325 pp. $4), is an intellectual rejection of liberalism and a chart for action, spiritual as well as political. Here it is reviewed by Francis G. Wilson, professor of political science at the University of Illinois, author of "The American Political Mind" and other books.*

By Francis G. Wilson

A FEW years ago Lionel Trilling insisted "there are no conservative or reactionary ideas in general circulation." Liberalism, he said was "the sole intellectual tradition." Surely, since the emergence of the contemporary defense of conservatism such statements are plainly wrong and outmoded. Russell Kirk's "A Program for Conservatives" is a brilliant contribution to the defense of conservatives and to the rejection of liberalism.

Kirk's program for conservatives is not like one that might be written by a political party convention, that is, a one-two-three list of proposals for immediate legislative enactment. It is a program for the reform of the individual spirit first of all, for a self-conscious organization and buttressing of conservative attitudes, and for the support of many legislative experiments tending toward the restoration of a conservative way of life. Such "a program for conservatives" rests, therefore, on the demonstration of what the conservative values of a restored tradition might be. It raises the question of who are the conservatives, and what are their aims for a future America.

Who are the conservatives? Kirk does not like the intellectual and the ideologist in that invidious sense in which there is "too much ego in his cosmos." Conservatives are not fanatics, nor do they have the enthusiasms of a secular religion. "What they have in common is a similar view of human nature, of the ends of society, and of the most nearly satisfactory *methods* for seeking the common good." Conservatism is a state of mind, not of the pocketbook. The American conservative character is marked, according to Kirk, by "a belief that order is more than human, which has implanted in man a character of mingled good and evil, susceptible of improvement only by an inner working, not by mundane schemes for perfectability." A conservative has an affection for variety and complexity; he has confidence in the existence of a justice that is not a mere leveling equality; he has a suspicion of concentrated power; he has a reliance upon private endeavor and sagacity, together with contempt for the abstract designs of the collectivistic reformer; and he has a feeling that it is unwise to break radically with political prescription. Kirk has no sympathy for what he calls "the conservatism of mediocrity" and "the conservatism of desolation."

Ten problems are presented to the reader as a means of suggesting the principles of the conservative and the means that may be used to achieve, in degree, these ends. The problems are those of mind, heart, social boredom, community, social justice, wants, order, power, loyalty, and tradition. For the mind we need neither Jacobins nor the followers of John Dewey, but belief in a Christian philosophy; for the heart Kirk holds David Riesman's "Lonely Crowd" has no answer since it is cold utilitarianism without imagination, and surely it will be no remedy for the massive social boredom of our time. Community cannot be rediscovered through either *laissez faire* or socialism, but by a restoration of groups, such as the family, the church, the profession, the neighborhood, and local government. Christian social justice must take the place of mechanical equality and there must be a recognition and reward for ability. Not all the wants of men are material, and a sense of a just order does not demand the destruction of class and all inequality; power is dangerous to liberty when it is concentrated, and there is much beyond politics. Finally, loyalty to America needs love in addition to fidelity. "Tradition is the process of handing on beliefs" through life in the family and the church; it is "that body of knowledge which is bound up with prescription and prejudice and authority, the beliefs of a people, as distinguished from scientific knowledge."

Kirk believes there is much to remedy in America. Yet our danger comes more from liberal smugness than from the conservative criticism of institutions. Historical continuity has not been severed beyond repair, and a tradition remains that may be preserved. One thing is clear: this is the great cleavage that stands between liberals and conservatives. Liberals will surely be unhappy in a conservative world, yet the conservative will say this is precisely the way it should be. Liberals have had their chance in times past and they have all but destroyed the sense of community and substituted for it social boredom. The conservative hopes, no doubt, that liberals are becoming top-lofty bores.

Past Reproached

*"**My Hero.**" by **Donald Richberg** (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 367 pp. $5), is the biography of an oldtime Progressive who now rues his past. Professor George E. Mowry of the University of California at Los Angeles, who reviews it here, is the author of "Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Era."*

By George E. Mowry

UNTIL the start of the Second World War few Americans were more consistent in their support of the progressive-reforming tradition in American life than Donald Richberg. As a young Chicago lawyer in the salad days of the century he interested himself in local reform politics. He soon became an ardent follower of Theodore Roosevelt, but one who could still admire William Jennings Bryan and Woodrow Wilson. By 1916 he was a member of the inner circle of Roosevelt's Bull Moose Party, in 1924 an official of the Progressive Convention that nominated LaFollette, and by 1932 an enthusiastic New Dealer. Subsequently as general counsel for the NRA and an intimate adviser of Franklin Roosevelt, he became known for a time in the press as "the assistant President." Mr. Richberg's earlier years as a public attorney engaged in a long struggle with utility companies and his career in the Twenties as a labor lawyer round out his impressive progressive credentials.

His new book, "My Hero," was written not from Mr. Richberg's many records but rather from his remembrances. Thus it is not a detailed account of the author's life, and consequently does not give us many new insights into the facts of either Progressive or New Deal politics. For this purpose the reader will find a score of other autobiographical words much more fruitful. The book was written, so Mr. Richberg tells us, "to parade across the stage of America 1902-1952 the outstanding leaders of political thought" and to show why "none of the acclaimed heroes of this brief era were able to save their followers from participating in the greatest waste of human life and the greatest destruction of accumulated common wealth ever experienced by mankind." This is a large order, and it is no discredit to Mr. Richberg to question his success. In view of his purpose, however, one could wish that the author had spent more time on foreign affairs.

But, if the author has failed in attaining his stated objective he has provided us with a revealing transit of

(*Continued on page* 43)

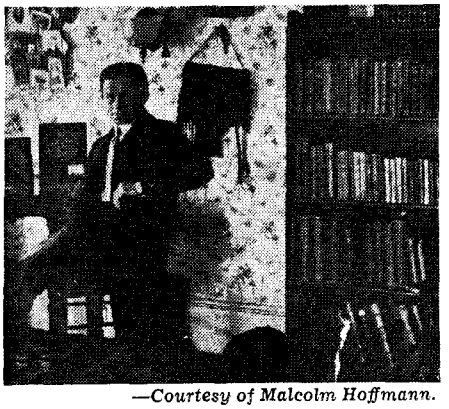
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANKFURTER—IN BRAINS WE TRUST

By JOHN MASON BROWN

INEVITABLY, not all who have worked with Felix Frankfurter or been acquainted with him feel about him as do his hosts of friends. Among the lawyers, judges, and teachers of law with whom I have talked there are those who, though by no means bitter in their enmity, are most certainly qualified in their admiration. A few are allergic to his personality, others take a dim view of his brightness, and all are as frank to state their misgivings as they are ready to grant that he is a remarkable individual who has done remarkable things.

Some distrust his facility, holding it to be dangerous. Others accuse him of assuming that he knows everything or, if not that, something about everything, except science. Several maintain that he lives on a plane of heroes and villains, that he plays favorites, or that, in spite of being resolutely above party politics, he sometimes indulges in "politicking" in his attempts to influence members of the Court. One, who is grateful to him and fond of him in an unenthusiastic way, insists that Frankfurter's most endearing quality and worst vice is loyalty to his friends. Frankfurter, he writes, "cherishes their foibles, encourages their self-development, and stimulates their work with undeserved praise. His creativity is personal not intellectual. In short, he wins and loses on the grand scale of what I am tempted to call a feminine nature."



—Courtesy of Malcolm Hoffmann.

At Harvard—earning his degree . . .

This opinion is contradicted by some of those whose warmest praise for Frankfurter is tepid. They deny him the intuition which is supposed to be feminine and contend that he is curiously imperceptive about himself and others. Such a contention is also open to dispute. It exceeds and wearies credibility when one remembers the number and quality of his friends, the intensity of his friendships, and the unflagging consideration shown by him in maintaining them. It likewise ignores the unanswerable evidence supplied by Judge Augustus Hand when he wrote, "For years Justice Frankfurter (when he was at Harvard) selected the law clerks of Justice Holmes, Justice Brandeis, Justice Cardozo, Learned Hand, and myself with a rare skill in meeting our various desires and aptitudes. He possesses imagination and practicality to an unusual degree in appraising the value of various personalities."

Notwithstanding such divergent verdicts, almost all of those who neither love nor hate Frankfurter appear to agree in certain important respects with those who dote on him. They admit he is very serious about the grave business of being a Justice, that he labors mightily to be disinterested, and that he has disciplined a mind which needed disciplining because of its irrepressible activity and ranging curiosities.

So devoted a friend of Frankfurter as Harold J. Laski was well aware of this needed control as long ago as 1916. From Cambridge that year he reported to Holmes, "Felix of course is a world in himself and he lights up dark places. . . . To talk of Felix reminds me to put some thoughts to you. I think he badly needs some kind of settling influence. He is always nervously restless, dashing here and there in a kind of creative fertility that drives me to despair. I don't find him able to sit down solidly to

—Wide World.

. . . Oxford—receiving honorary degree.

a single thing. He wastes the time that ought to be given to the permanent work that is in him in writing fine letters to antiquated New York lawyers with doubts about the Constitution. I wish he were a little more concentrated—and I get afraid for his health."

That "settling influence," or as settling as any could hope to be in his case, was found a little more than three years later when Frankfurter, then thirty-seven, married Marion Denman, the Yankee-born daughter of a Congregational minister. At that time, with her rich red hair, her shining blue eyes, and the radiant tranquility of her expression, she reminded Laski of a Luini. Though her hair is now white, neither her beauty nor her outward calm has left her. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Smith, for a while a journalist, an incessant and selective reader with an excellent critical mind, a co-editor of "The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti," and a person who, in the words of one of her husband's ex-clerks, does not listen to as much music as the Justice does but "hears it better," she has not only been very close to Frankfurter but has given a stability to his life which it would otherwise have lacked. Their happiness makes itself felt at once. So does their pride in each other. Seeing them together in the serenity of their book-lined living room in Georgetown calls to mind Frederic William Maitland's descrip-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of Leslie Stephen, "He was very good to live with, though he may have required a little of that sort of management which is gladly bestowed by the affectionate upon the affectionate."

No individual, however, and not even the Supreme Court with its rigorous routine can curb Frankfurter's energies. Many people never touch life at all, choosing to turn their backs on it. Others either take dips in little side eddies or hug the banks and wade in timidly. Few men of our time have plunged into the main current with greater joy and have been swimming in it over the decades with more vigor than Frankfurter.

A century hence readers, hazy about his legal opinions and other writings, will be amazed to see how often he appears in memoir after memoir, including those that have nothing to do with law or politics. They will wonder about this man who touched so many lives and events. And they will be left wondering, because the best of his own writing and the best writing about him have never quite captured those dynamic personal qualities which explain him as a force and are more important than any single thing he has ever done or written.

In an address on Jefferson, Frankfurter pointed out that "there are creators of ideas and creative translators of ideas into the habits and institutions of society." Frankfurter himself belongs in the second category. He, too, in spite of his love and command of language, has not been content to rest with the mere enunciation of noble ideas. He has always wanted to see them converted into deeds.

This is one of the reasons that he and history have not been strangers. Among Frankfurter's earliest recollections in Vienna is his family's being deeply moved on reading at breakfast of the death of the Crown Prince Rudolf at Mayerling. He was six when history touched him in this fortuitous fashion. In the years ahead, in a different century and a totally different world, he was not merely to hear about history already made but to have a hand in its making.

FRANKFURTER was still twenty-three when, in the fall of 1906, Henry L. Stimson, then United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, chose him as an assistant in his prosecution of the trusts. He was twenty-seven, and traveling with Stimson as his advisor during his unsuccessful race for Governor of New York, when he heard Theodore Roosevelt exclaim, "Darn it, Harry, a campaign speech is a poster, not an etching!" He was twenty-eight when Stimson, as Taft's Secretary of War, took him to Washington and made him law officer of the Bureau of Insular Affairs. He was thirty-four when in 1917, as a member of the President's Mediation Commisson, he was told by Wilson at the White House, "Mr. Frankfurter, as the lawyer of the Commission, it will be your special task to charge yourself with inquiring into (the Mooney case)." Frankfurter's answer was, of course, "Very well, sir," though until then he had never heard of the case and did not know whether the name was "Mooney" or "Muni."

The dates of these forward steps and Frankfurter's age when each of them was made deserve to be stressed in his career as they would not in that of a bright native-born American drawn to government and the law. Such progress, certainly not average in the rise of most young lawyers, was phenomenal in Frankfurter's. At the time that he attracted Stimson's attention he had been in this country twelve years, which is another way of saying he had spoken English only that long. A boy from a cultivated Jewish background in Vienna, he was in his twelfth year when his family, traveling steerage, followed his father to New York. Although the Frankfurters faced immigrant hardships on the East Side, by the time young Felix was approaching twenty-four he had completed not only grammar school, high school, and college (standing third in the class of 1902 at CCNY), but had worked for a year as a municipal clerk and earned enough ($1,200) to underwrite his going to the Harvard Law School, from which he was graduated in 1906 as a top student and an editor of the *Law Review*.

Following his graduation Frankfurter was employed for two months by a large law firm in New York, the only period in his life when he was engaged in private practice. The job he gave up to join Stimson was pleasing in its prospects and lucrative offers were to come his way in the future. But they were to leave Frankfurter untempted because, after his experience with Stimson, public service was very much in his blood. He learned much about the law's relation to government during the years he spent in Washington from 1911-14 and 1917-19, and proved his spectacular gift for friendship by becoming the intimate of men at the highest levels. Among these the ones who were to mean most to him and history were Justice Holmes and a handsome young man with whom he had first become acquainted in New York, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

IN 1914 Frankfurter had been appointed to the Harvard Law faculty and was no doubt delighted to return to Cambridge when his wartime work was done. The excitements and pleasures of Washington had never blinded him to the fact that teaching was in itself a public service if it prepared and persuaded capable young men to go into government who might otherwise devote their talents to amassing fortunes. Loving this country with that extra ardor of the immigrant which has about it the convert's zeal, he wanted the government he believed best to be served by the best. In his twenty-five years at Harvard MacLeish estimates that Frankfurter taught 4,500 men. Though this is forgotten, he sent many of them to Washington in the Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover Administrations, long before the capital, with the coming of the New Deal, suddenly seemed overrun,

(*Continued on page* 50)

Sonnet

By Charles Norman

HOW summer's images proliferate,
Though at my window I have but a street,
Who have had woods or water at my door;
And steeped in larger air than streets afford,
The country's images, mountain or shore,
Return like robins or snow down like terns
Whose mingling wings made waves upon the wind
Above the waves of sunlight and the sea.
Even these meager trees expound a lane
From pavement drifting like a pond with leaves
When lamplight lies in shallows after rain;
While houses, lit like pumpkins, lapped by stairs,
Ride bright as ocean liners on night's tide,
In rigid convoy with a flight of stars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN
Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD Editorial Assistant, PETER RITNER
Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.
Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, [illegible], HENRY HEWES, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
Contents Copyrighted, 1954, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Companion of History

IT HAS become the fashion in certain quarters of late to proclaim the novel a dying form, a hazardous prediction based upon the fact that fiction within recent years has produced nothing of first-rate magnitude. Yet heralders of its impending death ignore the danger that lies in generalizations and forget that the graph of any art over a period of time will show declines and levels as well as ascending curves. The novel ever since it attained to power has had moments at which the pundits have prophesied its decay, moments sooner or later followed by a new burgeoning of its strength. And so long as fiction continues to be, as at its best it is, a reflection of the contemporaneous as well as the past life of society, it will inevitably have its ups and downs. For fiction is of necessity conditioned by the mood of its time. The novelist, no matter how his vision may enable him to transmute the immediate into the universal, is nevertheless first and foremost the creature of his era, played upon by its forces, responsive to its pressures. He cannot escape prevailing confusions and doubts, the paralysis of mind that falls upon a person or people confronted by circumstances seemingly beyond his powers of domination. Some years ago Ellen Glasgow, in a perceptive introduction to one of the finest of her novels, declared that "the history of fiction might serve, indeed, as a not unworthy companion volume to the history of man's changing views of himself and the universe." So it has certainly been in the past, and so it is likely to be in the future.

It is true, indeed, that the novel of the present has lost the impact of the fiction of thirty years ago, the vigor and heat of that literature which reflected here in America the sudden coming of age of a national consciousness and abroad the scarifying effect of war. We are in an era of profound changes—political, social, and intellectual—when the patterns of the past have been yielding to new alignments and new outlooks, in which events are fluid, society confused, and opinion uncertain. In the Twenties in this country there was a broad surge of emotion whose driving energy derived from a belief that the world had been made safe for democracy and that reform of what was patently ill in the constitution of our society was a goal for which to strive. The serious novelists of the time were crusaders, with the passion and certainty of those who see their issues clear, and their novels throbbed with a vitality and strength that catapulted them into the public consciousness. The zealots gave spawn to a generation of propagandists, to be sure, but still there was heat and conviction in the work of the latter. Inevitably, as time went on, that heat was dissipated and in the turmoil of recent years the novelists have not been able to substitute for it the detachment of spirit which might have rendered emotion remembered in tranquility high literature or even to make of the ferment of their own day striking fiction.

IT IS a debatable question, of course, whether fiction written in hot blood, or fiction written more dispassionately, has the greater power. The one is stimulating, exciting, propulsive, the other influential as a considered gloss on or critique of life. Both have their roots deep in the experience of a people and both are profoundly conditioned by the prevailing intellectual and emotional climate. It is inevitably the fate of the first to lose force as time goes on, as the issues with which it deals shed their immediacy and the conditions it excoriates yield to progress. What has been a novel of powerful impact becomes notable principally as social history. The second, since it depends for its effectiveness upon the breadth of its understanding of human life, its ability to apprehend and convey the more permanent attributes of individuals and society, and since it profits little from momentary issues, demands as the basis of significance philosophical outlook and distinction in writing. But it, too, is shaped by external forces in so much as the author, like the average individual, cannot escape the dubieties and problems of his day and in the face of imponderables finds himself swerved from his certainties and confronted with the tenuousness of his preconceptions and of his philosophy of life. It is into the trough of these difficulties that the novelist has fallen today. That fiction at present is in the doldrums is indisputable, but not that it will remain so forever. —A.L.

To the Victor

By Ben Ray Redman

DEAR Death, my dearest enemy,
Friend of my youth, who took so many friends,
Mixing their earth with flame; my fondest foe,
How can I ever make amends
For the long teasing duel, the slow
Coquettish dance, flirtatious colloquy,
The long recalcitrance, you've had of me?
For when you win at last, as win you must,
Your prize will be only a pinch of dust.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TOO FAR REMOVED

As a Southern citizen keenly interested in a solution of the exacerbating racial question I feel impelled to comment on the two articles, "A Southerner Looks at the Supreme Court," by Clifford Dowdey [*SR* Oct. 9], and "School Kids Are Color Blind" [*SR* Oct. 16], by Fred Rodell.

One would no more expect Rodell to understand the pith of the racial problem in the South than he would an astronomer on Mars the life on our planet. The Mars astronomer might describe the shape of the earth, its rotation and its orbit about the sun, and its satellite, but he would know nothing of its inhabitants and their civilization. In other words he could speak in generalizations as has Rodell on the racial problem in the South, but never authoritatively in particularization. His article sounds as from one ready to write on any subject without intimate knowledge or study as a foundation. It is a heated denunciation of Dowdey's views. Rodell admits the historical correctness of Dowdey's article, and I, another Southerner, but from the Deep South, confirm and corroborate the writing of Dowdey as being an exquisite, delicately precise, and magnificent depiction of the facts, feelings, and difficulties with which our people in the South are confronted. The impracticability of Rodell's view is evidenced by the simplicity with which he brushes aside the possibility of serious consequences. Even while his article is going to press, and he is citing the Washington, D.C., schools as an example of the legerity with which integration will be carried out, disruption is rampant in some of those schools.

Not one word of sympathy toward the South do I find in Rodell's article, no more than any of us exhibits toward an insect on the sidewalk that we tread upon, and for the same reason that we are too far removed from his world for it to make any difference to us.

Frederick Yeamans Dabney.

Vicksburg, Miss.

REAL NEED

If Mr. Dowdey spoke for the South as excellently as Mr. Rodell did for the North, then I suggest we have a real need today for a National Association for the Advancement of White People. How tragically deprived they are when confined to the narrow prison of a white skin.

Adena Joy.

Berkeley, Calif.

GOOD READING

The two articles by Clifford Dowdey and Fred Rodell were good reading experiences. Professor Rodell's heart is in the right place. Would that everyone shared his intense feeling that the inequalities borne by the Negro race in America must go. It is regrettable that he stated his case in such a way as to put those of Dowdey's persuasion on the defensive. This only prolongs controversy and does not provide a common meeting ground between two points of view. It is true that many Southerners have a good deal of conscious and unconscious hostility toward the North. It's about time that we of the North accepted it. Acceptance does not mean agreement with, or apology for. It merely means attempting to understand why people feel as they do without siding with or criticizing them.

Adele Stone.

Escondido, Calif.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"I'm a revenue officer, and a revenue officer is supposed to—oh, never mind."

DEVASTATING RETORT

May I congratulate you for presenting the debate between Clifford Dowdey and Fred Rodell. It is a matter of record that Southern journalists holding more or less to the point of view expressed by Dowdey (namely Hodding Carter, Virginius Dabney, Arthur Krock, and Turner Catledge) have dominated discussions of human relations such as have appeared in America's most widely circulated publications for more than a decade. It is therefore heartening to see Professor Rodell pinpoint so cogently the area of their basic disturbance.

Certainly the South has the right to a fair hearing of what it believes to be its peculiar situation. But an argument which pities the plumage and forgets the dying bird deserves the devastating retort Rodell has written.

Henry F. Winslow.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

ONE MORE FAGOT

"School Kids are Color Blind," by Fred Rodell, is certainly most illuminating, if somewhat disappointing. Having read Clifford Dowdey's presentation of the previous week and in trying to approach the whole involved problem with an open mind, I was looking forward to Rodell's piece with considerable enthusiasm. It would appear that the reply to Dowdey, instead of presenting a strong case on behalf of the contested decision, merely degenerated into a somewhat hysterical attack on Dowdey and on what he supposedly "represents" in the South. If Rodell's attitude is representative of Northern thinking, it clarifies the "political expediency" approach; but it is, to the practical and educated Southerner, somewhat terrifying.

Rodell has only thrown one more fagot onto an already raging brush fire.

John T. Worthington, Jr.

Alexandria, Va.

AMATEUR KILLERS

Mary Stimers's letter [*SR* Oct. 9] is typical of the non-thinking that goes on in the heads of those who condone hunting. To control the deer population every bloodthirsty halfwit with a hunting license is turned loose to start fires, wound deer, shoot domestic animals, and, fortunately, each other. I live in game country and know for a fact that numbers of birds and animals escape wounded to die slowly, unless they are fortunate enough to be killed by predatory animals. Hunting is not only bad for the hunted animal; it encourages people to kill for fun. Any time (due to our meddling) the balance of nature is disturbed so that there are too many deer expert shots could be hired to kill (not maim) a certain number. Cleveland Amory's column [*SR* Sept. 18] was splendid.

Judy Van der Veer.

Ramona, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tauromachy Triumphant

"The Bulls of Parral," by Marguerite Steen *(Doubleday. 438 pp. $3.95), is the story of a daughter of a Spanish bull breeder and her romance with a torero. Barnaby Conrad, who reviews it below, has written a number of volumes on bullfighting, including a novel, "Matador."*

By Barnaby Conrad

HALF way through "The Bulls of Parral," Marguerite Steen's latest novel about Spain and the pigtailed folk, a minor American character states: "When in doubt quote Hemingway." To which the young matador replies: "Oo is it, zis Emminggue?"

Although people have written about bullfighting since Pliny and before, I suppose "zis Emminggue" is the writer most responsible for its current popularity in the Anglo-Saxon world. He seems to be the one to blame for the rash of taurine novels which have followed in the wake of "Death in the Afternoon," "The Sun Also Rises," and "The Undefeated." Interest in *la fiesta brava* has built to such a point, because of novels, movies, magazine articles, plus increased tourist travel to Spain and Mexico, that a certain stratum of Americans is becoming blase and now finds the subject slightly *derrière-garde*.

With so many people at cocktail parties these days lacing their conversations with talk about "Dominguin," "miuras," "chicuelinas," "Islero," "Ava Gardner," and so forth, I was beginning to think that now the truly ultra-chic fad would be to affect complete distaste and boredom with the Art of Cuchares. A recent piece by Cleveland Amory in *The Saturday Review* attacking bulls and their biographers seemed to support my theory. And in the latest volume of "Discovery" more fuel was supplied to the Philistines in an article by Lysander Kemp. The author admitted at the outset that he had never seen a bullfight, and then quite brilliantly and with all the bull-ring terms at his command he set about to scalpel the "indefensible spectacle" and the gringos who grow ecstatic about it.

Therefore I have been preparing myself for a new phase: Cynicism in the Afternoon, wherein all writings on tauromachy knock it.

But now comes "The Bulls of Parral" and with it a refreshing revival of enthusiasm for bullfighting. It is an unabashed love affair between the author and an ancient art.

Cossio, in his monumental three-volume work, "Los Toros," states: "He who would understand the purpose of this book should take into consideration that the festival of bullfighting is not merely a pastime debatable from moral, pedagogical, esthetic, and sentimental points of view, but must accept that it is a fact of profound meaning in the Spanish way of life and possessing roots so deep and extensive that there is no social or artistic activity, from the language to industry or commerce, where traces of it cannot be found."

Marguerite Steen appreciates and understands this fact as few writers in English have. She knows Spain and its customs; it is Spain, it is Andalusia that emerges as her protagonist in this book, not the girl Aracea or her English teacher and friend or the matador or his rival. That perhaps is a weakness of the novel, for Miss Steen is so anxious to tell her readers all about the Spain and the Spaniards she loves and their ways of talking and thinking that it sometimes intrudes and distracts from her story line.

MISS STEEN covers a broad canvas, moving her characters from Spain to Mexico, New York, and England, taking in over a decade of time. It is the simple tale of the bull-breeder's daughter and her romance and marriage to a modern torero, but in the telling of it Miss Steen manages to get in a great deal of her feelings about England and Spain and her different love for two different ways of life. All this comes off admirably.

On the negative side I must say that although I found her characters completely true and believable, prototypes of people I have known in Spain, I did not find myself gripped by their problems. I don't know exactly why, either. Perhaps because Miss Steen bit off such a large chunk of space and time that the novel lacks focus. Although the bullfights were wonderfully well described there were so many of them that, for me anyway, their excitement seemed dissipated when we came to the last, important corrida.

Oo is it, zis Emminggue? Still, I'm afraid, zee best writer of los toros in the English language!

—Jacket design by Daniel Schwartz for "The Bulls of Parral."

". . . bullfighting is a fact of profound meaning in the Spanish way of life."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—E. W. Bartlett

Barsetshire Anoints

***"What Did It Mean?" by Angela Thirkell** (Alfred A. Knopf. 346 pp. $3.95), reports on what happened in legendary but nonetheless real Barsetshire at the Coronation time of Elizabeth II.*

By Walter Havighurst

THE BARSETSHIRE chronicles follow promptly upon history. The war, the peace, the Labor Government, and the nationalizing of industries have all been recorded in the lives of Angela Thirkell's people in Barsetshire's towns and villages and on its great seats. Now, in "What Did It Mean?" we see how the county celebrated the recent Coronation.

From the dean of the cathedral to old Nandy in the Hop Pole pub, from the Duke of Omnium to old Badger, the West Barsetshire rat-catcher, everyone in the county was determined to observe the crowning of Elizabeth II in the proper manner, and many became involved in the preparations for Barsetshire's Coronation Pageant. This meant teas and luncheons, committee meetings and rehearsals, much discussion of the casting of the Historical Tableaux, many talkative sessions of the costume-makers. In these meetings "old differences were forgotten in the common cause," but some new differences developed, and, as any of Miss Thirkell's readers could anticipate, some relationships had changed before the great event was past.

It is a thin story, stretched out with committee meetings and given over largely to the women—Miss Pemberton, Lady Pomfret, Lydia Merton, Mrs. Paxon, and the Bunce girls. "In Northbridge the male element was on the whole not much considered," and the organizing of the Evening Entertainment in the Village Hall was clearly women's business. But even the committee meetings are spiced with Miss Thirkell's tart observations—about amateur theatricals, pronunciation on the wireless, the English weather, the British television ("Telly")—and so the tedium is rewarded.

Weather is a villainous force in this Coronation drama. On Saturday before the event it was still fine and warm, but Sunday darkened. On Coronation Day it had settled to Arctic chill and what the poet Gray described as "iron-sleet of arrowy shower." In London hundreds of thousands spent thirty-six hours or so "sitting on a curbstone with a mackintosh, a thermos, and some buns, to see the world's greatest pageant go by." Barsetshire had slightly more rain than anywhere else in England and a nastier wind—"all of which somehow redounded to the greater glory of the Empire and the bulldog breed."

"What Did It Mean?" applies to the cryptic prophecy of old Nandy, hawking and spitting in the pub:

> Two score year and add thirteen,
> Then a Crowning will be seen,
> Crowning of a Queen so good,
> Mountain, steed, frost, fire, and flood.

The mountain turned out to be Everest, the steed Her Majesty's horse at Ascot, frost and flood the wretched climate of the Coronation season. But what about "fire"? And, of course, "What Did It Mean?" could be the title of any Barsetshire novel. It meant that the people of Barset went on gardening, gossiping, match-making, having luncheon on the terrace and tea by the fire, living determinedly comfortable lives in an uncomfortable time, being themselves through the course of events great and small.

Hindu Huckleberry

***"Swami and Friends and Bachelor of Arts," by R. K. Narayan** (Michigan State College Press. 166 pp. $3.95), are two short novels by a leading contemporary Indian writer, the former dealing with childhood, the latter with adolescence. Here they are reviewed by Joseph Hitrec, author of a number of novels about India.*

By Joseph Hitrec

WITH the publication of "Swami and Friends and Bachelor of Arts," a volume containing two novelettes by R. K. Narayan, the Michigan State College Press continues to show its faith in the ultimate recognition of this significant Indian writer by the American reading public. This initiative and enthusiasm are very much to its credit. Here is a contemporary Indian author with a growing reputation in his own country and abroad, writing with a quiet competence and engaging style, who is yet to be discovered and enjoyed by the rank-and-file of fiction readers in this country. A protege of Graham Greene, Mr. Narayan has published several hundred stories and some seven books in all, of which "The Financial Expert" and "Grateful to Life and Death" were brought out two years ago by the Michigan State Press, creating a few critical flutters where all was calm before.

The pair of short novels in the present volume are unconnected works, written at different periods, but they have this common ground: both are about youth and both unfold against the backdrop of Malgudi, a South Indian locality which has been the scene of much of Mr. Narayan's writing. "Swami and Friends" is a story of childhood in a mission school, a nostalgic and at times mischievous progress report on the doings of a group of children in and out of school hours. It is a sort of South Indian opposite number of "Huckleberry Finn," but with a texture that is peculiarly and charmingly Indian. Even a detailed account of the plot here would certainly fail to communicate the gentle wit and limpidness of the writing, which account for such a large part of the reader's pleasure in following Mr. Narayan through the narrative. It ought to be enough to mention that the story is interesting, droll, surprising, and delightful in turns and stands alongside the best re-creations of Indian childhood in modern times.

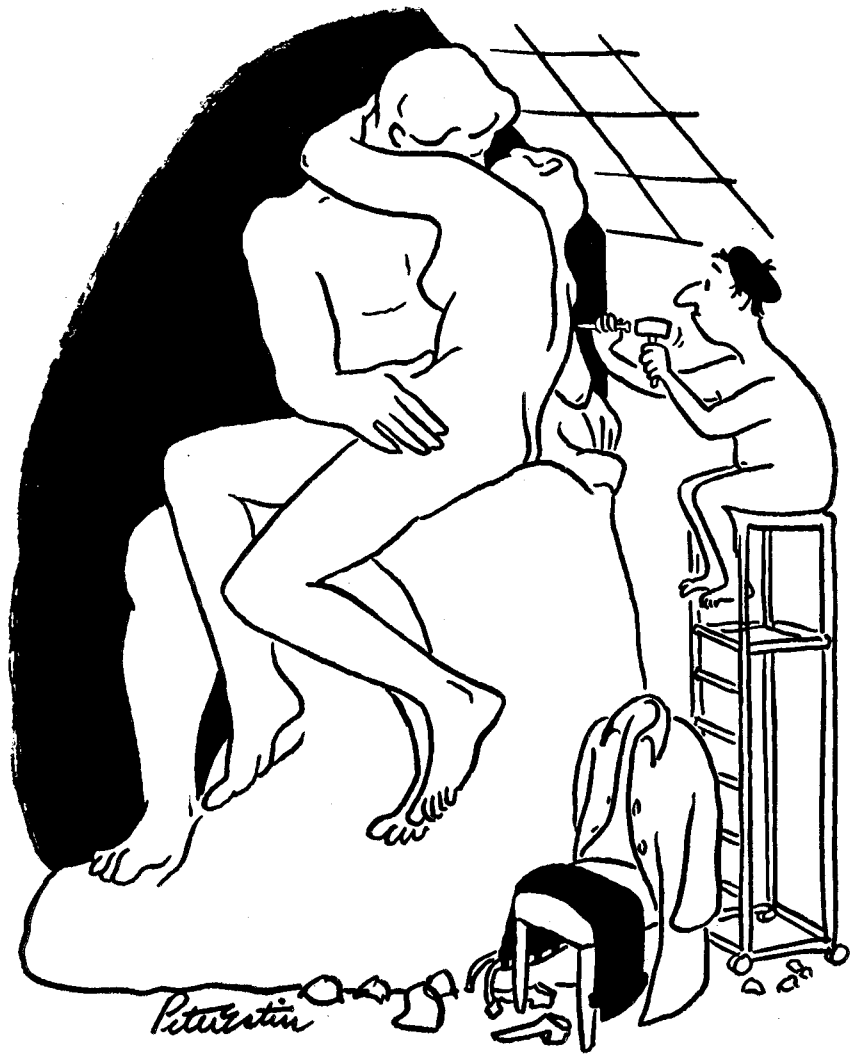
"The Bachelor of Arts," on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other hand, is less well realized—perhaps because its theme is infinitely more complex and because Mr. Narayan allows his reportorial sense, lilting though it is, to skim away from the true potential of his subject matter. This pointilist study of adolescence among small-town intelligentsia centers around Chandran, the oldest son of a well-to-do-family in Malgudi. Chandran goes through college, graduates, and then takes some little time to fit himself into the groove laid out for him by his particular society. There are interludes of intense study, a brief love sickness within the narrow confines of a prearranged marriage that never takes place because the couple's horoscopes are incompatible; followed by a period of rebound in which Chandran hits the road as an ascetic for several months. But in the end he returns to his family and settles down to a steady occupation, even permitting his parents to look for a new bride for him.

It is pertinent to ask, therefore, why none of these goings-on contribute toward a rounder character of the young man. They do not, and this is a serious flaw. Chandran reaches the end of his story in the same single dimension in which he set out—and the reader wishes that the author had been less detached, less muted about the whole thing. And this absence of emotion, of the capacity to exult and feel anguish, becomes expressive of the placid, well-trodden way of life under Hinduism, which does not give an individual enough room to thrash about in order to express himself. One wonders if that is one of the reasons why so many Indian writers have written delightfully about childhood and seldom as well about adult lives.

Nevertheless, among Indian writers of today R. K. Narayan is one of a small band veering away from the well-mannered, stilted styles of his country. Although his English prose may be said to descend from Tagore, it is a modern idiom in its own right, full of an easy grace and wistful humor that are admirably well suited to the material at hand. "Swami and Friends" in particular should add several cubits to the reputation built by "The Financial Expert" a couple of years ago.



Phony Doc

***"Prisoner in Paradise," by Garet Rogers** (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 438 pp. $3.95), chronicles the rise and fall of a medical charlatan.*

By Harrison Smith

GARET Rogers's "Prisoner in Paradise" is a rough, tough, and long medical novel. Its hero—if Spartan McClintock, born in a Southern town to a poor, half-witted, unmarried mother, can be called a hero—had one object in life: he was "an organism born to a single purpose, a single avenue of organic expression"; he intended to be a doctor. Without money or prospects he fought his way into a small medical school. Unkempt and crude, as one-dimensional and lacking in subtlety as a young prizefighter, he soon acquired another dimension; he wanted to be rich. Then disaster struck. A hill-billy jury sentenced him to twenty years in jail for murdering a country woman who was dying of lockjaw. He had told her he was a German doctor and had forced her to swallow an aspirin pill. His medical course was completed in the state prison where he was assistant to an alcoholic head of the sick ward. He was brutally beaten with a strap by a sadistic warden. His back was scarred for life, a misfortune which he later turned to profit by professing that he had graduated from a famous German school and had been tortured by the Nazis. When he was finally pardoned and given a license to practise in his home state he headed with a few dollars in his pocket for that paradise for quack doctors, California.

In Beverly Hills and Hollywood during the first year of the war he saw a host of rich, credulous, ailing people, hypochondriacs, neurotics, and the charlatans who fed on their real or imaginary fears. Inevitably, he ran across a loud-mouthed fraud, practising on the edge of the law and performing illegal operations, Dr. Horace V. Bootmaker, with a degree of Doctor of Empirical Medicine. When Dr. Bootmaker killed a patient in an operation McClintock blackmailed him. Soon he found himself in the inner circle of well-heeled frauds running a profitable health symposium devoted to making war against medical doctors and their powerful lobby in Washington, and proclaiming a world set free of death-dealing needles, murderous vaccination laws, public health bureaus, and their interference with nature's ways of healing.

In an inspired moment he invented his future profession. He became Spar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Garet Rogers—"portrait of sick souls."

tan McClintock, Doctor of Healthopathy, soon to be licensed as a "drugless practitioner." He discovered that he had an unsuspected talent for talking inspired nonsense to large audiences of people with checkbooks in their pockets. He surrounded Healthopathy with meaningless and lofty phrases. He concocted a pill, stuffed full of vitamins and illegally obtained sulfa drugs, which gave his victims briefly the illusion of vitality and sexual prowess. He invented a mysterious machine which wordlessly pointed out ailments and diseases and specified the required pills.

Healthopathy, into which he had taken Dr. Bootmaker as his partner, spread rapidly through the country, for the later war years were the golden age of the phony.

"Prisoner in Paradise" is not a pleasant or an inspiring novel. It is raw, terrifying, and brutal, a portrait of humanity with sick souls, and of unscrupulous and ruthless men who take advantage of them. It is in many ways a badly contrived novel, though it has the power to hold the reader's interest through the development of its major character, for whom the reader never feels sympathy and who becomes toward the end a drunken and nauseating figure. It is a relief when at last McClintock discovers that his partner is still engaged in criminal operations and ruthlessly pulls out the rug from under the whole involved and criminal nonsense in which he and his dupes have been engaged.

Yet the novel is compelling and difficult to forget. It cannot be recommended to sensitive readers, who may be somewhat astounded to discover that Garet Rogers is the pseudonym of an attractive young woman who practises law in California.

Starvation in Eurasia

"The Five Seasons," by Karl Eska *(translated by Robert Kee. Viking Press. 344 pp. $3.95), follows the fortunes of two families through a dreadful year in the exotic Turkmen Republic of Soviet Central Asia.*

By Frederic Morton

"THIS year's Plan, which was out long before the start of the year, had laid down . . . that the kolchozes or the region were to produce the bread they were to eat." A single sentence, yet it contains the engine of tragedy that drives through 344 anguished pages of Karl Eska's novel, "The Five Seasons."

The "region" lies somewhere in the Turkmen Republic of Soviet Central Asia. The "Plan" is God, whom the Party proclaims every few years. If the dam breaks, as it does in Mr. Eska's story, and there isn't enough water to produce the tonnage of wheat decreed by the Plan, blasphemy has been committed, and the blasphemers must be punished. If in addition to the year's four seasons the fifth of famine tramples through the land and howls with the distended bellies of unfed babies and smells with the bodies of peasants askew along the roadside and riots with women's fists before the food stores—then it is not the Plan that is at fault or the Party which ministers to it, but the Enemies of the People, who have betrayed it.

The theme of Mr. Eska's novel, then, is familiar *per se*. The anti-Communist novel has become almost as stylized and familiar a genre as the mystery. Mr. Eska's work constitutes, in purely literary terms, a not particularly distinguished though always competent example of the genre.

What lends "The Five Seasons" its genuine interest is the setting. The author writes about Red Central Asia out of a fascinatingly intimate knowledge. He shows us the strange mingling of races, religions, and even eras. Here Allah transmutes himself into Stalin. The limousines of Soviet officials roll past the timeless tents of rug-weavers. A Turkman matriarch bribes power from the Communist apparatus "in the same way as her warrior ancestors had bought a good saber or a swift horse." NKVD agents on their way home from the office stop to bargain in bazaars. Party members, as they rise in the hierarchy and move into bigger towns, divorce their Turkmen wives to marry ideologically more sophisticated Russian girls, yet still visit their erstwhile spouses to have new children with them. "And no one saw anything odd in it."

Mr. Eska peoples this background with many characters. Most important among them are two families, the Mamedovas and the Zubins. The latter become victims of the famine year. Ivan, the father, gets seven years of hard labor for insulting the soup served him at his factory, and, though the punishment seems incredible, Mr. Eska manages to give Ivan's arrest, arraignment, trial, and conviction a grotesquely cumulative logic. Peter, Ivan's son, deserts the Komsomol or youth organization, joins the *Besprisorni* or vagabond band, is caught, amnestied, sent off against the Germans in a penal battalion, dies. Only his mother and sister survive the year.

THE Mamedovas are better off. Jamal, the mother, is an "expert in living." Through cunning, flattery, and ruthlessness she has attained the position of chairman of all carpet-weaving *artels* (artisans' collectives) in the region. Through her Mr. Eska presents an interesting picture of the career woman in Soviet Asia. By far the most deeply penetrated character in the book, I wouldn't be surprised if Jamal, on being transplanted to New York, would become a Madison Avenue account executive in no time flat.

Jamal's daughter Ana is also in the good graces of the Party. But she works for the cause not out of opportunism but out of faith. The horrors of the famine slowly wear away her ideals, as does her sad attachment to Peter.

The author doesn't quite bring it all off. His people breathe now and then, but often they are merely viewpoints sputtering dialogue. Mr. Eska, pseudonymous, Austrian-born, Prague-educated, Soviet-imprisoned, and now American-domiciled, has made excellent journalistic use of his forced stay in the Turkmen Republic. "The Five Seasons," though not a superior novel, makes an absorbing political travelogue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes

LAMB AMONG LIONS: I have never read the earlier novels of Elizabeth Jenkins ("Harriet," "The Phoenix Next," "Robert and Helen," "The Young Enthusiasts"), but I intend to do so, for **"The Tortoise and the Hare"** (Coward-McCann, $3.50) represents a quietly achieved perfection which is rare indeed.

A bald synopsis of its plot would do an injustice to the intricacy of its development, and a brief description of its characters, who are revealed to us under the light of an auctorial sensibility of great subtlety and refinement, would make them seem much more one-dimensional than they really are. But, briefly, the book is about the gradual, irrevocable breakdown of a marriage. The dissolving agent is an older woman, who, while possessing none of the allure which we conventionally attribute to a home-breaker, is able to give an English lawyer, Evelyn Gresham, an active, practical-minded companionship which his wife, schooled in gentler graces, is unable to provide. The wife, like a lamb among lions, is gradually shorn of all self-respect and self-confidence, and the pathos of her situation is made the more poignant by the fact that her young son, a brilliant and wilful child, is a cub of the lion, and the claws of his contempt for her ineffectuality are not sheathed in the civilized velvet of adult behavior.

The story is set amidst the quietly luxurious trappings of English country homes, and Miss Jenkins brings to her descriptions of the exterior scene the same delicate perception, the same deftly skilful shadings of language which produce such felicitous effects throughout the entire book. The fact that she is the author of a biography of Jane Austen is significant, for, like Miss Austen, Elizabeth Jenkins uses the novel of manners, with its sharp awareness of the pattern of a particular social fabric, as a vehicle for expressing a knowledge of human nature in general which is universally applicable.

—JEROME STONE.

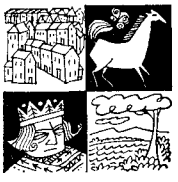
FABULOUS MARTINET: In **"Good Morning, Miss Dove"** (Dodd, Mead, $2.75) Frances Gray Patton has spun a delightful fable about an elementary-school martinet (or martiness?) who made her initial appearance in one of the author's short stories. It is difficult to convey Miss Dove's philosophy without reproducing the full radiance of the character herself, but let us say that Miss Dove viewed her class in elementary geography as a preparation for Life. Life, in Miss Dove's experience, was not easy; it did not easily excuse mistakes. And so the ritual of her classroom was less concerned with producing a happy adjustment than it was with instilling moral fortitude, with which to meet life's unyielding obstacles. Naturally, Miss Dove's archaic pedagogical attitude did not meet with enthusiasm from the advocates of the palsy-walsy school of education. Nor was it hysterically cheered by the generations of students as they sat rigidly at attention, speaking only when spoken to. What the worth of Miss Dove's tuition actually was Mrs. Patton tells in a series of succinct flashbacks, which transpire while the stern disciplinarian is *hors de combat.*

It should not be deduced from the foregoing that "Good Morning, Miss Dove" in any way resembles an earnest preachment. Far from it. In her first novel Mrs. Patton has easily combined thesis and character in a moving story which is sentimental without being cloying, and artful without seeming forced.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

IRISH BUCKETFUL: Margaret Irwin, the historical novelist whose short stories have been published under the name of **"Bloodstock and Other Stories"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3), has classified this bucketful of offerings under three labels. The first of these is called "Stories from Ireland" and in it are to be found five horsey little tales about some horsey Irish people and Irish horses which are pretty much characterized by her title story, a romantic little offering whose burden is the wooing and wedding of two completely unbelievable and undaunted folk who discover each other at the races. As such neither the stories nor the people have much to offer. Neither does the second category of Miss Irwin's offerings, a collection which she has labeled "Uncanny Stories" and which has to do with some portraits and dead sorcerers who come to life and make things bearable or unbearable for the living characters around them. Fortunately, however, Miss Irwin has included a third and unclassified section which she has simply called by the names of the two stories in it. In the first of these, "Mrs. Oliver Cromwell," Miss Irwin has returned to the vineyards where her grapes are ripest and has written a moving and intuitive story of the dowdy wife of the Lord Protector of England who finds that her dying and despairing husband still loves her. If you can wade through the rest you may find that this historical one is the only one which Miss Irwin's heavy hand has made worthwhile.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SQUARE PEGS FOR SQUARE HOLES

Below are given twenty one-word titles of literary works, and alongside are twenty descriptive common nouns and the names of twenty authors. You are asked to associate the correct title and the correct author with the correct descriptive noun. On the basis of 2.5 points for each item of information sought, a score of 65 will be apt, of 67.50 through 87.50 apter, and of 90 up aptissime. Answers on page 47.

1. Adonais	( ) caliph	( ) Beckford
2. Babbitt	( ) city	( ) Borrow
3. Dred	( ) country	( ) Brontë
4. Erewhon	( ) dentist	( ) Butler
5. Flush	( ) dog	( ) Byron
6. Godiva	( ) horse	( ) Du Maurier
7. Lavengro	( ) horsewoman	( ) Eliot
8. Lycidas	( ) halfbreed	( ) Fouqué
9. McTeague	( ) king	( ) Jackson
10. Middlemarch	( ) model	( ) James
11. Penrod	( ) philologist	( ) Lewis
12. Ramona	( ) poet	( ) Melville
13. Sardanapalus	( ) pond	( ) Milton
14. Smoky	( ) realtor	( ) Norris
15. Trilby	( ) slave	( ) Shelley
16. Typee	( ) student	( ) Stowe
17. Undine	( ) sylph	( ) Tarkington
18. Vathek	( ) boy	( ) Tennyson
19. Villette	( ) town	( ) Thoreau
20. Walden	( ) tribe	( ) Woolf

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

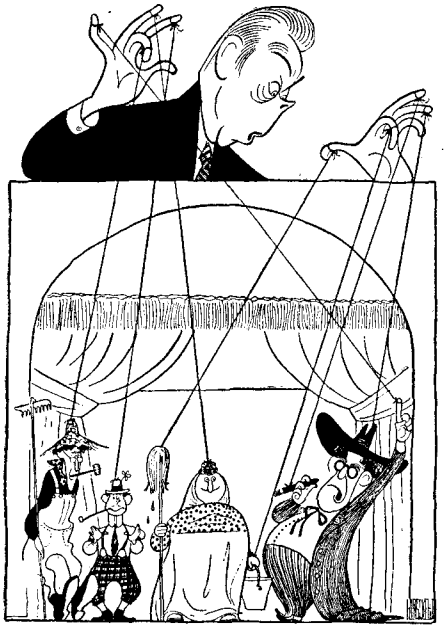
Twin Cornucopias of Yak

***"Treadmill to Oblivion," by Fred Allen** (Little, Brown. 240 pp. $4), and **"Life with Groucho," by Arthur Marx** (Simon & Schuster. 310 pp. $3.50), offer looks at the lives and times of two veteran comedians, the first being possibly the funniest man in the history of radio, the latter currently one of the most amusing entertainers on television. Here Bernard Kalb examines the genus and the pressures that make them what they are.*

By Bernard Kalb

EUREKA! Hallelujah! Hammarskjold! Fred Allen has chronicled his eighteen witty years on radio in "Treadmill to Oblivion" and Arthur Marx has chronicled a son's-eye view of "Life with Groucho," a pair of books that should make glum-faced 1954 crack a smile, after all. Together, they add up to a 550-page cornucopia of humor, which is an awful lot of cornucopia at any time. All right.

Allen, so far as millions of us are concerned, is up front among the country's as well as the century's intelligent humorists, and I overheard someone suggest the other day that the first order of business the new Congress should take up is the possibility of keeping *him* in Fort Knox. Allens don't come along frequently.



"Fred Allen is up front among . . .

That has always been obvious to anyone who has ever dialed in on him, a conviction that is heightened by his graceful display of humor and wisdom in "Treadmill to Oblivion." What he has done in his book is to recount his audio reminiscences, beginning with "The Linit Show," which had its start on October 23, 1932, and ending with "The Fred Allen Show," which closed up shop on June 26, 1949.

It was Allen, among others, who gave radio its *raison d'être*. Radio when he went into it, as they say in radio, was just getting off the ground, and when he abandoned it was creaking in the joints. It would have been a simple thing for Allen in his book to have stuck close to the story of his two decades' worth of scripts. He does that, all right: Portland, "who stayed in a closet until I finished writing this book," Falstaff Openshaw, Senator Claghorn, Titus Moody, Mrs. Nussbaum, and Ajax Cassidy all are discussed. However, Allen does much more, just as you'd expect of him.

He wonders out loud about the rise and fall of radio, the rise and rise of television, and television's impact on comedy. About radio and TV he says, pointedly:

"Radio could not survive because it was a by-product of advertising. Ability, merit, and talent were not requirements of writers and actors working in the industry. Audiences had to be attracted, for advertising purposes, at any cost and by any artifice. Standards were gradually lowered. A medium that demands entertainment eighteen hours a day several days a week has to exhaust the conscientious craftsman and performer. Radio was the only profession in which the unfit could survive. When television belatedly found its way into the home, after stopping off too long at the tavern, the advertisers knew they had a more potent force available for their selling purposes. Radio was abandoned like the bones at a barbecue."

Further, he expresses the fear that audio has consigned the comics to a kind of eternity of nothing.

"We are living in the machine age. For the first time in history the comedian has been compelled to supply himself with jokes and comedy material to compete with the machine. Whether he knows it or not, the comedian is on a treadmill to oblivion. When a radio comedian's program is finally finished it slinks down Memory Lane into the limbo of yesteryear's happy hours. All that the comedian has to show for his years of work and aggravation is the echo of forgotten laughter."

Allen's point of view is absolutely true, but only for the comedians full of jokes and bereft of humor. Allen has had his jokey days, too, but his career has been chiefly dedicated to satire and wit, which are not forgotten. Allen himself is ineradicable. His brilliance as a humorist has ruled out any possibility that he may become a tenant of oblivion. The damn shame about television is that a man can't flick on a channel and always find Allen on, those marvelous, uproarious, significant lines falling from his obelisk face.

MARX'S book, which has just been serialized in *The Saturday Evening Post,* is of an altogether different sort. It is a warm biography of Groucho, who, like Allen, is a *rara avis.* Groucho's career from the time he started out as Julius Marx is sketched with a string of anecdotes. The on- and off-stage Groucho is reviewed, from the days when he and the other Marx Brothers played in their big Broadway hits—"I'll Say She Is," "Cocoanuts," and "Animal Crackers"—and their two incomparable movies—"A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races"—until he became the television quizzer on "You Bet Your Life." Thank you, De Soto.

You learn, among other things, that Groucho can be tightfisted:

"Not long ago, for example, he drove to Beverly Hills for a can of pipe tobacco. Beverly Hills, like a great many cities today, uses the parking-meter system. The rates run from a penny for twelve minutes up to a nickel for an hour. Father figured that

Al Hirschfield's illustrations from "Treadmill to Oblivion."

. . . the century's intelligent humorists."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it would take him no longer than twelve minutes to make his purchase, but after he parked in front of a meter he discovered that the only change he had in his pocket was a nickel. Now the average person making four thousand dollars a week and finding himself in a similar predicament might throw caution to the winds and put the nickel in the slot. But not father. He walked a whole block in the broiling sun—we were having a heat wave at the time—to get the nickel changed, then walked back to the meter to put the penny in, and then walked another block to the tobacco store."

You also learn that:

"My father has never been a very gregarious fellow. Beneath his confident and caustic exterior lurks an enormous inferiority complex, largely born of his limited formal education. He has many close friends, most of whom are writers, but he prefers to see them individually or in small groups. And sometimes he prefers not to see them at all, or even his family."

Throughout, Marx himself does his best to be entertaining when he isn't quoting Groucho, and he does fairly well, too. However, "Life with Groucho" might have been even funnier if Groucho's life had been written by someone with a true comic flair. Groucho is a lot funnier than the book.

A Voice

By Laura Benet

WHY was the voice that came
Over the telephone and wholly strange,
Singularly the same
As one his childhood heard
With mounting joy like a familiar bird
Whose utterance did not change,
Better than news of fame
Or praise from a great name?

The new voice was not young,
Yet love of life breathed in its every note.
Its healing must have sprung
From some perpetual country of delight
That never knew the night,
Where from each creature's throat
In many a piteous tongue,
Golden words were sung.

Like this in soothing kind
Another's tones had been
Skilful a wound to bind.
The tired man emerged from his dark wood,
Feeling that voice's mood
Gave space where he might lean,
Spelled refuge for his mind
Bewildered and long blind.

Smoke Gets in the Song

"103 Lyrics of Cole Porter," selected by Fred Lounsberry *(Random House. 224 pp. $3.50), offers some of the words, but not the music, of one of the most clever writers of popular songs. Here it is reviewed by Sandy Wilson, author-composer of "The Boy Friend," a musical comedy characteristic of the Twenties now playing on Broadway.*

By Sandy Wilson

OF ALL American songwriters Cole Porter has the most distinctive style in his words and music, so that one almost invariably recognizes any of his numbers after the first phrase or line. Moreover, he has retained this characteristic style of his for a quarter of a century, refusing, either in his tunes or his lyrics, to alter his identity or borrow from anybody else, with the result that, to me at any rate, a Cole Porter number immediately summons up a vision of his most triumphant decade, the Thirties. Play me a Cole Porter song and there it all is once again—the plucked eyebrows under a picture hat, poised above a dry martini, with a background of top-hats and gardenias, all bathed in the mauve glow of that streamlined *Weltschmerz* which finally exploded in 1939.

This undoubtedly confusing vision is my own reaction to the work of Cole Porter, and by his work I mean his words and music as they strike the ear. My reaction to "103 Lyrics of Cole Porter," and more particularly to the introduction and commentary which accompany them, is very different. Fred Lounsberry, who has attacked his job with all the zeal one associates with German professors annotating the Georgics, has taken care to apologize in his preface for publishing Porter lyrics without Porter music. And it is very right and proper that he should. In fact, it seems to me to be an actual disservice to Cole Porter to allow anyone to read some of his love lyrics in cold print, especially if one doesn't happen to know or remember the music which should accompany them. For example:

"I love you," hums the April breeze,
"I love you," echo the hills,
"I love you," the golden dawn agrees
As once more she sees
Daffodils.

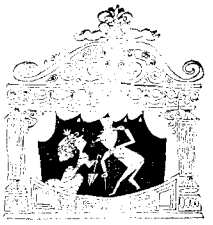
But Mr. Lounsberry thinks we should read and digest this—preferably twice—and also points out to us, in case we hadn't noticed it, that this particular lyric "trickily reuses the greatest statement in the language by having it appear as something hummed, echoed, and so on by the breeze, the hills, and the golden dawn, each of which gives advance notice of the eventual and romantically appropriate mention of spring." Well, to quote Mr. Porter, did you evah?

The humorous numbers are of course a different matter, and one is grateful to Mr. Lounsberry for the opportunity to read the full lyrics of such songs as "Let's Do It" and "You're the Top." The dexterity of the rhyming and the variety of the imagery are still delightfully apparent, even without the tunes. But I could well do without Mr. Lounsberry's fulsome analysis of Cole Porter's sociological, ethical, religious, and political significance as a humorist and his industrious cataloguing of all the qualities (sentiment, mentality, intelligence, historical knowledge, etc., etc.) which go to make up a Cole Porter lyric. It would, to my mind, have been far more entertaining—and Mr. Lounsberry avows that he wishes to entertain us—if he had slipped in a few notes about who performed the numbers in what shows and how some of them came to be written in the first place (I don't mean that in a derogatory way). Such facts, after all, are part of the history of show business and seem to me to be as inseparable from Cole Porter as were his songs from the shows they were heard in.

AND there, I feel, one has it in a nutshell. Even Noel Coward, Porter's only peer in the realm of old-fashioned sophistication, was desperately apologetic to his readers when he published his first volume of lyrics and sketches. And whoever was responsible for publishing the greatest lyrics of all made sure that Lorenz Hart's words were accompanied by Richard Rodgers's music. So to anyone who intends to read this book my final word of advice would be: Keep within reach of your phonograph.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Pursuit of Thalia



"The Theatre in Our Times," by John Gassner *(Crown. 609 pp. $5), is a collection of essays and reviews that supplement his "Masters of the Drama." Here it is reviewed by the well-known Broadway director Lee Strasberg.*

By Lee Strasberg

THE function of a theatre critic differs from that of a critic of any of the other arts. He cannot be merely an observer or intelligent reviewer. The ephemeral nature of most of what makes up the theatre product, the fact that all that remains for future judgment is the printed script—often the most important but still only the libretto of the performance—the need for immediate response that cannot as in the other arts wait for future reconsideration—all this demands that the critic in the theatre be a much more active participant. He must propagate the things he believes in, he must exhort public and profession, he must analyze the present and educate for the future. Critics have often played this exacting role. Shaw, Otto Brahm, Copeau, Nemerovitch-Danchenko, Granville-Barker, and others come to mind. The conflict that exists today between theatre people and the critic derives from the feeling that critics today usually parade their personal taste as considered judgments.

John Gassner is a critic in the classic tradition. To his "Masters of the Drama," the best one-volume comment on the history, he now adds a companion volume, "The Theatre in Our Times." It is written with the same urbanity, judgment, and knowledge, but breathes an air of greater involvement. The book is a collection of essays and reviews, some new, but others previously printed yet now much revised. I must confess to an odd personal experience. In their original form they sometimes struck me as "cool," "objective," perceptive, and intelligent, but slightly remote. It is now apparent that this is because Mr. Gassner sees the immediate object of his observation in terms of the larger significance. Collected they appear more unified, coherent, provocative; part of a definite, personal attitude towards the theatre, its very ambivalences a record of a search, a refusal to dogmatize—somehow oddly more pertinent and immediate than in their original appearance. It becomes the record of one man's search for a relationship to a variegated enterprise that has taken the author into the fields of dramatic criticism, professional stage production, experimental ventures, and education, "the endeavor to make some sense out of the contemporary theatre."

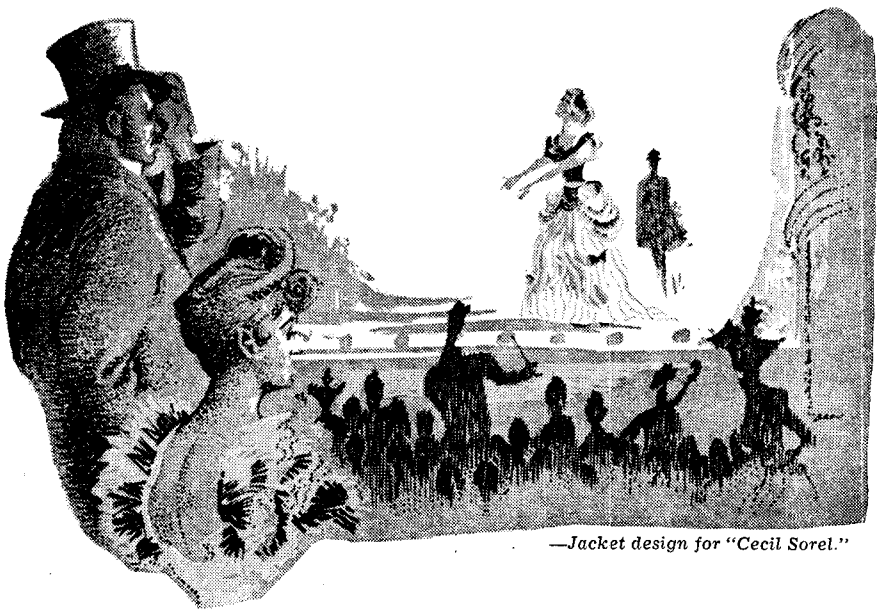
Basic to the author's attitude—and certainly representative of an important section of theatre people—is his conviction that "the theatre, for all the waywardness that has characterized its efforts in our century, is a proper subject for analysis, argument, and evaluations. It started out in Ibsen's time as a venture of the modern intellect and spirit, and it is still that, despite the bane of humdrum 'commercialism' and equally humdrum 'amateurism'." He doesn't expect all good drama to be literature, but he is certainly gratified when it is. He likes to be entertained as much as anybody else, but prefers to be stimulated. He favors excitement, but prefers to be excited into some recognition or to some purpose.

THE author's search has led him to some important conclusions with which this reviewer heartily concurs. "Rarely in the history of the stage was imagination as abundantly present . . . The twentieth century became a notable medium for intellectual discussion, psychological analysis, social conflict, and experimentation in theatrical and dramatic art . . . Never before did the theatre bring forth so many intellectually respectable and intensely realized plays."

Mr. Gassner is, however, no optimist. He notes that "the impetus for growth and discovery on any large scale seems to have run out." He fails to find indication "that the advances noted during the first half of our century will continue unabated in the second half." The reasons for this he seeks in "the climate of ideas and the trends of our social and political life." Perhaps he is right. But it seems to this reviewer that Mr. Gassner's search for logical progression betrays him, despite his profession that logic is not the sole criterion of art. "The actor is the playwright's partner." But nowhere in the book do we find any systematic essay to characterize this creative partnership. Because of this lack Mr. Gassner's journey appears at times, in his own words, "casual." The critic must also be a battler.

"Indian-givers!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Jacket design for "Cecil Sorel."

Memoirs of *La Grande Manière*

"Cecil Sorel: An Autobiography" *(translated by Philip John Stead. Roy Publishers. 285 pp. $3.50), presents the memories of a French actress with the grand manner. Here it is reviewed by Betsy von Furstenberg, the young American actress whose last appearance was in "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!"*

By Betsy von Furstenberg

I HAVE just laid down Cecil Sorel's autobiography. I am profoundly moved. It is a book I certainly will not forget easily and shall keep and reread often. A few passages may seem slightly melodramatic in Philip John Stead's translation, but one imagines they must only be very beautiful in the original French. Things to do with the emotions seem always better expressed in the Romance languages.

As an actress who has lived both here and abroad, who has gone often to see the Comédie Française and has become an admirer of its traditions, its taste, its pomp and ceremony (I am no less an admirer of Tennessee Williams), I suppose it is relatively easy for me to understand La Sorel. She has, I think, many things to teach us of the new generation in the theatre, particularly here in America, where this history is not passed down to us as a matter of course. She teaches us what we seem to lack so dreadfully in our theatre today—a certain elegance, *la grande manière*. In the richest country in the world why is no one inspired to create extravaganza, to shoot the works, so to speak? Why are there no more Ziegfelds, no more Belascos? Why are the classics being "read" off Broadway instead of being performed in great style at our best theatres? Our methods of acting teach us so deliberately to be our ordinary everyday selves, is it any wonder that we find it difficult to be anybody else, particularly those very extraordinary figures of classic drama?

Sorel maintains what I have always believed, that by living fully and observing life we learn to act. She cites many examples—instances in her life that have suddenly revealed to her the innermost character of the great women she portrayed so truthfully and imaginatively. Sorel was an extremist and that is the way with some people. (How many immortal things have been created out of a broken heart? Molière's "Le Misanthrope," Sorel's great tour de force, is one.) Only out of boredom, mediocrity, the even pace one gleans nothing.

SOREL'S memoirs frequently touch the figures and events of modern history. Sometimes it is the real hard world of the trenches in World War I that she deals with, but more often it is the mystical world of her experience with poets, artists, and statesmen. She tells us how she converted Mussolini to religion and a pact with the Vatican, how she was courted on a stormy transatlantic crossing by Clemenceau, and gives us scores of private glimpses of European kings, prime ministers, and generals. She reports the extravagant praise of D'Annunzio and Wilde, of Bernhardt and Duse, all of whom sought her company. Much of this has a fairy-tale quality. The moment when a thousand French-Canadian students throw themselves on the tracks in front of the Montreal-New York express to prevent the train from starting before their president had finished a long speech of appreciation for her performance may be hard to believe. But the specific truth of this book is secondary to the wisdom and emotion of this remarkable actress who brought intense love into everything she did.

Gentle Listener

THREE DECADES OF RADIO: Back in 1925 a likable young reporter named Ben Gross stood helplessly before a large instrument with a multiplicity of knobs and a gooseneck speaker on top. It was a radio, and Gross had just been bellowed out of the city room to become radio editor of the *New York Daily News*. With the help of an electrician he got the diabolical machine going just in time to hear the Happiness Boys, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare.

Ben Gross is still radio (now radio-TV) editor of the *News* and the dean of his craft. In **"I Looked and I Listened"** (Random House, $3.95) he sets out to tell how both he and the medium have grown. Yet despite the personal emphasis in the title such emphasis is just what the book needs. Starting out with a lively account of early newspaper days in New York, the Birmingham-born Gross shortly ceases to be the autobiographer and becomes the daily columnist, offering up canned biographies of such familiar celebrities as Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, and Ted Husing. Occasionally there are nuggets, such as how Huey Long suddenly terminated a New York press party—to convene it twenty-four hours later after his favorite bartender could be flown in from New Orleans. Or how press agent George Lottman introduced kosher delicatessen to the English nobility—who loved it.

If Gross was likable as a young reporter, he is more so now—a much respected man whose gentle criticism can on occasion stab like a needle. He is especially noted for self-effacing modesty, which is precisely the trouble with "I Looked and I Listened." Modest men just shouldn't write books about themselves.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adventure in Combination

Bradford Smith's "A Dangerous Freedom" *(Lippincott. 308 pp. $3.95), is a study of the American-in-association. Our reviewer is H. A. Overstreet, psychologist and co-author—with his wife—of many works on practical living like "The Mature Mind."*

By H. A. Overstreet

WHEN Tocqueville visited our country over a hundred years ago he discovered what he thought was the unique power that enabled us to create a new land and a new culture. "In no country in the world," he wrote, "has the principle of association been more successfully used or applied to a great multitude of objects than in America." Here, he felt, was our essential genius. We were a people who had caught on to the art of working things out together.

Curiously enough, this insight of Tocqueville's has not been pursued by later writers. Rather the emphasis has been placed upon individualism as our peculiar power. The pioneer has been thought of as one who stood on his own feet and was happiest when there were no neighbors in sight.

But the facts are quite otherwise. From the very beginning we learned to put our heads and our intentions together. We drew up our local governments, made the rules for carrying on life in the wilderness. We invented the barnraising; the husking bee; the apple paring; the quilting party; and—for a full measure of social gaiety—the square dance. In all of them men, women, and children came together, cheerfully and uncompelled, to do by joint effort the things that needed to be done and that could not be done by the separate individual.

This has been the essential story of ourselves. It is one that Bradford Smith tells brilliantly in his "Dangerous Freedom."

The story has been ignored or misunderstood, he tells us, not only by Americans but by most observers who go home and write books about us. Myths have been built up about us that damage our reputation abroad and limit our behavior at home. The master myth is that the United States is "a capitalist-materialist-individualist culture in which the individual, through the mechanism of the free economy, devotes himself to the piling up of material goods and comforts as his sole end and aim in life."

Because of this mistaken notion of our essential character, we think of ourselves through outworn habits of mind, "shouting the old cries of free enterprise—when everyone knows that free enterprise is no longer free . . . and of free-wheeling individualism—when we know that no man is able to live by and for himself, or could endure it if it were possible."

The American adventure is bigger than this, he thinks, and has always been so. Today, when we are threatened with the collapse of everything we have built up through three centuries, we need to get hold of this bigger spirit of life that is America.

We need to see more truly what it is that we have been doing for three centuries—and what we are still doing. In the opening chapter, "Home Town," the author begins with today. "When the schoolhouse burned down (for the third time) in New Sharon, Maine," he writes, "people cried as they watched the volunteer firemen lose their battle against the flames." But the people of New Sharon took little time out for crying. Faced with a problem—a financial one almost insurmountable for their small community of 761 souls—they got together resolutely as their New England forefathers had done in the town meeting days. And in a little over half a year—all of them working together in dozens and scores of ways to raise the money—they had their new proud building. The habit of "voluntary association" was still strong in America.

Bradford Smith—"vigorous, clarifying."

In this introductory chapter Bradford Smith takes us on a travel tour throughout America—lifts the roofs, so to speak, off homes, churches, schools, other public buildings—and shows us what goes on as people gather together to tackle one problem after another. In the next chapter he takes us back to the beginnings at Plymouth Rock.

FROM then on the history of voluntary association becomes the veritable saga of our American life—through associations that won our political freedom; through frontier communities built by the voluntary concourse of families; through "association on the hoof"—the great Western trek; through the underground railroad; and through the countless societies, fellowships, councils, etc., by means of which American men and women set about to achieve their goals.

In the concluding chapter the author brings us to the world challenge of today. "Voluntary association has worked for us, and worked well, at home. Has it anything to offer in an era when our major problems lie in the far parts of the world? Has it a part to play in the world struggle between freedom and totalitarianism?"

This is a chapter of profound present importance. Having learned in three centuries to do things ourselves, will we now hand the biggest job of all over to the experts? Or will we, in the sturdy American way, put our heads and hearts together and do the job ourselves? The author has full confidence that we will not go back on our history. "Americans," he writes, "are tackling international problems in the same spirit and with the same instrument which has served them in meeting the problems of the frontier, of slavery, of community improvement." Again we are "teaming up" to do the job that needs to be done.

This is a vigorous and clarifying book—a book for our confused and divided age. It should renew our courage to keep on doing things in the best of all ways—in freedom and together.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Tilts of Taste

***"The Tastemakers," by Russell Lynes** (Harper. 362 pp. $5), a study of the styles of sinks to floor-shows, is reviewed by Roger Butterfield, author of "The American Past" and co-editor of the forthcoming "Saturday Evening Post Treasury."*

By Roger Butterfield

THIS enjoyable book is the first ever written (so far as I know) about the history of taste in the United States. Not good taste—just "taste." Mr. Lynes admits that neither he nor anyone else has ever come up with a satisfactory definition of taste. "Taste in itself is nothing," he contends. "It is only what taste leads to that makes any difference in our lives." In 125 years it has led the American people from wax fruit on the mantel to $1.98 reproductions of Van Gogh; from Gothic cottages to glass-plated ranch houses; from horsehair sofas to revolving TV chairs. Mr. Lynes relishes all such manifestations of taste whatever, and sorts them into categories with good humor and skill. He is, of course, the author of the famous essay on "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow," which achieved dual publication in *Harper's* magazine (of which he is managing editor) and *Life*. This is included as a chapter in his book.

The making of taste is a major industry in America today—possibly it is *the* major industry. It includes practically all of the advertising business, the housing business, the automobile business, and the clothing business, not to mention plumbing and perfumes. Mr. Lynes dates this development back to the early 1830s, when mass production was coming into its own. Before that very few Americans could afford the luxury of taste. But as Andrew Jackson's common man began to make a little extra money all kinds of clever people arose to tell him how to spend it. Mr. Lynes calls these clever ones the taste-makers, and their activities make interesting reading.

There was, for instance, Andrew Jackson Downing of Newburgh, New York, who labored mightily to rid rural America of the phony Greek temples and Italian villas of Jackson's time. Downing's own taste ran toward "Verandas, piazzas, bay-windows, balconies, etc.," but his general theme—that "a dwelling house should look like a dwelling house" was useful and permanent. He was followed, much later, by Gustav Stickley of Binghamton, who designed the first "functional" houses; Henry L. Wilson of Chicago, known as "Wilson the Bungalow Man"; and the anonymous genius who first cut a picture window in a California ranch house. Another man who, Mr. Lynes tells us, had more influence on domestic architecture than anyone at the turn of the century, was Edward Bok of the *Ladies Home Journal*.

Architecture is only one part of taste, however, and Mr. Lynes tells many good stories about the first American art collectors and sellers, the beginnings of interior decorating, the craze for stained glass and the craze for concrete, the origins of Chautauqua and the women's-club movement, and the limp-leather culture of Elbert Hubbard. There is an amusing section on the antiques fad that swept the country in the 1920s, and is still much with us. As late as November 1953 Post's Grape-Nut Flakes was offering in every box plans for sawing and hammering out six "early American antiques" in your own home workshop!

Mr. Lynes argues that the taste-makers began their work by trying to influence everybody ("The Public Taste"), then turned to the better-paying job of designing things for the very rich ("The Private Taste"), and have now achieved their ultimate goal by working for giant corporations ("The Corporate Taste"). Today the industrial designers, architects, and fashion "experts" determine our looks and the looks of the world we live in. There is not much an ordinary citizen can do about it. The one hopeful fact is that the taste-makers have always disagreed violently among themselves, and apparently they always will.

—"The Tastemakers."

The Artistic Craze

The trappings of the ubiquitous "artistic young lady" of the decade following the Centennial were very much the same in America and England, from which the "artistic craze" came.

Sam's Silhouette

***"Profile of America," by Emily Davie and Bryan Holme** (Crowell. 415 pp. $8.50), a lavishly illustrated volume characterized by its publishers as "an autobiography of the USA," is here reviewed by Saul K. Padover, dean of the school of politics in the New School of Social Research.*

By Saul K. Padover

"PROFILE of America" is a whale of a book. It combines pictures, text, commentary, and basic documents in such a way as to please both the esthete and the scholar. Both Miss Davie and Mr. Holme have shown exquisite taste in their selection of written and pictorial materials that illustrate the amazing growth, scope, variety, and endless energy of America. The book is so good that it is better than its title. In effect, this is more than a profile, for the book has depth and sensitivity. I know of no other single volume that tells so much, and so beautifully, about that extraordinary human adventure in society-building known as the United States of America.

Since America is the creation, in its totality, of nearly all the peoples of the world, "Profile of America" begins, properly enough, with Leif Ericsson (*ca.* 1000) and ends with Winston Churchill (1949). It starts with the Norsemen sailing "into the open sea, and had a fair wind until they saw Greenland." Four hundred fact-and-picture-packed pages later, spanning the story of half a millennium, we come to Winston Churchill's speech in New York, on May 25, 1949, paying this noble tribute to the country of his mother's birth:

> Gentlemen—many nations have arrived at the summit of the world but none, before the United States . . . has chosen that moment of triumph, not for aggrandizement, but for further self-sacrifice—sacrifice for the causes by which the life and strength of mankind is refreshed. The United States has shown itself more worthy of trust and honor than any government of men or associations of nations that has ever reached pre-eminence by their action on the morrow of the common victory won by all.

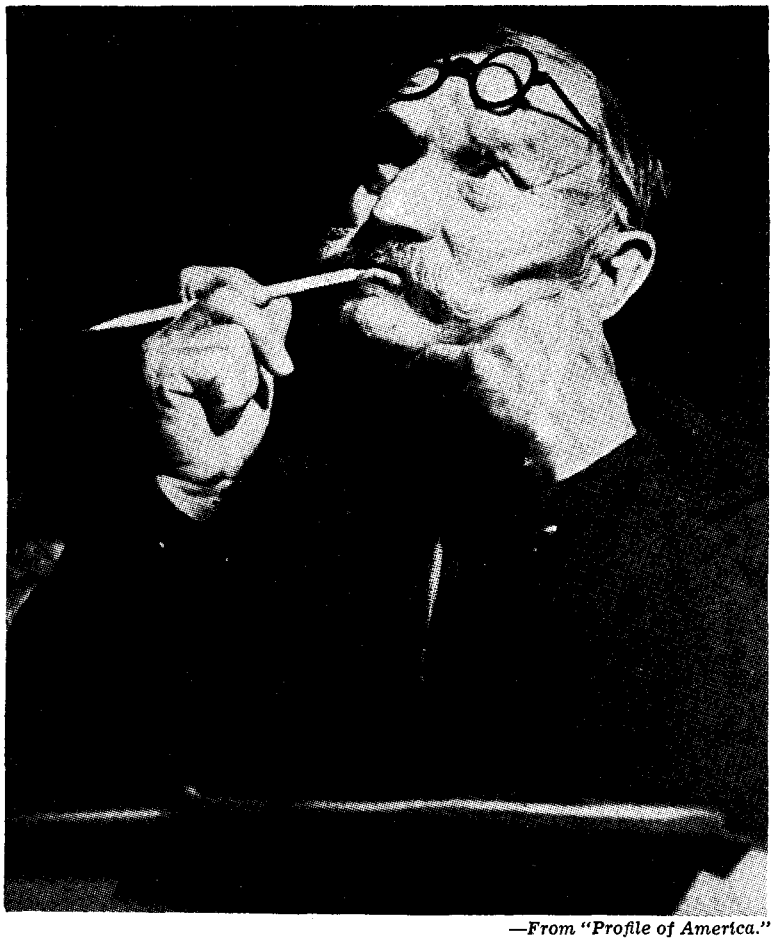
VIRTUALLY every aspect of civilization is touched upon in this book. Little that is trivial has been included and not much that is important has been omitted. The ten chapters into which "Profile of America" is divided

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cover the essence of American life. Materials range from the voyages of discovery through government, religion, morals, transportation, agriculture, invention, industry, war, technology, education, prose, poetry, architecture, journalism, film, dance, and European opinion of America. There are selections from the writings or utterances of America's leading figures in practically all fields of endeavor. Among them are: Franklin, Jefferson, Emerson, Marshall, Webster, Hoover, Washington, Monroe, Roger Williams, Penn, Cotton Mather, Brigham Young, John Brown, Lincoln, Susan Anthony, Carrie Nation, Gompers, John L. Lewis, Eisenhower, Mark Twain, the Roosevelts, Steinbeck, Eli Whitney, Fulton, Edison, Walter Reed, Goethals, Lindbergh, Sarnoff, Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, Henry Ford, Grant, Robert E. Lee, Horace Mann, John Dewey, Robert M. Hutchins, Anne Bradstreet, Washington Irving, Hawthorne, Whittier, Longfellow, Poe, Thoreau, Whitman, Melville, Emily Dickinson, the James brothers (the bookmen, not the holdupmen), Wharton, Glasgow, O'Neill, Lardner, Masters, Frank Lloyd Wright, William Allen White, D. W. Griffith, Disney. The selections, done with discrimination and a sense of historic balance, avoid creating either boastfulness or chauvinism. The overall impression is one of charm and intellectual stimulation.

The photographs—there are around 170 of them—are generally pleasant and often striking. Whether they show men or things, whether photographs or reproductions, they underline the text and deepen one's perceptions about America. Some of the American faces are startling and unforgettable. We see here the tragic face of Chief Joseph, the craggy John L. Lewis, the repulsive visage of Carrie Nation, the sad Grant, the elegant Lee, and the haunting Lincoln. In a curious way the illustrations, be they of people or of landscapes, convey the general feeling of sadness and loneliness. They raise the troublesome question: Are Americans a basically unhappy and lonely people? Is the land too big and the economy too fruitful for them?

"Profile of America" does not pose any philosophical question, nor does it discuss them. Its function is more direct—to enlighten, to entertain, to stimulate the imagination. In all these respects it is a superb book.



—From "Profile of America."

Immigrant studying for citizenship—"the amazing growth and energy of America."

Liberty Day-to-Day

"An Almanac of Liberty," by William O. Douglas *(Doubleday. 409 pp. $5.50), is the much-traveled Justice's day-to-day record of democratic struggle and progress. Here it is reviewed by Ralph H. Gabriel, professor of history at Yale University.*

By Ralph H. Gabriel

THIS new book from the pen of one of the nation's most distinguished liberals suggests that Mr. Justice Douglas is not content to confine his warfare for freedom within the limits of the routine of the work of the Supreme Court. Many years ago he began to compile an almanac in which he could carry the theme of liberty through all the days of the year. Perhaps the Justice thought of that famous forerunner of his work, Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac." Through "Poor Richard," Franklin instructed the everyday Americans of the eighteenth century in the prudential morality he had absorbed from Puritanism and spiced it with a homespun philosophy that emphasized getting ahead in the world. Douglas assumes that Americans have done well enough at getting ahead but are in danger of letting slip those basic liberties for which their eighteenth-century forefathers fought. The Justice writes "for the common man, [as Franklin did] hoping I could help him see the main contours [of liberty], and, seeing them, better understand the high vantage point we have reached with our form of government." An almanac provides an appropriate vehicle for what the jurist has to say. Liberty has almost as many facets as life itself and an almanac completes the full cycle of the year, each day bringing its own peculiar problems yet all bound together by the general problem of living.

Justice Douglas is not satisfied merely to set down in abstract language our ideals and goals. Our "way of life is greatly concerned with *method* and *means*. This history of man's struggle to be free is in large degree a struggle to be free of oppressive procedures." The volume in one place or another describes those "oppressive procedures" whether of executive authority, police, or judicial oppression that provide the background of the Bill of Rights. The method of the almanac is admirably suited to the purpose of presenting what is, in fact, a body of vastly di-

(Continued on page 48)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CINEMASCOPE
Spins a web of suspense unequalled since Laura
GINGER ROGERS
VAN HEFLIN
GENE TIERNEY
GEORGE RAFT
20th Century-Fox presents
Black Widow
Color by DeLuxe • Stereophonic Sound
Screen Play, Produced and Directed by NUNNALLY JOHNSON
7th AVE. & 50th ST. ROXY CIRCLE 7-6000

FILMS AT
NEW YORK ART THEATRES

"Bread, Love and Dreams"
"A delicious surprise." —Knight, Sat. Rev.
GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA
VITTORIO DE SICA
5th AVE. & 58th ST. • MU 8-0134 THE Paris THEATRE

An intimate love story—frank, fresh and delightful in its telling!
Illicit Interlude
with May Britt and Royal Stockholm Opera Ballet
PLAZA 58 Street near Madison Avenue at 12, 1:40, 3:25, 5:10, 6:50, 8:35 & 10:20 P.M.

2nd Year!
"Lili"
M-G-M's TECHNICOLOR DELIGHT!
TRANS-LUX 52nd at Lexington PL 3-2434

The Little Kidnappers
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
Air-Cond. TRANS-LUX 60th at Madison PL 5-2746

NOW AT POPULAR PRICES!
Martin Luther
Guild 50th
33 W. 50th St. at Rock. Pl. • PL. 7-2406-7

YOU CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Over 1,000 authors—most of them new—have had their books published, promoted and distributed through our unique plan. No matter what type of book you've written—fiction, poetry, biography, religious—we can help you. Send for our free, illustrated brochure. *We can Publish Your Book.*
EXPOSITION PRESS
Dept. SR-52, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16
In Calif.: 9172 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The "Off" Beat

EXCEPT for the amusing, adroit, and aerobatic "Peter Pan" (to be discussed in a forthcoming *SR* by John Mason Brown) the week's theatre events can be covered briefly. **"I Feel Wonderful,"** a kind of "New Faces of Christopher Street," opened at the De Lys. In general the revue is well staged by Jerry Herman, who also wrote the score. An ingenious curved inner curtain, which it is to be hoped will become part of the De Lys permanent equipment, and some colorfully-lit back panels work admirably.

Unfortunately, there is a preponderant lack of the one element that would give such a revue an excuse for existence: originality. The music is pretty but derivative. (Compare the title number with "Of Thee I Sing.") Except for "Jailhouse Blues" none of the production numbers build up into very much. And Barry Alan Grael's sketches poking fun at readings, the Gabors, and "Tea and Sympathy" shoot at their targets with buckshot rather than with arrows. However, a number in which a girl advertises "smoke Roly Poly, the slower-killing cigarette," is excellent satire on modern advertising methods, and it would take a real sourpuss not to be amused by Albie Gave's balloon-puncturing strip-tease. Yet "I Feel Wonderful" is neither a good Broadway revue nor the imperfect but original kind of thing that makes off-Broadway theatregoing rewarding. Who was it who said, "Bring Back the Threepenny Opera"?

* * *

In the Broadway area but because of its small capacity rightfully classified "off-Broadway" is the President Theatre, which now houses **"Sands of the Negev,"** an Israeli play by Yigal Mossenhohn that has been adapted into English by Shimon Wincelberg. The drama is a heroic and passively sad picture of a band of Israeli settlers who fight off some invading Egyptians.

As a piece of playwriting, "Sands of the Negev" is not over-impressive. Still, for those of us who know nothing about Israel except what we read in the papers it is an opportunity to acquaint ourselves with the Israeli, their love of the hard-won land, their pioneering zeal, their roots that lie in a Biblical past, and above all their extreme humanity which makes false heroics impossible. Even at a moment of crisis they can joke about their plight. "New York," says one of them, "you know—the place where all the Zionists are."

The New York production is not a terribly good one, but "Sands of the Negev" is a heartening demonstration that the new Israeli are planting a dramatic heritage along with their crops.

* * *

Thanks to NBC Television, theatregoers were given the opportunity to take another look at Broadway's most dynamic personality of last season. Renée Jeanmaire, appearing in a Saturday night spectacular called **"The Follies of Suzy,"** showed for a brief minute at the beginning of the program a sample of her beauty and dancing magic. After that her talents were pretty much wasted in scenes that capitalized more on her glamorous reputation than they did on her real potentialities.

It would seem that unless these spectaculars can do a thoughtful job on establishing strong books for their musical shows they would be better off hiring Hiram Sherman to emcee a group of variety acts.

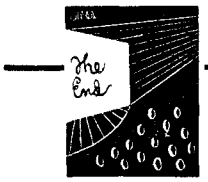
However, the good news reaches us that three of the TV writers discussed in *SR* Aug. 14 will do forthcoming spectaculars, and that Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" will be presented in a musical version. The rumor that the last-mentioned will be entitled "The Umbrella Game" has been stoutly denied.

Greenwich Village productions of Congreve's "The Way of the World" and Garrick's "The Clandestine Marriage" have drawn kind critical comment, and it is good to know that American actors are working on scripts that require special style. Still, the individual performance of Nancy Wickwire in the former and Frederick Warriner in the latter emerge as the major virtue of these productions.

Productionwise, a better job is done at Columbia University's Brander Matthews Theatre, which has revived a large number of these period pieces over the last two years. This year's first production at the little theatre on 117th Street will be Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," which will play November 10 to 13. You probably won't find any performances with as much style as Miss Wickwire's or Mr. Warriner's, but you won't on Broadway either.

—HENRY HEWES.

REPRODUCED BY SRNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Carmen Mighty Lak a Girl

THERE was once a Grace Moore movie in which Tullio Carminati said, "I have always wanted to see a Carmen who weighed less than the bull." Equally rare in operatic circles is an Aida who weighs less than the pyramids. Both these sensations have at last been produced on film through the use of dubbing, that mummer's trick with the mouth which has also been responsible for an endless succession of vaudeville acts in which young men imitate phonograph records, the interpenetration of the spirits of Larry Parks and Al Jolson, and the recent television altercation in which Mario Lanza was accused of accepting $40,000 for impersonating himself.

As long as some people sing better than they look, and others look better than they sing, dubbing will be a useful trick of the film-maker, but in two recent film releases it has turned up in the fanciest places. Both **"Carmen Jones"** (Twentieth Century-Fox) and **"Aida"** (S. Hurok-IFE) use the method to split the visual and vocal assignment and make opera more attractive than it has ever been before.

In "Carmen Jones," the Oscar Hammerstein II Americanization of the Bizet opera, Otto Preminger has cleverly cast two popular singers, Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte, for the speaking parts of Carmen and Joe, and Joe Adams, a radio disc jockey, in the role of Husky Miller, the prizefighter. Since none of these larynxes is equal to the operatic score, Marilynn Horne, Le Vern Hutcherson, and Marvin Hayes have recorded the sound track for the three parts. The idea of having singers substitute for singers turns out to be extraordinarily effective, since the muscular contractions, the phrasing, the breathing, are precisely right. This device may well be the greatest industrial advance since the detergent manufacturers caused their products to form suds so that housewives would believe they really washed. In any event, it has produced here a striking visual interpretation of a sound track that is nothing less than a glory.

Dandridge, Belafonte—"spectacular film."

Not all the music in "Carmen Jones" is dubbed. Olga James, in the role of Cindy Lou, handles her own singing for the touching "He Was Always My Joe," and Pearl Bailey gives a lugubrious turn to Bizet in "Beat Out the Rhythm of the Drum."

Preminger's approach to the mounting of "Carmen Jones" is a departure from the Broadway production of 1943, a highly stylized affair in which Miles White employed a different color key in the settings and costumes of each scene. Realism is the keynote in Preminger's settings. The cafeteria at the parachute factory where Carmen and Joe met is a plain company cafeteria right down to the water cooler and the apples; the furnished room in which Carmen and Joe hide when he has deserted the Army is the drabbest furnished room ever overlooked by a Chicago housing inspector.

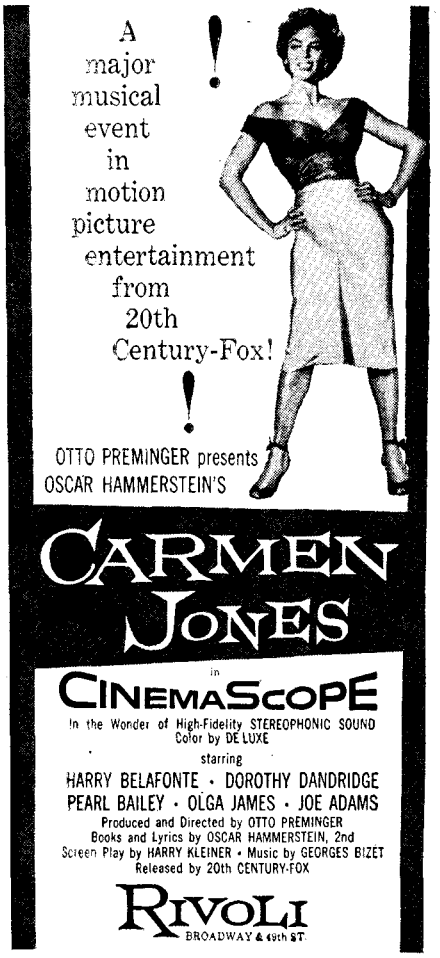
To make opera ring true in these surroundings is a triumph of the persuasiveness and mettle of Dandridge and Belafonte in the leading roles. She is the better man-trap, slim, somewhat subdued, but managing to suggest the essence of cheap temptation and reckless passion. Belafonte is gifted with striking physical beauty, and he plays with engaging sincerity.

It is only when Carmen enters the necessarily garish and tinseled world inhabited by the champion, Husky Miller, and his entourage that there seems to be a break in style with

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

IRVING BERLIN'S
"WHITE CHRISTMAS"
in VistaVision
starring
BING CROSBY • DANNY KAYE
ROSEMARY CLOONEY • VERA ELLEN
with DEAN JAGGER
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Lyrics and Music by IRVING BERLIN
Produced by Robert Emmet Dolan
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ
A Paramount Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"SHOWTIME"
Gala new revue produced by Leonidoff . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club . . . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige


A major musical event in motion picture entertainment from 20th Century-Fox!
OTTO PREMINGER presents
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S
CARMEN JONES
in
CINEMASCOPE
In the Wonder of High-Fidelity STEREOPHONIC SOUND
Color by DE LUXE
starring
HARRY BELAFONTE • DOROTHY DANDRIDGE
PEARL BAILEY • OLGA JAMES • JOE ADAMS
Produced and Directed by OTTO PREMINGER
Books and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Screen Play by HARRY KLEINER • Music by GEORGES BIZET
Released by 20th CENTURY-FOX
RIVOLI
BROADWAY & 49th ST.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what has gone before. It is my impression that this schism in style, combined with the nagging intrusiveness of the recording trick, flaws an otherwise remarkable film effort. This may be a personal quibble. There is no doubt that "Carmen Jones" is a spectacular film with a thrilling sound track of one of the vivid scores in operatic literature.

ANOTHER unusual dubbing effort is on tap in the Italian Opera-Film **"Aida,"** which Sol Hurok will shortly present in the art theatres and cultural emporiums of which he is master. During the ninety-five minutes of "Aida" a cast of twelve supplies the bodies and voices of the six major parts. This is rewarding, if somewhat tantalizing, since it permits the producers to employ for Aida the soprano of Renata Tebaldi and for Radames the tenor of Giuseppe Campora, two Italian singers of superb clarity and dramatic power who have already been signed for the Metropolitan for the coming season.

At the same time that these magnificent voices are pouring from the speakers the screen is animated by some attractive people. Outstanding among them is Sophia Loren, who could easily be the most exciting new presence to be seen upon our screens. I am aware that I am highly combustible in this area, but everyone I have checked with agrees with me that Sophia Loren will surely light up the sky. She is a small-boned creature with a tiny head, graceful neck, clean modeling of the features, and a screen quality of restrained fire. Twenty years old, she has already appeared in more than a dozen Italian films, several of which are scheduled to be shown in this country soon.

"Aida" is Italian grand opera, with billions of lira worth of stunning settings of the Egyptian court, memorable music booming from the track, the pretty-pretty and often meaningless ballets which seem to be a feature of European opera, and the whispered voice of an English narrator recalling the radio broadcasts of Metropolitan Saturday afternoons. Even streamlined to ninety-five minutes, it requires the opera-goers' devotion to adore, but the low-fi people like me will find much to admire. The new Ferraniacolor process is beautiful, but slightly deficient at the red end of the spectrum; the settings are enormous. Afro Poli is a fine Amonasro and Lois Maxwell makes Amneris a princess of emotion.

And then, of course, there is Sophia Loren, whose presence will illuminate for a thousand gallants this important difference between filmed and live opera—movie theatres have no stage doors.

—LEE ROGOW.

TV AND RADIO

Reflections in the 88

THE FIRST time I saw him on television was a good many months ago. I stayed late one night in New York City at a friend's apartment. Alone, past midnight, I had sat down for a moment to unknarl the day's knots when I became aware of the twenty-inch screen in the corner, its face dark and unelectronic in a white, mahogany case. In the pseudo-provincial hinterlands where I live the witching hour on my road is usually dead to sight and sound save stars and summer katydids. After "Robert Montgomery Presents" and "Studio One," beyond Murrow and "Dragnet" and the 7,189th showing of "One of Our Aircraft Is Missing"—there is only oblivion, dreams, and the distant promise of Garroway and "Ding Dong School."

The screen was a rebuke: life goes on, it seemed to say: turn me on. I did and heard people laughing (the sound always comes in first). Then I saw the people's faces—an audience in a New York television studio. Then I saw the fellow who was making them laugh. He was standing in the center aisle, holding a hand mike. Alternately he spoke into the mike, and then reached into the row of seats and held the mike for a member of the audience to speak into it. He was an M.C., of the modern, horn-rimmed glasses variety, extremely well-poised, urbane, underkeyed, of the throw-away-the-line school. "This must be Steve Allen," I thought. "I've heard of him. They say he's good." He was, indeed. I stayed with him until the end of the show.

Studio audiences in radio and television have always fascinated and appalled me—particularly those that haunt the cable-caves in the latter hours. Who are they: what are these that gather in mid-Manhattan, loose of ties, athirst for merriment, or supinely agawk with curiosity when the bulk of folk lie abed or toil at mops and pails, lathes and wheels, through the long night-shift? Performers generally backstage take a dim view of them, often make them the butt of cruel onstage jokes underneath a thin coat of obsequious pleasantry. Mr. Allen's touch was gentle. There were no bristles in his brush with the lonely, the extrovert, the inarticulate. He got his laughs; they always seemed to be on him. I found myself laughing in the living-room. The screen was stale and profitless when he was gone. I turned the set off.

The next time I saw Steve Allen was recently. He's on the NBC network now. The extent of his success may be gauged by the title of his show. He has graduated from his own name to "Tonight." "Tonight" is NBC's twenty-one gun salute to schedule's end, as "Today," its companion broadside, is the pearl of its beginning. Coming into Grand Central on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, Steve Allen ogles the potential time-buyers commuting to Madison Avenue from the giant NBC billboard atop a Harlem building alongside the railroad tracks. Steve Allen is on from eleven-thirty late in the evening to one in the morning. He's even on in a separate show (under his own name) fifteen minute earlier. Steve Allen is—I was about to say home—but that's Arlene Francis. Allen has arrived. Most deservedly, too. Spectaculars to the right of me, medics to the left of me—next to color the volley and thunder of the new season is this engaging young comedian.

HE plays the piano, too, and the baseboard above the keyboard of the instrument is a mirror. This gives him four hands. The reflection shot is an interesting example of the pervasive impact of television on the form and shape of things in our cultire. I anticipate that all pianos, in and out of TV, will eventually be mirrored above the keys. He uses the piano mostly for an occasional jam-session with members of the orchestra. I will leave it to the jazz-enthusiasts to determine the style, whether cool or Dixieland.

Actually, the effect is pleasantly non-violent, and as amiably entertaining as the rest of the show. The other performers, the performing guests, the camera-treatment of the show—all seem to borrow the key of their work from the star. These marathon programs are usually long boxcars of boredom, raucous high-ballers, or over-slick streamliners. Mr. Allen's show seems shorter than it really is—no mean achievement at its late hour—at any hour.

He uses the top of his piano for notes—little cards written to remind him of what comes next. He has no script, of course. The mechanics of the show are a nightmare. Sections of the network keep leaving and joining. Mr. Allen must make many beginnings and endings and he must stand up manfully to cue cards and teleprompters and floor managers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

harassing him with do this, say that, go here, get off the air, come on the air, etc. The situation has its drama, and not that they ever will, but it would be something of a disaster if they ever got the show really straightened out and running smoothly. An element of suspense would disappear. I suspect Mr. Allen's nervous giggle of relief, which he utters now and then, is truly the mask of a furrowed brain. "How do I get out of this box?" he seems to be thinking as he pretends to be thinking, "How did I get in?" His capacity to keep ambling along without communicating a sense of strain, turning every unforeseen moment into a quiet joke, is his delightful art.

It is the wisdom of the future that human calculation is generally mistaken. Just when you get the feeling that TV has found its form only to freeze it, that all the brainpower, all the money, all the toil and creative crises are doomed to labor against the medium's monster of time merely to produce the familiar, the unfruitful, the unexciting—just when you think it's all an old hat to sit on—along, from unexpected quarter, comes a fresh note. You see that road's end is an illusion. There's a continuity to inspiration. It will keep cropping up—particularly in gifted people. Steve Allen is a member of the tribe. I don't know when I'll be up again so late—but when I am I'll look in again on "Tonight." If I don't, I'll sleep better for the knowing that stay-ups in every time zone are being diverted by a bright member of the old Chicago school of television humor—reasonably literate, engaging, refreshing, warm—and never in bad taste. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Robert Casadesus—"undoubted style."

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Anniversary for Casadesus, Italian Quartet

LOTS of pianists have come and gone since Robert Casadesus made his first American appearances with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in 1934, an event that was recalled with appropriate audience approval when his twentieth successive year of engagements in Carnegie Hall found him playing Mozart and Beethoven with Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting. What one was most conscious of, however, as the evening progressed was how many of his quality have gone, how few have come, in those twenty years.

Even fewer have come who play Mozart as consistently and professionally as he does. The concerti of this program were the Mozart "Coronation" in D (K. 537) and the Beethoven "Emperor," a busy evening's work for any ten fingers. The Mozart interested me especially in connection with his concurrently released Columbia recording which bears, along with customary annotations, a facsimile of the pianist's personal diary of performances of this work, kept with Melchior-like meticulousness. It is a *dossier* that begins "*Fevrier* 1924," in a Parisian concert with Philippe Gaubert, and proceeds with scarcely a lapse of a year (I see no entry for 1927) ninety-seven occasions later to 1954 and the date of the recording. However, one should not be misled by this into believing that Casadesus has played this work a "mere" ninety-seven times in public. Nearly ten times, especially opposite American dates, the legend "deux executions" may be read, providing an appropriate number of additions to the whole.

It bespeaks a certain kind of musicianly pride for an artist of Casadesus's popularity to play any Mozart concerto so steadfastly, even one of the undoubted appeal of the "Coronation." It also alerts one to the consideration of familiarity breeding something or other where musical works are concerned. Certainly not contempt, where a Casadesus and a Mozart are concerned; rather something more related to contemplation and consanguinity.

The outcome of all this is that Casadesus plays Mozart with undoubted style, rolling off the sequential figures with the assurance of an extemporaneous orator knowing full well how his sentences are going to end, and suffering no mental blocks thereby; shading a melodic sequence with an emphasis that prepares one for a different inflection five pages further on; playing under or against an instrumental texture in the awareness that this is the Mozartian scheme, in which the soloist bides his time in full confidence that he will be handsomely rewarded in the end.

However, the style has some elements that reach further back than the thirty years Casadesus has been playing this work in public, something bred in the blood of a French musician. If there is never exaggeration, there is also a slight inclination to understatement, which might be very welcome in a more stormy work, such as the D minor concerto, but which deprives the more neutral "Coronation" of some emotional shading it requires. I hastily admit that the attributes to produce perfection would put Casadesus in the company of the only musician I can think of who might have played this work perfectly—namely, Mozart himself; and that pinnacle is too narrow and too dizzy for any contemporary to occupy comfortably. Let it be said that this was fine Mozart, and be grateful there is a Casadesus to play it so well.

The evening also found Mitropoulos in unexpected Beethovenian form, not only in the orchestral portion of the "Emperor" but also in the evening-opening "Leonore No. 2" overture. He played the work with a strong sense of its particular virtues, rather than trying to make it sound more like a greater "Leonore No. 3" than Beethoven achieved in this earlier effort. It was forceful and well controlled (though the offstage trumpet was, mysteriously, louder when the minister of justice was further away than when he came nearer), building to a suitable climax.

ANOTHER pianist of quality was heard with the Philharmonic in the same week, with Grant Johannesen flattering his audience by choosing the Liszt version of Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasy rather than one of the overplayed standard concerti. Johannesen has tendered proof of his affinity with this music in a well-regarded recording, and the opportunity to hear it live attested to further development in his grasp of its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

qualities, especially in the slow movement.

On the whole, Johannesen was at his best in the Schubertian rather than Lisztian elements of the piece, which is as it should be. Liszt has done the musical world a real service in filling out Schubert's design for a super-solo work by providing it with a thoughtfully conceived orchestral score. But he could not resist, now and then, an irrelevant flourish. Johannesen has in ample reserve the bravura technic for these matters, but one recalls with more pleasure the loving execution of the song-theme from which the fantasy takes its name, and the real legato tone he draws from the interest. If there was a quibble it would be with a little inclination to dwell unduly on a melodic phrase now and then, as if he regretted to see it die. An admirable trait, but it can be conveyed more subtly.

The Quartetto Italiano is among us again, after missing a year in America due to the illness of its leader, Paolo Borciano. Such a happening would impede the activities of any fine quartet; but it was a crippling blow to this one, which plays from memory, without printed scores. First violinists who command such a repertory are, of necessity, scarce. Mention Rudolf Kolisch of the quartet that bore his name, and Rachmael Weinstock, of the fondly remembered Manhattan Quartet, and you have about exhausted the list.

This was my first concert-hall experience with the Quartetto Italiano, and I am willing to concur in all but the most extravagant praise it has received. These are fine instrumentalists, every one; they play almost unfailingly in tune, with a wealth of warm lyrical sound, and an enthusiasm for music balanced by good taste. However, national disposition will affect almost any musical enterprise, especially when the players are as young as these, and I must say I prefer the broader style of the Amadeus Quartet in Haydn to the playing offered in Town Hall's Concert Society series of his Opus 77, No. 1, by the Italian ensemble.

All the familiar arguments pro and con the performance of chamber music without printed scores naturally recur when a new exponent of the theory comes along. The immediate benefit—freedom and spontaneity in performance—was visual as well as audible on this occasion, with the visual evidences likely to be more compelling to an audience than the aural. The long-range limitations on repertory, the players' nervous systems, etc., remain to be seen. This is a great quartet certainly. —Irving Kolodin.

NEW EDITIONS

The Past Alive

FIVE new Anchor Books have been justifying their name by holding my interest fast through many reading hours during the past week. The five Anchors, published by Doubleday, are "The Great Tradition" (95¢), by F. R. Leavis; "Greek Tragedy" ($1.25), by H. D. F. Kitto; "Aesthetics and History" (85¢), by Bernard Berenson; J. Huizinga's "The Waning of the Middle Ages" (95¢); and "The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Science" (95¢), by E. A. Burtt.

Dr. Leavis, founder and moving spirit of *Scrutiny*, now defunct, is a critic whose brilliance is matched by his own appreciation of it. For years he has sat at a high window of his tower of taste, and dropped insults, like hot lead, on all the critics with whom he disagrees and all the authors—many of them eminent—whom he despises. In the title essay of the present book he does just this, while advancing the proposition that the creators and representatives of "the great tradition of the English novel" are Jane Austen, George Eliot, Henry James, Conrad, D. H. Lawrence, and no others. In the remaining pages he submits the work of Eliot, James, and Conrad to acute and illuminating analysis; and does full justice to Dickens's "Hard Times," which he considers the masterpiece of an author whom, apart from it, he dismisses as an entertainer. Dr. Leavis is subtle in distinction and discrimination, and a great hand at pointing out that other critics almost always admire the right things for the wrong reasons. It is not only a pleasure, but an education to be in his company while he is setting them straight.

Professor Kitto is a critic of masterly competence in another field. In "Greek Tragedy" he reveals and examines the ideas, intentions, methods, and achievements of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, with emphasis on the individual conception of tragedy that animated each of them.

In his search for meanings he cuts deep into the texts of the plays, and one should have them at hand while one is reading him. But his prime concern is with his authors' intentions and the dramatic techniques by which they realized them. The poetry of the plays does not come within his purview; nor does he indulge in the kind of literary appreciations that abound in the pages of Symonds and so many other writers on Greek tragedy.

Mr. Berenson is a critic of still another kidney. He calls himself a casual thinker, but there is a unifying principle in this book of meditations on the nature of art and art history, by a professional connoisseur of sixty years' practice, whose esthetic theory is closely related to Bergson's theory of intuition. For Berenson the esthetic experience — in the visual arts—consists of the spectator's identifying himself with the art object, and the test of the object's worth is the degree to which it is "life-enhancing." He sees art history within the framework of the whole history of man, and he is a philosopher despite his own disclaimer. But, when he attempts to define and establish esthetic values, he can no more define the indefinable and express the inexpressible than can any other writer in the field.

THE pages on medieval art in Huizinga's famous book may be read with profit in conjunction with Berenson's meditations—they illuminate each other. The whole of Huizinga's study of society, religion, philosophy, art, and love, as they existed in France and The Netherlands at the end of the Middle Ages, is history at its most fascinating. He is a pictorial historian who can give even ideas visibility and color, and one who uses his original sources—notably Chastellain—most evocatively. He pictures a civilization living on fictions that were almost outworn, that were soon to be replaced by other vital fictions —many of which still nourish us. Professor Burtt's book is no less fascinating in another way, for it is nothing less than an historical analysis of the thinking that caused medieval metaphysics to be superseded by the mathematical-mechanical world-picture that prevailed with Newton—a world-picture that is itself now being supplanted by the non-Euclidean geometries of Einstein and his successors.

Other new Anchors full of good reading, to which I have not yet returned in these editions, are Henry James's "What Maisie Knew" (Dr. Leavis calls it "perfect"); Edmund Wilson's "Eight Essays"; and Lawrence's "Sea and Sardinia and Selections from Twilight in Italy" (85¢ each). —Ben Ray Redman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

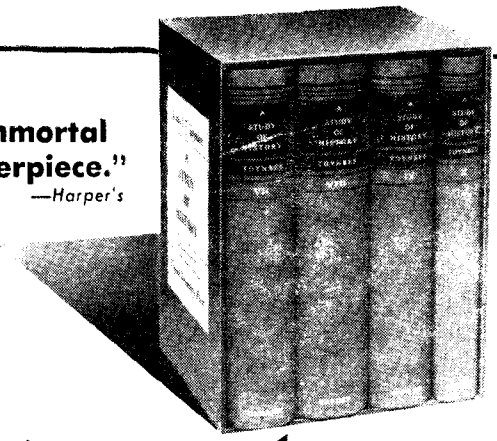
Politics

Continued from page 21

a progressive mind over these years. As such this is a deeply pessimistic book, a chronicle of the bankruptcy of cherished ideals and self-admitted failure. Like so many present-day ex-progressives, Mr. Richberg is no longer concerned with social justice but rather with the destruction of governmental and union-labor monopoly (he never once mentions the driving force of that other great engine of collectivism, modern industry) and with the restoration of competition and the rights of private property. His heroes, although he denies having any, are Herbert Hoover and Robert Taft. For the author, in looking back, believes that the fifty-year progressive quest for reform and collective betterment has ended in the sacrifice of something infinitely more worth while, individual liberty. At the very end of his volume he writes, "If I had seen this great issue and sacrificed my life for it I might now be a hero to myself if to no one else! But it took me a lifetime to see the issue clearly. Then it was too late to become a hero. I was not only too old but too soft." There are courage and honesty in that remark and a certain amount of personal tragedy.

In diagnosing where the progressive tradition went wrong Mr. Richberg makes a distinction between the old progressivism running from 1900 through the early days of the New Deal and that of the latter days of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman. The objective of the first, he says, was social justice in a free society, that of the second, tyrannical socialism. In the light of the author's admiration for the Bull Moose program of 1912 and his continued defense of the NRA this is rather confusing to a historian. The confusion is compounded by the fact that Mr. Richberg still insists that he is a progressive.

The trouble, of course, is that Mr. Richberg has recently become a conservative and either does not know it or does not care to admit that honorable fact. Mr. Richberg confesses that he has lost most of his faith in the perfectability of man and in the concept of progress. These twin doctrines lay at the very philosophical heart of the progressive tradition. Without them reform becomes a political calculus based upon the greatest greed of the greatest number, and a counter-conservatism perforce is founded on fear instead of principle. In such a situation one may well ask whether either political tradition, and thus democracy, can long survive.



"An Immortal Masterpiece."
—Harper's

ARNOLD Toynbee's

A STUDY OF HISTORY

VOLUMES VII *through* X

The concluding volumes of the outstanding historical work of our time.

"Reading it is a major intellectual adventure."—TIME

"To say that the publication of these four volumes is the outstanding event of the year in historical writing is to understate the case."—*N. Y. Times*

"Actual or prospective Toynbee enthusiasts should hasten to the feast."—*Saturday Review*

Four volumes, 2,720 pages, $35.00 • The complete set, 10 volumes, $75.00

THE BACH FAMILY

By KARL GEIRINGER

This is the first complete history of the amazing musical family that supplied Thuringia and the world with cantors, organists, and outstanding composers for more than two centuries. Utilizing a vast amount of hitherto inaccessible material, it examines both the personalities and the music of the Bach family with a wealth of new detail. There is an extensive section on the great Johann Sebastian Bach and his music, and a full treatment of his four sons, who exercised a profound influence on pre-classical music. *Illustrated, and with musical examples.* $7.50

THE NEW OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC

Edited by J. A. Westrup, Gerald Abraham, Edward J. Dent, Dom Anselm Hughes, and Egon Wellesz

An entirely new work to be completed in eleven volumes. The first to be published is —

Volume II: **EARLY MEDIEVAL MUSIC**

Edited by *Dom Anselm Hughes.* "Musicologists, scholars... and librarians will certainly recognize it to be a contemporary landmark in musical scholarship . . . this is no mere musical dissertation but a summation of musical culture."—*Boston Herald.* $8.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

A brochure giving full particulars on this series is available from the publisher on request

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Inc., 114 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 11

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's World Travel Calendar

DECEMBER. JANUARY. FEBRUARY

Africa

VOORTREKKER CELEBRATIONS *(Pretoria, Dec. 16)*: Annual tribute to pioneers who settled South Africa. Pageant, dances.

COON CARNIVAL *(Cape Town, Jan. 1)*: Celebration similar to one staged by Mummers in Philadelphia. Costumed marching clubs parade.

CRICKET TEST MATCHES *(Cape Town, Johannesburg, Port Elizabeth, Jan. 1-Feb. 10.)*

Austria

SALUTE TO AUTHORS *(Salzburg, Dec. 24)*: Austrians memorialize two men who composed "Silent Night, Holy Night" here.

SNOW SPORTS *(Day of Long Distance Races, Igls, Dec. 26. Bob-sleigh races, Bad Aussee, Heiligenblut, Heuberg, St. Lambrecht, Dec. 26. International Ski Jump, Innsbruck, Jan. 2. Hahnenkamm Races, Kitzbuehel, Jan. 15, 16. Austrian Ski Championships, Semmering, Jan. 30-Feb. 6. World championship Ice Skating, Vienna, Feb. 13-17. Austrian Junior Ski Championships, Linz, Feb. 18-20.)*

CARNIVAL *(Salzburg. First part, Jan. 3-9; second part, Feb. 9-22.)*

PAGEANTS *(St. Gilgen, Jan. 5)*: "Gloecklerlauf" and "Dreikoenigsreiten" staged.

MARDI GRAS *(Bad Aussee, Feb. 19-22; Vienna, Feb. 15-22.)*

FUNKEN SONNTAG *(Gargellen, Feb. 27)*: Austrians burn symbolic witch as farewell to winter.

Bermuda

FISHING CONTESTS *(Dec. 1-Apr. 1)*: Bermuda chub, bonefish tournament with prizes for largest fish taken in each species on 12 lb., 20 lb., 30 lb. test lines. *(Dec. 2-30)*: Holiday tournament.

GOLF *(Dec. 3-5)*: Goodwill Tournament by invitation of Golf Association only; *(Jan. 7-10)*: Men's, women's two-ball foursomes at Mid-Ocean Club. *(Feb. 21-25)*: Men's tournament.

TENNIS *(Christmas tournament, Dec. 27-Jan. 3.)*

SAILING *(Duke of Edinburgh Cup, Jan. 6, 13, 20, 27.)*

Britain

SMITHFIELD SHOW *(London, Dec. 6-10)*: Agricultural exhibition at Earl's Court.

NATIONAL POULTRY SHOW *(London, Dec. 9-11)*.

CHELSEA ARTS BALL *(London, Dec. 31)*: At Royal Albert Hall.

BURNS INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL *(Edinburgh and Burns Country, Scotland, Jan. 17-25.)*

PANCAKE RACE, Olney, Feb. 22. Traditional event; counterpart in Liberal, Kansas.

FASHION DISPLAY (London, Feb. 28-Mar. 4): At Royal Festival Hall.

Central America

SOCCER, *(Limon, Costa Rica, Dec. 5-19)*: Inaugural games of the Junior League for Central America, Caribbean area.

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Chichicastenango, Guatemala, Dec. 18-21)*: Processions, dances.

GOLF TOURNAMENT *(Panama City, Jan. 13-15)*: Panama Open.

RELIGIOUS PILGRIMAGE *(Esquipulas, Guatemala, Jan. 15)*: Annual celebration features important local statue of Christ.

EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS *(Costa Rica, Feb. 9-13.)* Second national religious meeting.

Finland

MUSIC WEEK *(Nationwide, Dec. 2-8)*: Major observance in Helsinki will have salute to Jean Sibelius on his eighty-ninth birthday, Dec. 8.

INDEPENDENCE DAY *(Nationwide, Dec. 6)*.

WINTER SPORTS *(Nationwide, Dec.-Apr.)*

France

MIDNIGHT MASS *(Les Baux, Dec. 24)*: One of Europe's best-known religious observances.

PROCESSION *(St. Jean-de-Luz, Jan. 10)*: Traditional parade of the Three Wise Men.

INTERNATIONAL SONGFEST *(Nice, Jan. 15-31.)*

SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Bareges and Cauterets, Jan. 16, 17; 23, 24.)*

GRAND PRIX SKIING *(Morzine, Jan. 22-24)*: Downhill, slalom title races. *(Chamonix, Jan. 26-31)*: International de la Vallee de Chamonix.

TENNIS *(Paris, Feb. 5-14)*: Indoor championships.

BLESSING THE FLEET *(Bordeaux, Feb. 7; St. Malo, Feb. 14)*. Benediction pronounced as fishing fleet sails.

NIGHT OF FLOWERS *(Nice, Feb. 11)*.

RELIGIOUS PILGRIMAGE *(Lourdes, Feb. 11.)*

MIMOSA FESTIVAL *Cannes, Feb. 14.)*

HORSE RACE *(Paris, Feb. 13)*: Prix de Paris.

CARNIVAL *(Amelie-les-Bains, Aix-en-Provence, Arles-sur-Tech, Bailleul, Dunkerque, Granville, Limoux, Feb. 15-22.)*

BIKE RACE *(Paris, Feb. 24-Mar. 2)*: Annual six-day meet.

Germany

CHRISTMAS FAIRS *(Nuremberg, Dec. 3-24; Berlin, Dec. 4-19; Ulm, Dec. 5-12; Marburg, Dec. 12-22; Darmstadt, Dec. 20-24.)*

SPORTS WEEK *(Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Jan. 15-23.)*

AGRICULTURAL SHOW *(Berlin, Jan. 28-Feb. 6)*: Annual Green Week exhibition.

CARNIVAL *(Aachen, Bonn, Coblenze, Cologne, Duesseldorf, Mainz, Trier, Feb. 21; Augsburg, Frankfurt, Mannheim-Ludwigshafen, Munich, Stuttgart, Wiesbaden, Feb. 22.)*

ICE HOCKEY WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP *(Duesseldorf, Feb. 25-Mar. 6.)*

India

THYAGARAJ FESTIVAL *(Dec. 30)*: Pay tribute to memory of St. Thyagaraj, Indian nineteeth century musician.

PONGAL *(Jan. 14)*: Processions of sacred cattle featured in harvest festivals.

REPUBLIC DAY *(Jan. 26)*: Anniversary of date on which India became a republic. Major celebration in Delhi. Fireworks.

MAHASHIVARATRI *(Feb. 20)*: Fasting, chanting of hymns part of tribute to member of Hindu trinity.

Italy

OPERA SEASON *(Milan, Dec. 7-Apr.)*: The 1954-55 season at La Scala. Opening dates for seasons at Florence, Naples, Rome to be announced.

FAIR *(Rome, Jan. 4-6)*: Traditional Epiphany celebration centered in Piazza Navona.

CARNIVAL *(Viareggio, Feb. 18-22)*: General masking, parade of floats; confetti, flower battles.

Middle East

ORATORIO *(Beirut, Lebanon, Dec. 21-23)*: Bach's "Christmas Oratorio."

CHRISTMAS *(High Mass, Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, Dec. 24; Pontifical Mass, Church of the Annunciation, Nazareth, Dec. 25.)*

EPIPHANY *(Israel, Jan. 6)*: Commemorates Baptism of Jesus, visit of the Wise Men, and the Miracle at Cana.

Nassau

AUTO RACES *(Dec. 6-12)*: First sports car contests ever staged here.

HORSE RACES *(Jan. 14-Apr. 14)*: On Friday afternoons, Jan.-Feb.; Thursdays, Fridays, Mar.-Apr. 14.

NASSAU CUP RACE *(Feb. 5)*: For boats that took part in Miami-Nassau race earlier in the week.

Portugal

RESTORATION DAY *(Nationwide, Dec. 1)*: Major celebration in Lisbon.

ST. SYLVESTER'S DAY *(Funchal, Madeira, Dec. 31)*: Tremendous fireworks display.

FAIR *(Barcelos, Feb. 6)*: Feast of St. Braz.

CARNIVAL *(Loule, Feb. 20-22.)*

Spain

SACRED MUSIC CONCERT *(Montserrat, Dec. 24)*: Performance by well-known boys' choir.

FIESTAS *(Alicante and Malaga, Jan. 15-Feb. 15.)*

RELIGIOUS DRAMA *(Olesa de Montserrat, Feb. 27; Mar. 6, 13, 20, 27; Apr. 2.)*: Dramatize the passion of Christ.

Sweden

NOBEL PRIZE AWARDS *(Stockholm, Dec. 10.)*

ST. LUCIA'S DAY *(Nationwide, Dec. 13)*: Parties honor the Queen of Light.

PARLIAMENT OPENS *(Stockholm, Jan. 11.)*

WINTER SPORTS *(Dec.-Apr.)*

U.S.A.

"LAS POSADAS," *(Claremont, Calif., Dec. 1-Jan. 1)*: Dramatize Christmas in Old Mexico.

ALL-BREED DOG SHOW *(Los Angeles, Calif., Dec. 11, 12)*. The fiftieth annual.

JAI ALAI *(Tampa, Fla., Dec. 11-Apr. 9)*: One of few places in which the famous Basque sport is played in USA.

FIELD TRIAL *(Union Springs, Ala., Dec. 12)*: National Shooting Dog Stake.

CANDLE LIGHT CEREMONY *(Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 17)*: Choral singing, procession in national park.

COWBOY BALL *(Anson, Tex., Dec. 21-23.)*

BOWL GAMES *(Jan. 1: Orange Bowl, Miami; Rose Bowl, Pasadena; Sugar Bowl, New Orleans; Cotton Bowl, Dallas; Sun Bowl, El Paso.)*

SILVER SKATES CARNIVAL *(Groton, S.D., Jan. 1, 2.)*

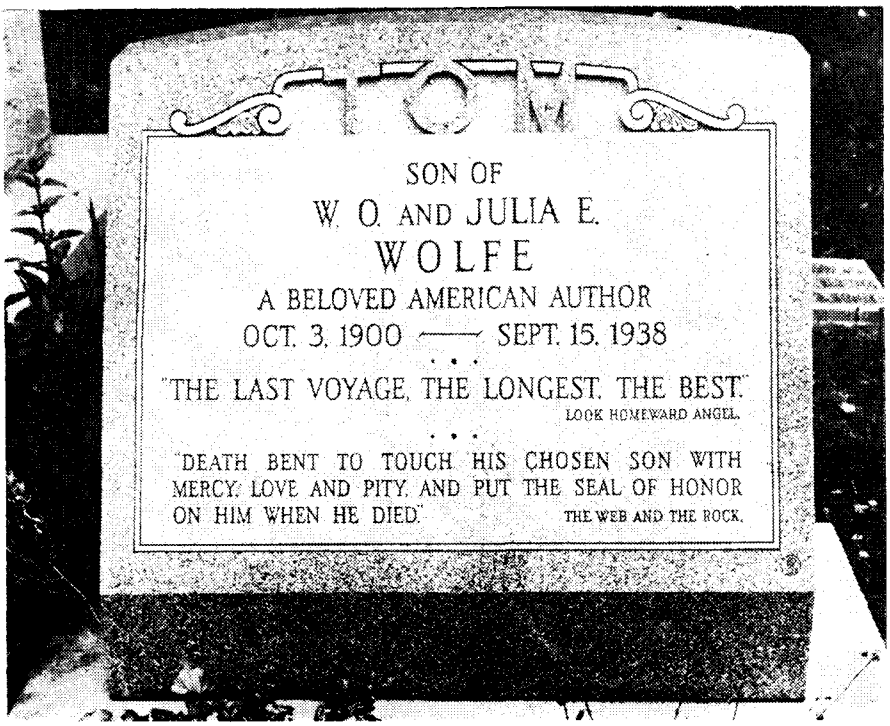
—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Look Homeward, Asheville


SON OF
W. O. AND JULIA E.
WOLFE
A BELOVED AMERICAN AUTHOR
OCT. 3. 1900 — SEPT. 15. 1938
"THE LAST VOYAGE. THE LONGEST. THE BEST."
LOOK HOMEWARD ANGEL.
"DEATH BENT TO TOUCH HIS CHOSEN SON WITH MERCY. LOVE AND PITY. AND PUT THE SEAL OF HONOR ON HIM WHEN HE DIED."
THE WEB AND THE ROCK.

Thomas Wolfe's grave in Riverside Cemetery, Asheville, near O. Henry's grave.

ASHEVILLE.

SITTING on the open terrace of the Sky Club the other night with some of the local hillwilliams (it can be very formal here), I watched the sun drop behind the mountains and shine like hidden footlights against the determined blue curtain of the evening sky. The Pisgah range made a black deckled edge of the Carolina horizon, Venus glowed uncountable karats above the peaks, and in the valley Asheville pulsated with neon around its dozen-story skyscrapers—the city hall, the county building, and that gingerbread pile where Tom Wolfe's father had his marble-cutting offices.

It was perfectly plain why this perch I sat on was named Beaucatcher Mountain, for I suspect that beaux brought there by hill girls had hardly a chance. Asheville has a way of beguiling wayfarers of the most varied assortment—old W. O. Wolfe, and twenty-three retired generals whose home was the Army, and Demeree and Dorothy Bess of *The Saturday Evening Post*, whose home was China and Moscow and Paris, and old George Vanderbilt, who could have bought any home he wanted and indeed he did.

Old George looked out at the view one night from the top of the Battery Park Hotel and stated that he would possess all that he saw. Now, that is not a fatuous statement coming from a man with George's collection of banknotes, and he soon held the deed to a parcel of 100,000 acres including Mount Pisgah itself, a hillock that measures 5,721 feet above sea level. On this plot he built himself a modest French Renaissance chateau of 183 rooms, patterned after the extravaganzas of Blois and Chambord in the Loire Valley.

Track was laid from the present railroad line at Biltmore, and it took artisans and drones five years to put the whole thing together. The result is far more appealing and certainly better maintained than either Blois or Chambord. The thirty-five acres of gardens and lawns, after all, were laid out by Frederick Olmstead, who had designed the grounds for the Capitol at Washington and also Manhattan's Central Park.

The Great Banquet Hall measures seventy-two feet long, has a ceiling seventy-five feet high, and in case anybody ever has a chill there are three cavernous fireplaces side by side any of which could take a sizable bite of a California redwood without yawning. Napoleon's chess-set decorates the Print Room, a forest of greenery decorates the Court of Palms, and the library could service Chicago.

Although the preserve has been trimmed in recent years to 12,000 acres, and gas stations are scattered before the entrance, there is enough property on hand to require a three-mile drive from gate to front door. Seventeen miles of paved road wind through the grounds and there are 120 miles of equestrian path. Six maids keep house for Lord Cecil, who was once married to Cornelia Vanderbilt and stays there with his son as a condition of the divorce. Tourists can visit there now as a condition of the times.

When Mrs. George Vanderbilt was alive she organized Biltmore Industries, a wool-weaving enterprise designed to help the mountain people make use of the trade that had been hand-propelled across oaken looms. Fine homespun is still being woven at Biltmore Industries by mountain people who still use dogwood shuttles, handpropelled across oaken looms. Wool comes in from England, Australia, and Scotland, and visitors can see whole fleece from Scottish blackface sheep being unpacked. The Scottish wool is easily recognizable, the mountain people say, since a piece of ear is frequently found in the fleece and only a Scotsman would clip that close. At any rate, the crystal waters of the springs running from Mount Mitchell are used in the dyes, the fabric is pre-shrunk and dried in the Carolina sun, all of which is said to impart a special brilliance of color, not to mention durability.

Not long ago John D. Rockefeller stopped by with the unworn pair of trousers to a two-pants suit he had bought from Biltmore thirty years ago. The coat and one pair of trousers had worn out, and Rockefeller wanted Biltmore to make him a new coat to match the unworn trousers. They did, too.

ASHEVILLE's other famous house is rather more modest than the Vanderbilt chateau. It is the white frame building on Spruce Street, behind the Asheville Biltmore Hotel, where Tom Wolfe's family lived and which Wolfe used as a setting for his first novel, "Look Homeward, Angel." The fictional Gant family of fictional Altamount were the actual Wolfes of actual Asheville, and so many characters were so thinly disguised in the book that Asheville hasn't quite gotten over the shock yet.

When I stopped by the Spruce St. place the other day Mrs. Mabel Wheaton, Tom's sister, was sitting on the porch under a sign which identi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I think you should know that NATIONAL AIRLINES DC-7 STARS are fastest and finest to Florida"

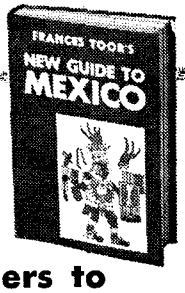
54-NM-3956-9

(Advertisement)

LOOK BACKWARD: SR *reviewed "Look Homeward, Angel" on December 21, 1929. Written by Basil Davenport, now on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club, the review said:*

. . . Mr. Wolfe, like Rabelais, though plainly odors and colors and all stimuli affect him more intensely than most people, is happily able to devour sensations with an enormous vigor; his perceptions have a rare combination of fineness and largeness.

In manner, Mr. Wolfe is most akin to James Joyce, somewhere between the ascetic beauty of the "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and the unpruned fecundity of "Ulysses." . . . Rabelais fed on all the fulness of the French Renaissance, a dawn in which it was bliss to be alive; what would he have been like if he had been a poor boy in a small Southern town with a drunken father, a shrewish mother, and a family of quarreling brothers and sisters? Mr. Wolfe's answer seems to be that, in his childhood at least, he would have done unexpectedly well. . . . "Look Homeward, Angel," though it has the faults of the luxurious, has the great virtue that it always has the vision of something half comprehensible behind the humdrum life, and that in the reading it carries conviction with it.



The one essential book for all travelers to

MEXICO

This new 1955 edition includes the first full information on Mexico's *new, unspoiled vacation paradise,* LOWER CALIFORNIA

NEW GUIDE TO MEXICO, by Frances Toor, is the book that answers your every question about Mexico . . . makes you sure before you go of everything you need to know about fiestas, food, arts, markets, customs, etc. . . . gives all the up-to-the-minute facts on peso-exchange, hotel rates, and all the new roads including the recently completed West Coast Highway. The low price of $2.95 can save you hundreds on your Mexican vacation.

Order from CROWN PUBLISHERS, *Dept. A40, 419 4th Ave., N. Y. 16. Refund in 10 days if not delighted.*

SEE EUROPE next summer in a PRIVATE CAR!

Travel an ideal way—small groups in several private cars. Unusually interesting itineraries. Enroll now for our 11th Tour.

Sailings: "Queen Elizabeth" June 15, July 13

Under direction of Dr. W. F. Striedieck
All inclusive price $1200
Folder on request

Auto Trails in Europe
Box 404, State College, Pa.

REACH THE HEART OF EUROPE

SEE FOR YOURSELF what is going on in Europe. Get behind the scenes. Talk with leaders in business, education, government, and religion. Talk with the man on the street.

VISIT all the famous sights. Frequent off-the-beat hamlets and towns.

ITINERARIES SKILLFULLY ARRANGED by experts with your comfort and enjoyment in mind. Reasonable rates.

Write for information.

FRIENDSHIP TOURS INTERNATIONAL
BOX 1798, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

fied the place as "The Old Kentucky Home." Here Tom's mother (Eliza Gant in the book) ran the house for her family and her boarders.

Mrs. Wheaton is tall and imposing and on the day we met she wore a suit of lavendar loose-knit wool that might have been homespun. A felt hat was pulled down sharply over one eye. Lace curtains hung at the living-room window and photographs in frames ran across the top of the upright piano. A book of music was opened to "O See the Swift Swallow Flying." "These are the pictures that Mama had spread when this was a boarding-house," she said. "That's our old piano that we took music on. It still plays pretty well." She sat down at the stool and ran her hands over a few classical bars, then cut into a brisk rendition of "Alexander's Ragtime Band." "This is more what the family liked," she said.

Tom Wolfe about to board a tram in Berlin looked down from the top of the piano, and so did Julia Wolfe and old W.O. in pictures taken just before their deaths. There was another of Tom at six and one of Mabel at nine months. "That's how pretty I looked at nine months," Mrs. Wheaton said. "I always had that dark,

PROPERTY OF USC
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dirty look. Papa was a wanderer, but he married mother and had all of us and couldn't get away. He carried a daguerrotype of his first wife in his pocket and looked at it all the time. It's a wonder Mama didn't shoot him. Tom was named Clayton after Professor Clayton Bowman, who had to do with theosophy or something. Mama was always very conscious of those new isms."

She showed us the dining room. "Each table seated ten. Sometimes we didn't have so many boarders and they could spread out some. There was soup always. We had soup 365 days of the year. Mama got the magnificent price of fifty cents a meal. Board was $8 to $10 a week and glad to get 'em at that." We walked back into the pantry and Mrs. Wheaton looked fondly at a marble-topped kitchen table. "I pulled many a batch of taffy on that," she said. "We ground coffee on it, usually Arbuckles, that was the famous brand then. Steak was cut on it, too. You can still see the notches.

In the kitchen was Mama's ironing board, all set up and ready to use. "I bought her an electric iron, but she always preferred these." She picked up the flatirons that stood on the stove. On a table across the room were atlas jars of peaches and others that held grapes and currants. They looked strangely discolored. "Mama is

---

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Poet, Shelley. 2. Realtor, Lewis. 3. Slave, Stowe. 4. Country, Butler. 5. Dog, Woolf. 6. Horsewoman, Tennyson. 7. Philologist, Borrow. 8. Student, Milton. 9. Dentist, Norris. 10. Town, Eliot. 11. Boy, Tarkington. 12. Halfbreed, Jackson. 13. King, Byron. 14. Horse, James. 15. Model, Du Maurier. 16. Tribe, Melville. 17. Sylph, Fouqué. 18. Caliph, Beckford. 19. City, Brontë. 20. Pond, Thoreau.

EUROPE

For every reason, Go "Thrift Season"!

WINTER
SPRING
FALL

There's a growing trend toward travel to Europe in the Winter, Spring and Fall. Not only on the part of seasoned travelers but by first-time visitors as well. And with good reason, too! In "Thrift Season", transatlantic fares—by sea or air—are lower and bookings are easier to obtain. Travel in Europe is supremely comfortable, hotels are less crowded and—unhampered by the summer rush—you have a better opportunity to get to know the *real* Europe, to meet and mingle with her friendly people—at work and at play!

See your Travel Agent—now! For further information, write each country in which interested. Address: National Tourist Office of (name of country), Box 258, Dept. F, New York 17, N. Y.

GO "THRIFT SEASON"

EUROPEAN TRAVEL COMMISSION

AUSTRIA • BELGIUM • DENMARK • FINLAND • FRANCE • GERMANY • GREAT BRITAIN
GREECE • ICELAND • IRELAND • ITALY • LUXEMBOURG • MONACO • NETHERLANDS
NORWAY • PORTUGAL • SPAIN • SWEDEN • SWITZERLAND • TURKEY • YUGOSLAVIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dead nine years on the seventh of December and that is some of her fruit." Mrs. Wheaton said. "It must have made its own alcohol by now. We haven't tried it yet."

We walked upstairs together to see the dress Tom wore at three, carefully pleated and trimmed in lace, hanging on a wall. There was a child's desk and a sign on it which said, "The Chautauqua Industrial Art Desk—a plan to promote the culture of work and play among children in the home." In another room was Tom's furniture from New York, his studio couch, the old Remington Standard he worked on, and the portable he took to Europe.

There was the copy of "Look Homeward, Angel" which Tom gave his mother. Inside he had written:

> To my mother, Julia E. Wolfe, I present this copy of my first book, with love and with hope for her happiness and long life.
>
> Thomas Wolfe
> October 15, 1929.

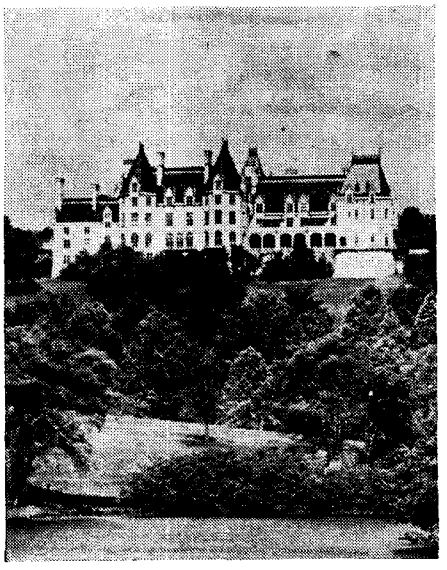
If she was not always happy, Julia Wolfe was bestowed with a long life; she died at eighty-six in 1945, and she rented rooms right to the end. Tom's notoriety changed things for the strange family of Spruce St. As Mabel recalls, she wrote Tom, " 'You certainly shocked the world into recognizing us. We're not nonentities any more!' October 18, 1929 was release date for that first book. I got my telegram that day. It said, 'Thanks for your wonderful letter. Asheville in time will know we have written a book about great people.' I began showing that telegram to people all over Asheville, to people who were shaking their fist in my face.

"We still get royalties from the books. And they're still talking about doing a picture. It's not a great deal, but I can't let Tom down, it's been a great help." —HORACE SUTTON.

FOR MY MOTHER, with all the love and respect I have for her, and with the hope that she will find this book worthy of what she hopes I may do and be.

From her son,
Tom

—From Thomas Wolfe's personal dedication to his mother in the flyleaf of "Of Time and the River," March 1, 1935.



George Vanderbilt's "Biltmore."

Americana

Continued from page 37

verse material. This material goes beyond the customary area of civil liberties and reaches out to include as many as possible of those broad points of contact of liberty and life.

THE book opens appropriately with July 4. Each day thereafter has one page only and a single topic. The first week of January illustrates the plan. January 1. "Emancipation Proclamation" (1863); 2. The FBI raids of January 2, 1920 at the time of the Bolshevik scare; 3. Anti-Peonage Act of 1867 (to protect Indians of the Southwest); 4. The Right Peaceably to Assemble (a Supreme Court decision of 1937 arising out of a Communist case originating in Oregon); 5. Freedom from Want (a discussion of the third of Franklin D. Roosevelt's four freedoms); 6. The Agricultural Adjustment Act (a discussion of Associate Justice Stone's dissent from the majority opinion in which he said the Court should limit its decision to the matter of power and avoid the question of the wisdom of the act); 7. The Impeachment of Scroggs (concerning a tyrannical Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the late seventeenth century whose tyrannies provide a background for some of the provisions of the American Bill of Rights). Each week of the fifty-two contains an equally varied assortment of matter—historical episodes, court cases, acts of Congress or state legislatures, and opinions of past leaders.

Justice Douglas does not hesitate to set down his own convictions. These, when put beside his printed opinions from the bench, add up to perhaps the most impressive philosophy of liberty to be proposed in our time. Concerning wiretapping: "The free state offers what police state denies—the privacy of the home, the dignity and peace of mind of the individual. That precious right to be let alone is violated once the police enters our conversations." Concerning the Nuremberg trials: "An *ex post facto* law is one which punishes a person today for an act which, when he did it, was not a crime. The Nuremberg trials, in my view, applied to the defendants such a law. . . . Goering, *et al.*, deserved severe punishment. But their guilt did not justify us in substituting *power* for *principle*." Concerning the Fifth Amendment: "The Fifth Amendment is an old friend and a good friend. It is one of the great landmarks in man's struggle to be free of tyranny, to be decent and civil-

EUROPE
1955
ESCORTED GRAND TOURS

56 Days featuring Salzburg, All Italy, Rivieras, Switzerland, Rhine Steamer, using luxury liners of Cunard and United States Lines—from.. **$1,450.**

First Class in Europe

Departures: April 6, 20, 27, May 11, 26, June 8, July 7, Aug. 31.

Or choose from over 250 other escorted and independent tours

EMBASSY TOURS INC.
1472 Broadway, New York 36, N.Y.
Write for booklet S.R.

Plan now to
TOUR EUROPE
next summer!

Here's a magnificent opportunity to see seven fascinating countries in Europe — at a price teachers, students, and everyone on a budget can afford! You'll travel by private motorcoach with experienced guides... visit England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria; France and Italy. 42 days, from **$925.**

Write for free illustrated folder SR-11 now!

TRANSMARINE TOURS
500 5th Ave., New York 36 • OXford 5-4460

THE BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
13 Boyd St., Newton, Massachusetts

Founded in 1891 to conduct foreign tours for intelligent travelers under the friendly inspiring guidance of well-known American scholars, the Bureau operates as a non-profit education foundation. Thousands of Americans have taken advantage of our services. In addition to a carefree, happy vacation *our patrons enjoy a stimulating cultural adventure.* Write for announcements, full information, itineraries, etc. WINTER, SPRING & SUMMER TOURS.

THE ONLY COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE "COUNTRIES OF THE SUN"
The **STANDARD GUIDE** to **MEXICO** and the **CARIBBEAN**
BY LAWRENCE AND SYLVIA MARTIN
NEW 1954-55 EDITION AT ALL BOOKSTORES $4.95
FUNK & WAGNALLS 153 E. 24th St., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ized. It is our way to escape from the use of torture."

Justice Douglas's selections from the record of man's struggles against specific oppressive practices, of his attempts to provide specific safeguards to protect his freedom, build up before the "Almanac's" year comes full circle to a powerful impact. It is a book to be read slowly, from day to day. Down-to-earth realism and quiet sanity make this "Almanac of Liberty" a document of the first importance for this age of suspicion and fear and of demagoguery that grows out of those two evils.

Bookmarks

GERALD CARSON's "The Old Country Store," as pleasant a packet of socio-economic Americana as you are likely to meet, takes due account of the once ubiquitous county history—a "mass-produced tome filled with slapdash accounts of local Indian artifacts dug up, and the first fulling mill, with a section of woodcut portraits of the county's worthies, published at so much per 'cut,' and flattering biographies of the 'prominent farmer' or 'leading merchant'—that is. the subscribers." Mr. Carson does not employ the descriptive tag by which these histories were, and still are, known in the trade. The tag is "mug-book." Many mug-books, despite their palpable shortcomings, have acquired prestige over the years. Often the mug-book, frail reed though it is, represents the only early historical documentation a community can offer, and librarians and antiquarians accord it a respect that would astonish the cynical originator who was only out to make a fast buck by playing up to universal human vanity.

* * *

Add Anglicisms: From E. C. R. Lorac's "Shepherd's Crook," a pleasant regional English mystery, we learn that when a Briton says "translating a Latin unseen" he means "making a sight translation" (*unseen* being a noun, for the lady who uses the term later notes that her husband is "good at unseens").

* * *

"Varsity" seems to be coming back, and "collegiate" appears to be on the way out. We have no statistics on this.

* * *

One classification of personnel of which we are never in short supply is our private-spirited citizens.

* * *

Ever meet anyone who was in sorts?

—J. T. W.

OKLAHOMA'S NEW BOOKS

The Last War Trail

THE UTES AND THE SETTLEMENT OF COLORADO

By ROBERT EMMITT. A classic account of Indian-white conflict . . . the Meeker Massacre and the Ute War of 1879. "Mr. Emmitt has fashioned this story into a superb, gripping narrative packed with action and pathos as well as facts . . . American history of the most fascinating sort." — *Nashville Banner. Illustrated. $4.50*

Commerce of the Prairies

By JOSIAH GREGG. Edited by MAX L. MOORHEAD. The first complete and annotated edition in nearly half a century of "one of the most important volumes in the history of early Western travel, this book with its maps and illustrations will delight the serious student of Americana and fascinate the lay reader who thrills to Indian raids, buffalo stampedes, frontier types, and enjoys natural history." — *Boston Post. Illus. $7.50*

The Rise and Fall of Maya Civilization

By J. ERIC THOMPSON. This authentic, absorbing work brings to life in vivid detail the flowering of Maya art and architecture and the crowning intellectual achievements of the Maya in the fields of astronomy, mathematics, and hieroglyphic writing. New light is shed on the dramatic end of this period and the subsequent age of warfare and Mexican domination. *Illustrated. $5.00*

The Schooling of the Western Horse

By JOHN RICHARD YOUNG. A practical handbook on training and riding Western style. Includes information on suitability of various breeds or types; training facilities; training methods and equipment. Twenty pages of photographs and twelve drawings and diagrams illustrate many phases of this scientific horse-training method. *$4.95*

At all bookstores,
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS
Norman, Oklahoma

And don't miss

The Autobiography of Sam Houston
Edited by Donald Day and Harry Herbert Ullom. $5.

Lincoln and the Party Divided
By William Frank Zornow. $4.

The Authentic Life of Billy, The Kid
By Pat F. Garrett (the man who "got" Billy). $2.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Brains We Trust

Continued from page 23

if not taken over, by an army of his "Happy Hot Dogs," as they were sneeringly labeled.

By the common consent of his quicker-witted students, Frankfurter was a great teacher. Unorthodox in his means, impatient with the dull, at his best "as a small club man, not a big club man" with his handpicked advance course, he was superbly stimulating to those who could keep up with him and his dartings down the byways of the points he discussed. Holmes once described him and Roscoe Pound as the "soul" of the Law School. A few of his colleagues complained that, though he gave courses in Public Utilities, Administrative Law, and Federal Jurisprudence, what he taught was Felix Frankfurter, not law. To most of those who studied with him, however, Frankfurter was the kind of law they liked. He returned their liking and their loyalty, going to great pains to place them. He liked teaching, too, and the stimulation and delight that "only the young can give to a teacher." He also liked Cambridge. Indeed he liked it so much that after his return in 1919 he remained there, at least officially, for the next twenty years (some say the happiest of his life) until Roosevelt appointed him to the Supreme Court.

TO pretend that he was chained to Harvard by his duties would be to ignore the truth and misread Frankfurter. During those years at the Law School he was all over the place physically as well as mentally. This was bound to be because, intense as his now more disciplined interests remain, he was then a man who could not find enough pies to have his fingers in. Laski playfully touched on this side of his nature when, after a visit to Washington in 1917, he wrote Holmes, "Mr. Wilson has charge of foreign policy and Felix seems to sponsor the rest of the Government. To my certain knowledge he directs the War Department; Mr. Baker is the pale wraith that Felix casts before him in his progress. I saw that he had almost annexed the Shipping Board; there are similar rumors from the Department of Justice."

Though written by an imaginative friend in a smiling mood, this sketch (so close to what Frankfurter's detractors would like to believe true) suggests the characteristic wholeheartedness with which he continued to hurl himself at life after his return to Cambridge. He was writing pieces, signed and unsigned, for the *New Republic* and the *World;* exposing what he held to be the injustice of the Sacco and Vanzetti trial in an article which catapulted him to national fame; lecturing widely at other universities and culling from his lectures and his journalism an impressive number of distinguished books on the law, government, and the Supreme Court; making trips to Albany to give advice to Franklin Roosevelt, by then his warm friend; and later spending more and more time in Washington and Hyde Park, so trusted by FDR that he was recognized as a major factor in the New Deal.

According to Ickes, in 1933 when ranking members of the Administration met at the White House with leading operators and union officials to discuss the coal code Frankfurter was seated "a little to the rear, as an interested auditor." Two years later Ickes reported that Frankfurter "has been spending the better part of every week at the White House for some time recently and he sees the President on occasions when the President can talk freely." Even before then, when Frankfurter stayed with a friend in Washington, his host was amazed to find people queued up all day long outside his house, hoping to see Frankfurter about jobs. No wonder John Gunther said he "served as a kind of recruiting officer for the whole Administration," especially in finding young lawyers for the ever-multiplying Government agencies. No wonder James A. Farley grumbled, "I don't see why I am here as Postmaster General since Frankfurter seems to hand out all the patronage." Or that General Hugh Johnson, in words already quoted, resentfuly described him as "the most influential single individual in the United States."

ONE reason for Frankfurter's influence was his uncommon talent as an emissary, a trouble-shooter, a go-between, a Mr. Fixit, call it what you will. Since his elevation to the bench he has, of course, exercised this talent rarely. To be sure, he did help persuade Roosevelt to send Harry Hopkins to confer with Churchill in London at the beginning of 1941. To be sure, Stimson's presence as Secretary of War in Roosevelt's Cabinet may have been in part due, as Stimson believed, to Frankfurter's intimate relationship with the President. But once on the Court his relations with the White House changed and were bound to change because, with his fastidious regard for the Court's dignity and his own role as a Justice, he was thereafter (as he later described himself) "out of party politics and party attachments."

In the preceding decade the reverse was true. He was so involved in politics that at times his confreres in Cambridge must have wondered if he were not a visiting rather than a resident professor. With Frankfurter's formidable knowledge of the law, it was not surprising that Roosevelt, before and after his election, turned to him as an increasingly trusted advisor or that members of the Cabinet, such as Miss Perkins and Ickes, sought him out when they needed an expert legal opinion. Though invaluable in the counselor's role, Frankfurter was no less valuable, because of his way with men, working behind the scenes like a stage manager. Again and again he demonstrated that, as an emissary or go-between, he could placate, coax, persuade, or reconcile persons who

Epilogue

By Walter de la Mare

"PINING to live, I was constrained to die,
Here, then, am I.
Love was my maker, fountain of all bliss.
Now, only this.
The maze of thought and feeling that I was!
Of all earth's marvels the blest looking-glass!
The all desired—the little brought to pass
Alas!"

"Poor soul; he suffered. But, at end, no child
Ever more gently fell asleep.
As if all contraries were reconciled;
He smiled."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were angry, hostile, stubborn, or seemingly irreconcilable.

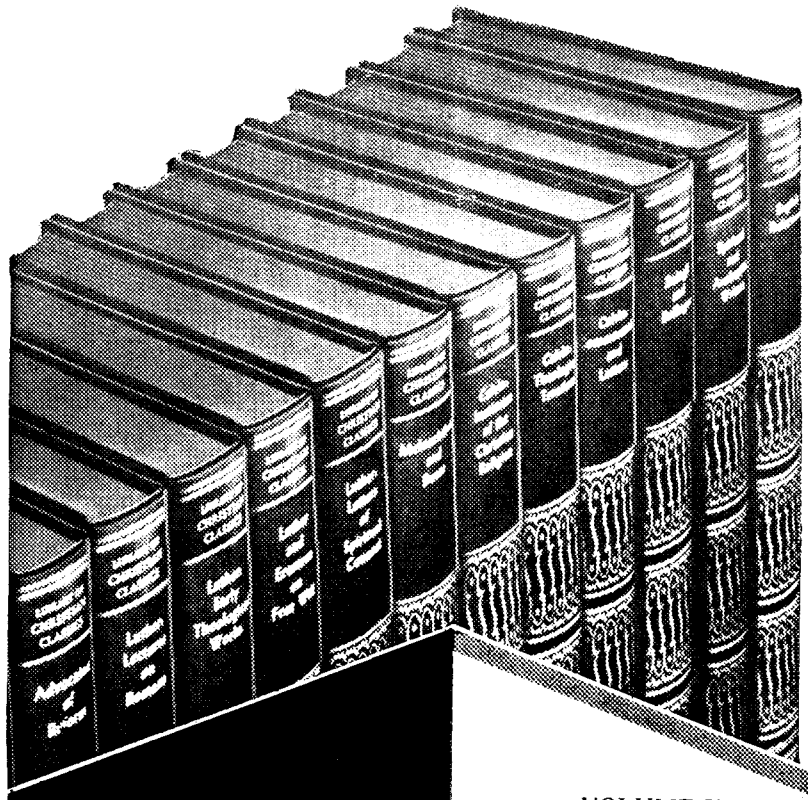
Were Roosevelt and Al Smith at odds in 1932? Frankfurter was instrumental in patching up their disagreements, at least temporarily. Was Hoover in the last months of his Presidency unwilling to have Stimson brief Roosevelt on the affairs of the State Department? It was Frankfurter who telephoned Stimson about such a meeting and finally made it possible by getting FDR to write Hoover the letter requesting permission, which Hoover insisted must be sent before the two men could meet. Was Ickes hurt and on the verge of asking to be relieved of further responsibility for the Public Works program because he thought the President "had gone a little sour" on him? It was Frankfurter who calmed the "old curmudgeon," a considerable task, by assuring him he still had Roosevelt's high regard.

Although countless other instances of Frankfurter's skill as an oil-dropper and negotiator could no doubt be supplied, in the fashion of wallpaper they would be repetitions of the same design. All of them would illustrate one thing—the power possessed by this Harvard professor not appointed or elected to any official position, who performed offstage, and whose brilliance and charm were his sole warrant to influence at the highest level.

That Frankfurter had power no one can deny. It was quite different from the power he was to have as a Supreme Court Justice but fabulous nonetheless, and therefore deeply resented. There were thousands who eyed him with misgiving or alarm. To them Frankfurter was the "Rasputin" or "Iago" of the Administration, as the hostile press did not hesitate to call him. To some his being a New Dealer and a member of the "Brains Trust" stamped him as a Pink, if not a Red. Others accused him of following the Communist Party line and even of hoping to seize and overthrow the Government by placing his men in key positions.

That was in the Thirties. Surely few reasonable people, whether they approve of him or not, think of Frankfurter as a conspirator today. This may explain why Westbrook Pegler still does, and only recently, when writing about our recognition of Soviet Russia, said, "This deed was done by an arbitrary personal decision of Franklin D. Roosevelt, encouraged by Felix Frankfurter, who soon was to slip onto the Supreme Court bench and begin organizing a secret political machine within the bureaucracy which included Alger Hiss and other actual Communists."

(Part III of Mr. Brown's study of Frankfurter will appear next week.)



Two new volumes in THE LIBRARY OF CHRISTIAN CLASSICS

26 volumes which will bring to modern readers the great writings of Christianity from the Early Fathers through the English Reformation.

VOLUME II:

ALEXANDRIAN CHRISTIANITY

Edited by HENRY CHADWICK *and* J. E. L. OULTON

Introduces the reader to the thinking of two great Christian teachers of the second and third centuries, Clement and Origen of Alexandria. *Coming Nov. 8, 464 pages, $5.00*

VOLUME XI:

NATURE AND GRACE

Edited by A. M. FAIRWEATHER

Selections from the *Summa Theologica* of Thomas Aquinas, demonstrating his method and crucial doctrines in his system of theology. *Coming Nov. 8, 400 pages, $5.00*

Previously Published

Vol. I. Early Christian Fathers
Edited by Cyril C. Richardson. $5.00

Vol. III. Christology of the Later Fathers
Edited by Edward Rochie Hardy. $5.00

Vol. VI. Augustine: Earlier Writings
Edited by J. H. S. Burleigh. $5.00

Vol. XIV. Advocates of Reform From Wyclif to Erasmus
Edited by Matthew Spinka. $5.00

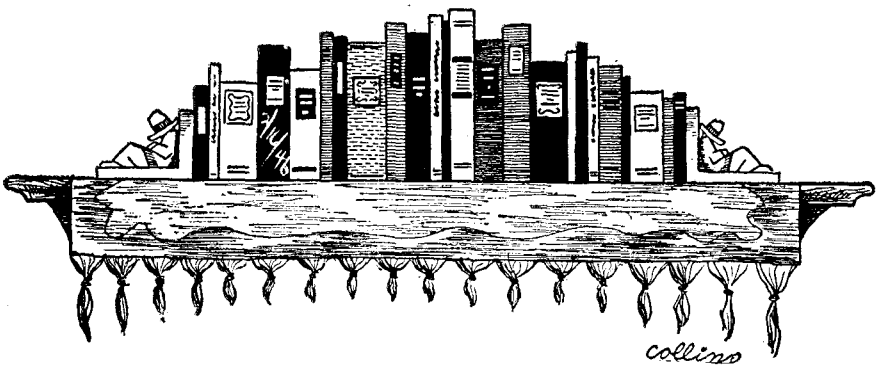
Vol. XXII. Calvin: Theological Treatises
Edited by J. K. S. Reid. $5.00

Vol. XXIV. Zwingli and Bullinger
Edited by G. W. Bromiley. $5.00

At all bookstores, **THE WESTMINSTER PRESS,** *Philadelphia 7*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Published



MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

ADVENTURE ROAD. By E. Alexander Powell. Doubleday & Co. $4.50. The memoirs of a free-lance journalist and world girdler who has worked, at various times, for an English sports magazine, *Badminton*, the old *New York World* as a war correspondent, as a travel film man for Sam Goldwyn, and as an agent for a Chicago insurance man who sent him to Asia and Moscow, where he was one May Day.

ART BUCHWALD'S PARIS. By Art Buchwald. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. Mr. Buchwald, the sociologist from the *Herald Tribune*, who is very young and who is one of the merriest writers around, has here assembled in expanded form a collection of some of his columns. He has added a list of places to eat and dance in Paris, as well as their respective prices.

THE BOOK OF THE SEA. Edited by A. C. Spectorsky. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $10. A bounding collection of excerpts about the sea from practically every writer who has ever lived—under the sea, on the sea, over the sea, near the sea, thoughts on the sea, sea storms, etc., are all covered. The writers include T. S. Eliot, Conrad, Thoreau, Henry Beston, Thor Heyerdahl, Beebe, Cousteau, Boswell, and thousands more. Two hundred photographs and line drawings.

CHAMPAGNE BEFORE BREAKFAST. By Hy Gardner. Henry Holt & Co. $3.95. A CinemaScope affair, by the gossip columnist, with a cast of thousands.

A COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS. By Alistair Cooke. Alfred A. Knopf. $1. A commencement address, which was delivered by the English journalist and driver of *Omnibus*, at Smith College last June.

THE COMPLETE ROUND-THE-WORLD COOKBOOK. By Myra Waldo. Doubleday & Co. $4.95. Another contribution toward the shrinking of this wizened globe, this is a vast cookbook with recipes for everything from everywhere. The tasties of eighty-four countries are included.

CORO-CORO. By Paul A. Zahl. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $4.50. An account of a trip into the interior of northern South America, which the author made under the auspices of the National Geographic Society, in search of the breeding place of the scarlet ibis, a bird that in its native habitat is redder than the wildest moon.

THE DARK CHILD. By Camara Laye. Noonday Press. $2.75. A story, written in Biblical or Alan Paton English, about the growing-up of a boy in French Guinea among the Malinke, who are descendants of the Sudanese and Mohammedans as well.

THE DAY OF THE LION. By Giose Rimanelli. Translated by Ben Johnson. Random House. $3. A war novel, set in Italy, about an eighteen-year-old who leaves a seminary to fight for his country.

EMILY DICKINSON—A REVELATION. By Millicent Todd Bingham. Harper & Bros. $3. An account of some recent research Mrs. Bingham, the daughter of Mabel Loomis Todd, Emily Dickinson's first editor, has been doing on E.D.'s letters to one Judge Lord, who, it turns out, was a great love of the poet's in her later years.

THE EAGLE, THE JAGUAR, AND THE SERPENT. By Miguel Covarrubias. Alfred A. Knopf. $15. A gigantic survey of the art of the Indians of the North American continent. There are twelve pages in full color, as well as 200 photographs and drawings.

FAITH AND FREEDOM. By Barbara Ward. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.75. Some thoughts on what makes our big clock of freedom tick, by the English economist, essayist, and historian.

FROM MISSOURI. By Thad Snow. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4. The memoirs of a man who has been a farmer, mostly in Southeast Missouri, for fifty years.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATING. Edited by Elizabeth T. Halsey and others. Doubleday & Co. $6.95. A kaleidoscopic gallery of photos, plans, hints, and such about how to turn your house, or apartment, into a feast of good taste and thrift.

LIGHT AS THE MORNING. By Bowen Ingram. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50. The oldbreds of Nashville versus the oldbreds of the surrounding country, as seen through the eyes of a thirteen-year-old named Les McCoin, who gets involved with a climbing girl and in a broiling family reunion. A novel.

THE LITTLE LAUNDRESS AND THE FEARFUL KNIGHT. By Bertram Bloch. Doubleday & Co. $2.50. Some merry pranks, set in the time of King Arthur, that have to do with Sir Garelot, a pale-hearted knight; Goliath, a ferocious dog; the witch Boil and Bubble, and a young serfess named Innet.

LOVE OF SEVEN DOLLS. By Paul Gallico. Doubleday & Co. $2.50. The story on which "Lili," the movie about the orphaned French girl and her puppets, which seems to have been playing in New York practically forever, is based.

NEIGHBORHOOD FRONTIERS. By Erle Stanley Gardner. William Morrow & Co. $5. Mr. Gardner, the eight-legged mystery writer, here recounts some facts—about himself. They concern ramblings through the desert country of the Southwest which the author made in search of materials for his books, and where he ran into a lunatic, the Lost Dutchman Mine, an able-bodied seaman from Capetown, and other such cacti.

OLD SOGGY: NO. 1. The Uninhibited Story of Slats Rodgers. By Hart Stilwell and Slats Rodgers. Julian Messner. $4. A rundown on the life of a man named Slats Rodgers, who has been a farmhand, smuggler, railroader, barnstormer, hijacker, plane builder, dust cropper, and, above all, indestructible. The book is written in shattered English.

PRELUDE TO DUNKIRK. By Sir Edward L. Spears. A. A. Wyn. $5. The first volume of a two-volume work, already published and well received in England, which recounts in detail the sad days between August 1939 and May 1940, when Hitler's bullies were making mudpies of Europe. Sir Edward was at the time Churchill's personal representative to France.

THE SEARCHERS. By Alan LeMay. Harper & Bros. $3. A tale, stuffed with riboflavin and other such vitamins, about two young men who spend years trying to track down a member of their family, a girl, who has been carried away by the Comanches after a massacre.

SEASONED WITH SALT. By Marie Travis Arny. Westminster Press. $3.50. An autobiography which tells how the author, a minister's daughter, grew up in a Victorian mansion in New Jersey where there were always animals and laughter.

THE SPANISH BRIDE. By Walter O'Meara. G.P. Putnam's Sons. $3.95. A tale about a Spanish dancer, who is driven from the land of her birth by the jealousy of her patron, and ends up in Sante Fe, where she beds in with the Governor, who gets jealous, too, when she begins sparking with a local chap named Don Pedro.

THE STORY OF MAN. By Carleton H. Coon. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.75. A biological and social history of man that begins some 50,000 years ago when we were discussing the weather in Ugh, our first language, and ends today where we are still discussing the weather in not one tongue, but hundreds.

THE THIRD REVOLUTION. By Karl Stern. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4. An attempt, by the psychiatrist who told of his conversion from Judaism to Catholicism in "Pillar of Fire," to demonstrate how Catholicism and psychiatry can work mutually hand in hand.

THE SPOOR OF SPOOKS. By Bergen Evans. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50. A scattering of buckshot aimed at some of the dearer legends, misconceptions, superstitions, fallacies, and inaccuracies most of us grow up on and die with, such as the dowser, pregnancy, love, autointoxication, etc.

A VIEW OF THE TOWN. By Jan Hilliard. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50. A novel about a Nova Scotian household, in which there is one man who must live with his housekeeper, his sister-in-law, and two daughters, all of whom are continually flip-flopping about the house like a bunch of seals. The time is the 1930s.

WALK TOWARD THE RAINBOW. By John Bell Clayton. The Macmillan Co. $3.75. How one Allan Gilbert loses his wife through desertion, takes to drink and pheenies, and finally turns to a psychiatrist who spins some of the dark out of him, preparing him for the gentle caresses of Nina.

THE WOMAN WHO WOULD BE QUEEN. By Geoffrey Bocca. Rinehart & Co. $4. A serious chat about Wallis Warfield, the present Duchess of Windsor, who gave English royalty an awful whack on the ear back in 1938.

YOUTH'S COMPANION ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Lovell Thompson. Houghton Mifflin Co. $6. A big anthology taken from the files of *Youth's Companion* magazine, which functioned from 1827-1927. Included are pieces by Mark Twain, Robinson Jeffers, Robert Frost, Sarah Orne Jewett, Bret Harte, Edith Wharton, Stephen Crane, Emily Dickinson, and Rudyard Kipling. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

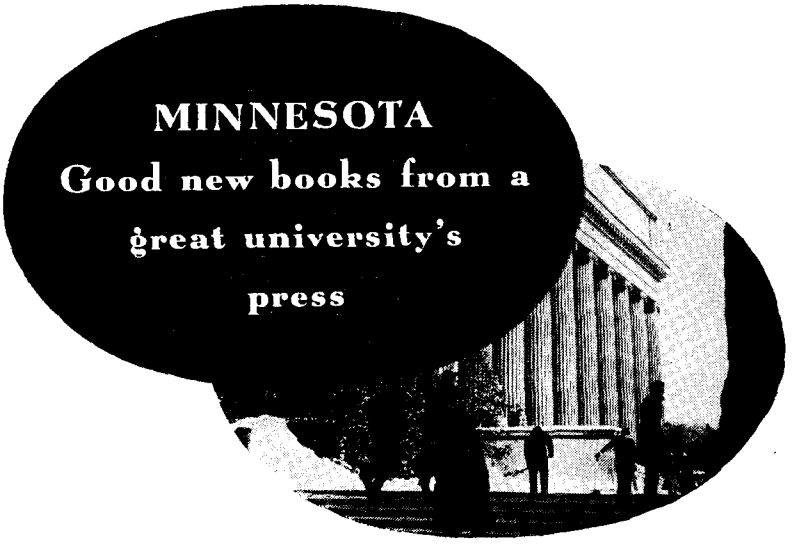
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Distaff Side

Continued from page 19

artist's eye for color and form, a critic's sense of drama, and an essayist's trenchant wit and style. But it is a woman's perspicacity that has led her to select the subjects for her profiles: four nineteenth-century women who had nothing in common save romantic realism, "who broke with their century's dream, to live it, robustly." Isabel Arundell, daughter of an eminently Victorian family, married the great explorer and Orientalist Burton of Arabia. Though she succeeded eventually in caging and domesticating him, she lived through him a life of fantastic adventure. Of a different stamp was Jane Digby, Lady Ellenborough, the voluptuous beauty who smashed all the conventions of her age, whose list of husbands and lovers read "like a naughty 'Almanach de Gotha'," and who found supreme fulfilment as the wife of a Bedouin sheik. Aimée Dubucq de Rivery, a Martinique girl and cousin of Joséphine Bonaparte, was captured by Corsairs, became the prized odalisque of the Grand Turk, and as "the French Sultana" exerted a lasting influence over her son, "The Reformer" Sultan Mahmoud II. The most tragic and complex figure is Isabelle Eberhardt, the tortured Slav, who lived among the Arabs of the Sahara, dressed as a man, and was known as the legendary Si Mahmoud, "la bonne Nomade." In her sinuous, rich, and many-hued prose Miss Blanch brings her subjects to exotic life and indicates how "each of these women found some, if not all, of her fulfilment, as a woman, along wilder Eastern shores." —RAY PIERRE CORSINI.

NORTH PACIFIC HOUSEKEEPER: Martha Martin follows her memorable first book, "O Rugged Land of Gold," which depicted a winter's immolation in upland Alaska, with another story of pioneering in the Far North. While **"Home on the Bear's Domain"** (Macmillan, $3.50) is less dramatic than its predecessor, it offers abundant evidence that housekeeping on a lonely Pacific island is an endless, and often backbreaking, adventure. With her prospector husband Mrs. Martin established a gold-mining camp "in a region of wild grandeur, a spot where Creation in a fit of delirium had twisted and rumpled and upheaved the crust of the earth." Here they cleared woodland, set up mine and mill, hacked and hauled logs, constructed a house, bridged streams, and performed other Herculean chores. In addition, Mrs. Martin



BUSINESS WITHOUT BOUNDARY
The Story of General Mills
By James Gray. This story of how General Mills developed from a local flour mill to a diversified national manufacturer is an absorbing chapter in social and economic history. Includes the story of Wheaties, Gold Medal Flour, and Betty Crocker. With 32 pages of illustrations. *$4.75*

PRISON, PROBATION, OR PAROLE?
A Probation Officer Reports
By Paul W. Keve. "Behind-the-crime" accounts of 30 actual cases which the author handled as a probation and parole officer. These are warmly human, readable stories of "little people with big problems"—non-professional criminals whose offenses ranged from murder to embezzlement, from abortion and rape to petty burglary. *$3.75*

EDUCATING WOMEN FOR A CHANGING WORLD
By Kate Hevner Mueller. Out of her rich experience as a dean of women and personnel consultant, Mrs. Mueller presents cogent suggestions for the kind of higher education that will better prepare women for the varied roles the future will demand of them. *$4.75*

VIKING TIMES TO MODERN
By Eric W. Fleisher and Jorgen Weibull. Two young historians, one Swedish, one American, have collaborated in this popular account of Swedish-American relations, Swedish settlement and exploration in America, and trade between the two countries. Profusely illustrated. *$4.50*

THE DOCTORS MAYO
By Helen Clapesattle. A new condensed version of this popular biography which has been a bestseller for many years. It is not only a warm, human story of a remarkable family of doctors, but also an authentic history of medicine and surgery over a span of a hundred years. *$4.75*

THE DAY OF THE CATTLEMAN
By Ernest S. Osgood. This work, out of print for some years, is back in response to many requests. J. Frank Dobie says: "I am delighted Osgood's book is being reissued. It is meaty, readable, balanced, and just, and it contains much material not in other books." *$4.50*

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

THE TANGLED FIRE OF WILLIAM FAULKNER
By William Van O'Connor. $4.00

HIGHLIGHTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PRESS
Edited by Edwin H. Ford and Edwin Emery. $6.50

EPICURUS AND HIS PHILOSOPHY
By Norman DeWitt. $6.00

At your bookstore, or from
THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS, *Minneapolis 14, Minn.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

served as bookkeeper, supply clerk, and nurse to the mining crew, adopted a couple of Serbian children, and mothered a stream of juvenile visitors. Shooting a grizzly bear that poked its snout into the window, and humoring a pet fawn which had a predilection for soap and cigarette butts, were all in the day's work too. Mrs. Martin reports that she has often been asked how she could bear living in "that God-forsaken land." The answer lies in the scenic splendors she describes, in entertaining anecdotes about babies, pets, and local characters, and in the ingenious improvisations of her daily life. All told "Home on the Bear's Domain" provides a glimpse of one family's rapport with nature. —RAY PIERRE CORSINI.

"Dump those—they're harmless!"

SEARLE'S GIRLS: Those super-delinquent little girls of "St. Trinian's Seminary" are back again—forty fire-blackened pages of 'em—in Ronald Searle's **"The Female Approach"** (Knopf, $3.50), a potpourri of cartoons old and new, several pages of excellent caricatures, and a number of picture-essays: "How to Get a Raise," "Some Verbal Exchanges in the Battle of the Sexes," and one or two other rather obvious inquiries into the differences between Man and Woman. The subject of sex is the one area in which British cartooning always loses its poise and descends to the vaudeville, pie-throwing level of plot and character. Yet Searle's pie-throwing is a pleasure to behold, so nicely is it aimed, so stickily does it splatter. An awkward idea or two only seems to perform for him the same function a dull libretto is said to do for opera—namely, of providing *limitations* which it is the delight of *genius* to *transcend*. Mr. Searle transcends very handily, being an inimitable contriver of funny expressions and gestures. —ED FISHER.

Mickey Spillane

Continued from page 12

one that the individual can grasp. It is the dream of justice, however imperfect, meted out without delay, with fierce and wonderfully satisfying immediacy. Those who, in their massed anonymity, feel their own individual helplessness and isolation tend to see in all the slow process of law the corruption of justice by the privileged. Hammerism, like McCarthyism, seems to cut through to that swiftness of retribution, regardless of privilege, that they themselves (the unprivileged) despair of. That this can spell the ultimate corruption of a republic of laws is not realized by such people. But I shall have more to say of this, in illustration, later on.

Mike Hammer, like the stories in which he appears, also derives from the recent work of other writers in America, the so-called Tough School of Fiction. Spillane has simply carried further—I believe to a point beyond which it will, happily, be impossible to go—the work of such great or truly gifted writers as Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, John Steinbeck, and, more exactly, Dashiell Hammett, James M. Cain, and Raymond Chandler. The interesting and significant difference here is that all of these men write with brilliance and ability, and their characters, however hard-boiled, have reality and three full dimensions. Mr. Spillane's writing is frequently and painfully bad by any standard; and none of his characters, including Mike Hammer, has any true reality whatever.

I do not think one can explain, even partially, the popularity of Mr. Spillane's bloody murder stories by saying that there was so much killing done by so many Americans between 1941 and 1945 that millions of them became calloused to death by violence. History doesn't support that thesis. Some men were much toughened by combat but the huge majority of them came off from the experience with a desire to put that side of war—and the brutal methods self-preservation taught them—as far back in their minds as possible. The truly toughened man who has actually fought in combat is more often able to afford psychologically to be gentle than the untried or the untoughened. Judging entirely from the evidence of these three books, one would say that Spillane had never been in actual combat and might, indeed, be somewhat compensating for that in these stories. (Since writing this I have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

learned that Spillane was in the Army Air Forces during the last war, but was kept in the U.S. as an instructor; and that he volunteered for active duty in Korea, but was not accepted.)

WHAT, then, is the explanation for the great popularity of the stories about Mike Hammer? Perhaps it will be well to see what sort of man he is, as Spillane presents him to his enormous public.

Hammer is a large man, described as extremely powerful physically. His physical prowess of all sorts is in no way impaired by heavy drinking and smoking, of course; and this follows a usual stereotype. He is irresistible to all the women he meets, and his effect on all of them is identical: they want to have physical intercourse with him at once, and often do. This occurs with frequency in the three books I have read, with the two notable exceptions of Velda, his secretary and female counterpart, of whom I shall say more later; and Charlotte (in "I, the Jury"), whom he later murders by shooting her in the stomach while she is unarmed. To both these women he becomes (in different books) engaged and, with a stereotyped nobility of character nowhere else evident in him, he refuses to sleep with them before marriage, though both of them urge him passionately to do so. This nobility of soul is faintly clouded by the fact that he is well supplied with a succession of women toward whom he doesn't have to be noble at all; and isn't.

All the women are identical physically (with the single exception of Linda Holbright in "One Lonely Night," who is described as having a face that is not pretty), being young and full-bosomed, wide-shouldered, with perfect bodies and legs. Their only differences are the color of their eyes and hair; and Mike Hammer is so perceptive that he can foretell an unbleached blonde from a photograph. They frequently wear nothing at all under their outer clothes (except for Velda, who packs a .32 automatic); these outer clothes are skin tight to show ALL; and they unzip these garments as soon as possible after meeting Mike Hammer. One can, perhaps, best form an estimate of the moral code of Mike Hammer both in relation to women and as a Reformer by his experience with the plain-faced (but not -bodied) Linda.

Linda is a member of the Communist Party. Hammer smiles at her at a Communist meeting. She gives him "the damndest look you ever saw." "Just for the hell of it" he gives her "one back with a punch to it. What she made of it stopped her

10 magazines

10 big Christmas gifts in 1!

SATURDAY REVIEW is one of the biggest Christmas values you'll come across this year. For the new SATURDAY REVIEW gives you and your friends in *one magazine* coverage of *ten* of today's most important and stimulating areas:

Books . . . Music, Recordings and Hi-Fi . . . Business . . . Travel . . . Art . . . Education . . . Drama . . . Radio-TV . . . Movies . . . World Affairs.

For "10 magazines in one"—*delivered 52 times a year*—SATURDAY REVIEW's Special Christmas Gift Rates are low indeed:

The first one-year subscription—which can be your own (new or renewal) or your first gift costs $7—$3.40 under the regular single copy price.

And each additional one-year gift is only $5!

So act now. Use the coupon below to send SATURDAY REVIEW to all your friends who, like yourself, enjoy good books, great music, stimulating ideas, the best in entertainment. Pay later if you prefer—but send in your gift list *today!*

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM 11-6

The Saturday Review
25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send SATURDAY REVIEW for one year to the following:

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....
Gift Card Should Read "From ....."

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....
Gift Card Should Read "From ....."

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

First 1 one-year subscription (Your own or gift) $7
Each additional subscription . $5

The above rates apply to the United States and its possessions. For Canadian subscriptions, please add $1.00; all other foreign, $2.00.

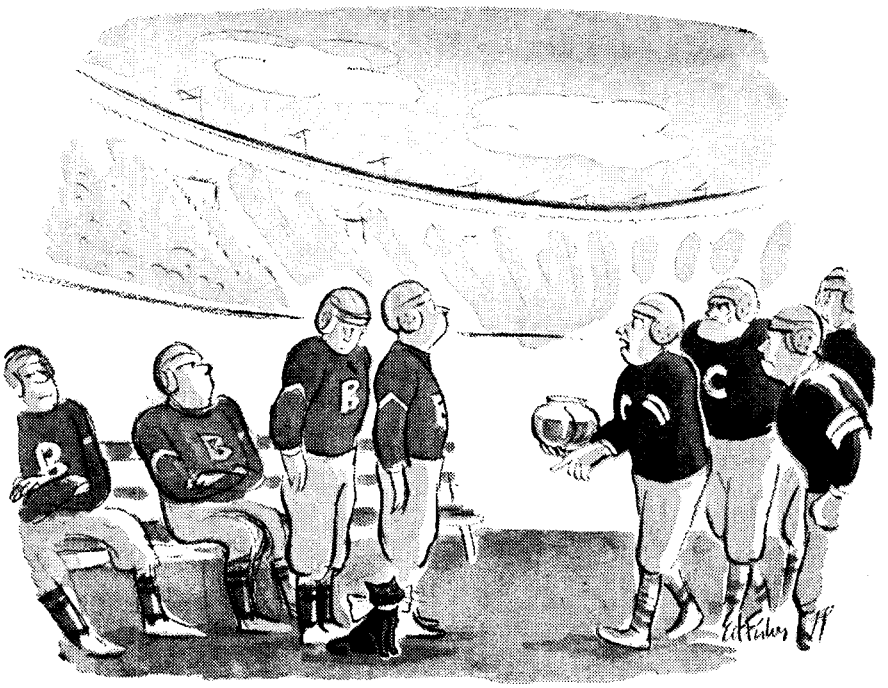
MY OWN NAME IS

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... Zone ... State ....

☐ Please include my own subscription
☐ New ☐ Extension
I enclose $..... ☐ Bill me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

breathing a second." Because of this soul-shattering experience, Linda follows the true Spillane pattern and arrives at Hammer's apartment, unbid, later that night; has a drink; is kissed; unzips her dress (which had nothing under it and "peeled off like paint") and offers herself—having never before (a) had a drink or (b) kissed a man or (c) had physical relations with a man. She simply asked of Hammer "nothing except to be shown how to be a woman." She was shown. She left then at once and most conveniently, wanting "to be part of the darkness and alone." Poor Hammer feels so like a heel that he can't finish more than half of his drink until he comes to this comforting conclusion: "Then it occurred to me that now that she had a little taste of life maybe she'd go out and seek some different company for a change." He stops feeling like a heel, pours another drink and is able to finish it, and goes contentedly to bed. It is an interesting though conceivably ineffective way to reform Communists. And of course provided One not entirely Lonely Night.



"Your mascot just ate our mascot!"

Velda, the secretary, is the Lilith conception: every immature or adolescent male's dream. She is beautiful, attractive, young, available, faithful. She will wait for her man forever, and forever want him wholly when he comes back from whatever absence or adventure including a lot of other women. She is simply cross with her man when he forgets to wipe off the most recent other woman's lipstick. Velda has, by the end of the latest book I have read, "Kiss Me, Deadly," killed two men herself. She can and does beat up and disfigure permanently any man who makes improper advances to her. Indeed, in these books the only persons who can safely make improper advances are women and to Hammer. Velda "could whip off a shoe and crack a skull before you could bat an eye." Whatever Mike Hammer says is so and true, that is so and true for Velda without further necessity of proof. It is for this that I have characterized her as Hammer's counterpart, because he needs no proof of anything beyond his own personal judgment. Whatever violence Hammer may commit is right in Velda's eyes because he committed it. She shares with him his entire moral outlook on life.

WHAT is that moral outlook?

In each of the three books I have read there is a Vengeance to be executed on the exact basis of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. In "I, the Jury" it is to revenge the murder of a man who was Hammer's war buddy and an ex-cop. In "One Lonely Night" it is to revenge the murders and thefts-of-secret-documents of a Communist ring. In "Kiss Me, Deadly" it is to revenge the murders and acts of drug-peddling members of the Mafia.

In each case Mike Hammer sets out to solve the problem of who is doing these things—not with the intention of bringing the guilty to justice or even to the electric chair, but that he may personally find, judge, condemn, and kill these persons before the police can get them. Not only that: but also that he may act as executioner of his victims in a manner precisely as brutal and violent as the brutality and violence he judges them to have practised. This intention he also publicly proclaims.

It would be strange enough if a man in fact could do this in the United States at this time of its history and still be allowed at large with a permit to carry a deadly weapon. It would be even stranger if the police cooperated with him, worked with him, fed him information, and protected him. Yet this happens in all three books. Mike Hammer's best and most loyal friend is Captain of Police Pat Chambers. Oh, Chambers warns him from time to time that what he is doing is sort of illegal, this business of going around by himself and killing people he has decided need to be killed; but that is all. Chambers sees, as Hammer does, that the end—the destruction of evil persons or at least of those that Hammer decides are evil—justifies the means to that end. It's quicker that way. Add it to the brutality of the methods of revenge in which Hammer is allowed to indulge to his own entire and declared satisfaction, and you begin to get the moral picture clear. An example from "Kiss Me, Deadly" may help.

Hammer, disarmed by the FBI, his license as a private investigator temporarily revoked, publicly hunts for two professional killers, Sugar Smallhouse and Charlie Max, off Broadway at night. Both the police and the FBI know that these two are at large and that Hammer has passed the word around that he will get them. He has been told they are out to get him. He finds them in a bar. He renders Smallhouse unconscious by a sort of jujitsu hold from behind, "like a kid snapping worms." He gets Charlie Max, as Max reaches for his gun, by kicking him in the face so that "the things that were in Charlie's face splashed all over the floor." He then breaks Max's arm by kicking that. As he reaches for the gun that Max dropped three members of the FBI stop him, search him, register extreme surprise that he is unarmed, and—let him go. Of this Hammer says, "There wasn't a damn thing they could do and they knew it, so I turned around, walked back outside, and started crosstown to the Astor." He gets there, too, unmolested. This was necessary to the story, of course, as he is going to meet a woman at the Astor who has fallen for him so hard that she is going to betray her half-brother to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him. It gives one an odd impression of the limitations of legal law enforcement as well as family feeling.

In "One Lonely Night" the book begins with Hammer irrationally upset because a Judge has excoriated him publicly as a killer. The Judge's voice, which had been righteous, says Hammer, "changed into disgusted hatred because I was a licensed investigator who knocked off somebody who needed knocking off bad and he couldn't get to me."

This makes Hammer think, to the extent that that process is possible to him, and he thus describes himself: "That was me. I could have made it sound better if I'd said it. There in the muck and slime of the jungle, there in the stink that hung over the beaches rising from the bodies of the dead, there in the half-light of too many dusks and dawns laced together with the crisscrossed patterns of bullets, I had gotten a taste of death and found it palatable to the extent that I could never again eat the fruits of a normal civilization." This is the police-licensed Private Investigator.

Velda's comment on the Judge's words was, "Let's get out of here, Mike. I hate people with little minds. . . . Mike . . . that judge was a bastard. You're an all-right guy."

ANOTHER quotation from a later passage in the same book sums up the philosophy of Hammerism throughout all three books. Hammer is answering the Judge in his own thoughts, in the italics which are Spillane's. He is referring to Communists who have stolen secret Government documents of extreme value, but it applies as well to his other acts of vengeance. It is interesting to note how closely his description of Communist methods matches his own.

"My guts were all knotted up in a ball and my head felt like a machineshop was going on inside it. Here I had the whole lousy situation right in my hands and I had to keep it there.

"Me, Mike Hammer. I was up in the big leagues now. No more plain and simple murders. I was playing with the big boys and they played rough. The end justified the means, that was their theory. Lie, steal, kill, do anything that was necessary to push a political philosophy that would enslave the world if we let it. Great!

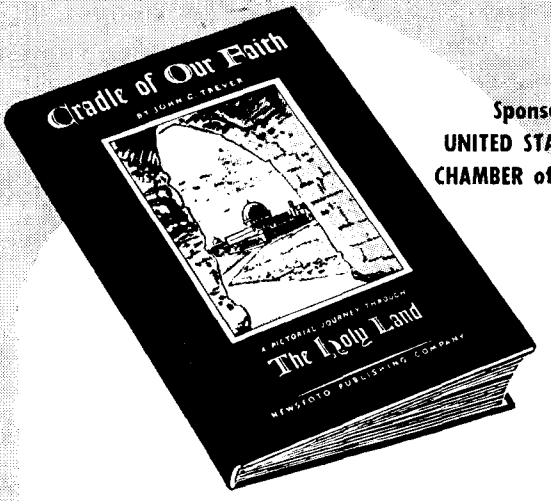
"Nice picture, Judge, a beautiful picture of a world in flames. You must be one of the normal people who get the trembles when they read the papers. A philosophy like that must give you the willies. What are you thinking now . . . how that same secret that was stolen might be the cause of your own death? And what would you say if you knew that I was the only one who might be able to stop it in time? Okay, Judge, sit your fanny in a chair and relax. I have a little philosophy of my own. Like you said, it's as bad as theirs. I don't give a damn for a human life any more, even my own. Want to hear that philosophy? It's simple enough. Go after the big boys. Oh, don't arrest them, don't treat them to the dignity of the democratic process of courts and law . . . do the same thing to them that they'd do to you! Treat 'em to the unglorious taste of sudden death. Get the big boys and show them the long road to nowhere and none of those stinking little people with little minds will want to get big. Death is funny, Judge, people are afraid of it. Kill 'em left and right, show 'em that we aren't so soft after all. Kill, kill, kill, kill! They'll keep away from us then!"

For anything that tries to be so tough, the last six words sound re-

Announcing an

UNUSUALLY IMPORTANT BOOK

For all Christians, Jews and Muslims



Sponsored by the UNITED STATES JUNIOR CHAMBER of COMMERCE

75 superb photographs in full color

Cradle of Our Faith

BY JOHN C. TREVER

Once in a while a truly outstanding book appears. *Cradle of Our Faith* is one of those books, a religious masterpiece, the story of faith retold in the vivid idiom of color and narrative.

The Holy Land—revered by Jews, Catholics, Muslims and Protestants—is portrayed in 75 superb, full-color photographs taken on the spot by Dr. John C. Trever, widely known for the important part he played in the discovery of the famed *Dead Sea Scrolls.*

Working with the assistance of the leaders of the four faiths, Dr. Trever weaves the story of Scriptures around the unforgettable sites in the Holy Land, thus directing the reader always towards the Word of God. The result is a moving, devout and distinguished book.

Standard edition, introductory offer until January 1, 1955—$3.00, after Jan. 1, $3.75. Deluxe edition $5.00.

NEWSFOTO PUBLISHING COMPANY
Box 1392 · San Angelo, Texas

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

markably like a frightened small boy.

But Mike Hammer doesn't confine the statement of his attitude to his private thoughts. He declares it to Captain of Police Pat Chambers at the outset of "I, the Jury." Like this, after viewing the body of his murdered friend:

". . . by Christ, I'm not letting the killer go through the tedious process of the law. You know what happens, damn it. They get the best lawyer there is and screw up the whole thing and wind up a hero! . . . A jury is cold and impartial like they're supposed to be, while some snotty lawyer makes them pour tears as he tells how his client was insane at the moment or had to shoot in self-defense. Swell. The law is fine. But this time I'm the law and I'm not going to be cold and impartial. . . . You're a cop, Pat. You're tied down by rules and regulations. There's someone over you. I'm alone. . . . Some day, before long, I'm going to have my rod in my mitt and the killer in front of me. I'm going to watch the killer's face. I'm going to plunk one in his gut, and when he's dying on the floor I may kick his teeth out." (The killer turns out to be Charlotte and he does plunk one in her gut, but it doesn't say that he kicked her beautiful teeth out. Or in.)

So it goes in all three books. He shoots a lot of people in the gut and he kicks a lot of people's teeth out. It's all right because they are all Bad People and Deserve to Die Brutally. They are Bad because Hammer says so. It doesn't affect him at all (and in this he is also like Senator McCarthy) that he makes mistakes. In "One Lonely Night" he is being pursued by what he believes to be Communists, chasing him at night in their car. He checks to be sure his .45 is free and ready and prepares to "haul the wheel right into them" as they begin to pass him. The car that is following goes off the road and rolls over in a field. It turns out later that its occupants were members of the FBI, ditched by some Communists following *them*. (Don't ask me how, it is all very obscure and badly written and improbable.) But that they were members of the FBI wouldn't have saved them from Hammer if they hadn't been ditched by the Communists. No, no, to *him* and *then* the FBI men were Communists. He takes the woman who was in the car with him to her country retreat (he had previously slept with her there) and tears her dress off and starts to beat her nakedness with his belt because he thinks she tipped off these men he thought were Communists to follow him; and the *real* Communists shoot her through the window. What she had tipped off was the FBI, thinking Hammer a Communist himself. Hammer the Infallible, the Judge, the Jury, the Executioner. But never forget that Communists are Very Bad People and the quickest and best thing to do to them (or members of the Mafia, or anyone you judge is ripe for it) is to shoot them in the gut, as a starter, of course.

NORMALLY one would say that it was silly to write a critical article about a lot of books so very badly written, so essentially immature in their composition. That's what these books are. Their writing is turgid or grotesque or childish or simply the worst sort of lurid. Or it is plain revolting. A hunchbacked janitor from whom Hammer and his Velda rent a room (to go through it because it had been occupied by a suspect) offers them his own room because it is furnished with a bed and the other is not, and he misjudges their intentions. One can hardly blame him. Of this hunchback it is said: "He leered and looked somewhat dissatisfied because he wouldn't be able to sneak a look on something he probably never had himself." This comes from the mind of our hero, Hammer. One could multiply instances of mistakes in grammar and use of words ("they huddled in recessions of doorways"), inconsistencies (like the "cold, impartial jury" weeping) *ad nauseam*—and to no good end.

One can say that the readers of murder stories don't necessarily demand good English or even good writing, but simply what is usually described as "thrill-packed action." One can say that of the 24,000,000 persons who have bought or read Mr. Spillane's books many readers must be young and uncritical, and also that many must have got a vicarious satisfaction from the sexual passages reduced to such simple and unvarying animalism, either because their own lives provide no such satisfactions or because they'd like to think of themselves as having such physical prowess. One can say that in a tense world, full of hysterical shrillness, many, as

I've attempted to suggest at the outset, isolated within the overlarge groupings of an industrial civilization, must derive from such writing a sort of satisfaction because the Bad get their comeuppance without need for the delays of lawful justice. If that were all it would not be very important. But it isn't all.

There is left the popularity of a Hero who, with such a character as has been described, mocks at and denies the efficacy of all law and decency, flouts all laws, statutory, ethical, and moral, delights in assault and murder that is brutally executed, sets his personal judgment always above that of all other men but in particular above that of those to whom government delegates law enforcement (which he thereby constantly derogates), and makes the words *soft* and *honorable* synonymous. This is the sort of philosophy, *mutatis mutandis*, that has permitted to Senator McCarthy his periods of extreme popularity throughout the nation: one man will, beyond the normal processes, unhampered by the normal and accepted restraints, bring the Bad to his own form of justice. Mike Hammer's Communists and members of the Mafia are, of course, all Very Bad. They are also described as soft, homosexual, stupid, gullible, childish, or easily tricked; but at the same time as the Most Dangerous Thing in the United States. *Any* means which will, with Hammer, lead to their extirpation and in particular their death by his hand are Good. With Senator McCarthy, any means that will expose Communists, including the derogation of all Public Servants, the telling of lies, the irreparable damaging of the innocent, the sensational and the unfounded charge, is justified so long as he thinks it is the right thing to do. Each, then, reflects the other, though McCarthyism kills but careers where Hammerism (perhaps in the end more mercifully) kills life itself.

WHEN one has fought for years against the many forms and many evils of mistaken censorship one walks warily in asking the question, how much responsibility lies at the door of the publishers of Mickey Spillane? It cannot be possible to conceive of two firms as established as E. P. Dutton and Company and the New American Library of World Literature (which publishes Signet books) as being as naive as he makes himself appear by his writings. Was there in them at first but the wholly

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1075)

M. FISHBACK:

(HALLOWE'EN) INDIGNATION MEETING

A sulky witch and a surly cat
And a scowly owl and a skeleton sat
With a grouchy ghost and a waspish bat . . .
It seems they were all upset and riled
That they couldn't frighten the Modern Child. . . .
Said the witch: "I'm a pitiful sight to see—
I'm scareder of kids than they are of *me!*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unanalyzed hope that this bloodier than the bloody, this tougher than the tough product would sell like hot cakes? Did they ever, as they continued to publish (but now with a full knowledge that they were exploiting a rarely excellent gold mine), stop to consider what they were doing in being the agents to disseminate books which would surely be read, and which would hold up to contempt almost every form of human decency in law and in life? Did they (incredibly) agree with the philosophy of Mike Hammer? Or did they decide that it was none of their business to pass a moral judgment on a man's books which had proved so financially profitable? Or did they perhaps generously plan to use the profits from the Spillane gold mine for the furtherance of the cause of true literature—even though that would be to accept the thesis that the end did justify the means? I do not know the answers to these questions.

If it were my responsibility now, I would neither censor nor ban the published works of Mickey Spillane. For the most worldly reason, to do so would be but to increase their sale. For another, a more difficult reason, it is hard always to establish that the reading of any such books is in itself a corrupting factor on any individual, no matter how young and callow and impressionable. But one must ask a larger and more difficult question than those concerning the responsibility of Spillane's publishers. What has come to our country that it can support and applaud these attitudes toward our common life as a country? Have we in fact become so impatient with due process of law, which is inevitably slow both in its creation, its interpretation, and its execution, that we are willing to abandon ourselves to the apparent quick curative of the Vigilante, the One Man in Power, for whom all laws with their checks and balances are ultimately suspended? Is this what the popularity of Hammerism and McCarthyism point to? If so, we had better realize it before their popularity is shared by a majority of our citizens, who can make valid their system of government by men. McCarthy is a fact. Mike Hammer is but fiction. Yet even as fiction his popularity, his acceptance point to something we would do well to reckon with, and soon. Eternal vigilance, goes the saying, is the price of liberty. It would be disastrous to change the word vigilance to vigilante.

What a pity it is that Mike Hammer and Mr. McCarthy cannot appear on the same television program and swap reminiscences during the Children's Hour!

A BORZOI BOOK

MORE STORIES BY FRANK O'CONNOR

Twenty-nine fine tales of Ireland—of warm hearted, hot-blooded, often muddle-headed, but predominantly charming people—here gathered as Frank O'Connor completes his selection of his best stories begun in *The Stories of Frank O'Connor*. Sixteen have not appeared previously in book form; those reprinted from earlier books have been extensively recast.

$5.00 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

Their next move? READ The Prospects for COMMUNIST CHINA

By W. W. ROSTOW and a group of Far East experts

The first book to

- draw a realistic balance sheet of Red China's strength and weakness
- appraise the first 5 years of Communist rule
- offer hard facts on Chinese Communist methods, policies, and goals

Will Communist China's surge toward power succeed or fail? Read this book for the most penetrating analysis of this vital question to date. A Technology Press book, M.I.T.

At your bookstore $5.00

JOHN WILEY & SONS, Inc., New York

The story behind another Asian trouble-spot

DANGER IN KASHMIR

By JOSEF KORBEL

Foreword by Admiral Chester W. Nimitz

While both East and West await the new turn of events in this Asian powder keg, the Chairman of the 1948 UN Kashmir Commission portrays the crucial position of Kashmir in the East-West struggle, the long fight of its people for independence, the conflicting rights of the Indians and Pakistanis who clash there today, and the sobering extent of Communist infiltration. Admiral Nimitz calls this book "a very important contribution to history." *358 pages, maps, $5.00*

Order from your bookstore

PRINCETON University Press

IF YOU ARE AN AUTHOR of fiction, non-fiction or poetry, and have received rejection slips because you are an unknown, we can help you! We have 30 years' experience in publishing successful books and will design, print, promote, advertise and SELL your book. The cost is low; your royalties are high! For full details, write for free booklet.

COMET PRESS BOOKS 11 W. 42 St. N.Y.C.

a Gift that can't miss!

THE BEAUTIFUL NEW BIG BOOK COLT FIREARMS will delight anyone interested in two-fisted Americana. *Exciting, informative.* 540 ILLUSTRATIONS; SUPERBLY BOUND. *RETURN PRIVILEGE.* $15 POSTPAID ANY BOOKSTORE, OR *WRITE TO..*

Merry Christmas

Seven Books BOX 1777 Santa Ana, Cal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINE ARTS

The Arensberg Collection

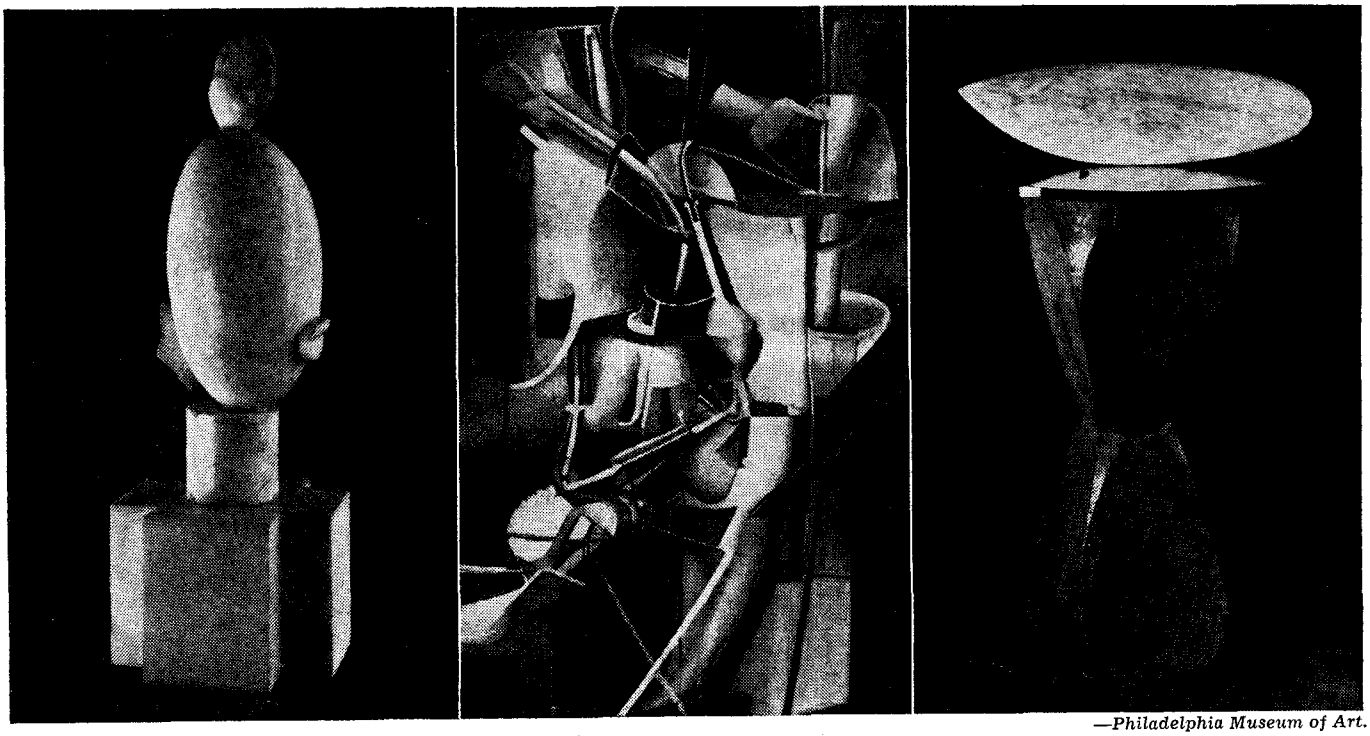
BRANCUSI and Duchamp! These are the two special heroes of the twentieth-century section of the Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection, the best of it now and for a minimum period of twenty-five years to be seen intact at the Philadelphia Museum of Art—that remarkable institution which seems to have many trumps to play in the art game, not least of them adequate space to show bequeathed collections as units, and some sort of magic with the City Fathers, who put up cash for new galleries when we might expect them to be speeding, grim-lipped, to the nearest savings bank. Everyone says Philadelphia is a conservative city. Maybe so. But when its art patrons decide they want something they go out for it hard and fast.

It's no secret that every major museum in the country wanted the Arensberg collection, as every museum should have wanted John Quinn's. Philadelphia got it, perhaps in part because Walter Arensberg originally came from Pennsylvania, though some years ago he told me with good-natured firmness that he had moved to Southern California, "to get as far away as possible from the East without crossing an ocean." And the Philadelphia Museum has done justice to the Arensbergs' memory, publishing a handsome, well-illustrated catalogue, to be followed shortly by a second volume on the Arensbergs' pre-Columbian, African, and other so-called "primitive" sculptures. The twentieth-century volume, compiled by Marianne Winter Martin, has a vivid, historical text by Henry Clifford, Curator of Paintings, and a short foreword by the Museum's director, Fiske Kimball, a deservedly eminent scholar whose booming voice may one day crack the Liberty Bell beyond repair. Perhaps the latter event is imminent. It seems so when, without embarrassment, Mr. Kimball in his foreword can describe his Museum's inchoate interior as a "magnificent palace."

But I started to talk about Brancusi and Duchamp. Nowhere else in the world except in Brancusi's Paris studio, where the master greets visitors like a gnome in white with knitted cap, the marvelous work of a lifetime around him, can one see Brancusi's sculpture with quite this thoroughness. Here are pieces in marble and bronze, polished to an incredible perfection of contour and surface. Here are the rough-hewn pieces in wood, carved with the vigor of a tribal sculptor for whom depth of emotion in his work might determine the advent or departure of rain or plague. Here is Brancusi in all the variety of a great talent that is both varied and consistent. No less than twenty pieces are shown; any other privately assembled collection would be thought profligate if it could display two or three.

THE array of pictures and objects by Marcel Duchamp is equally extraordinary, for shown at Philadelphia is almost the entire life work of the man whose "Nude Descending a Staircase" caused so great and lasting a scandal in the Armory Show of 1913. There are thirty works by Duchamp in the Arensberg collection at Philadelphia. They cover his thoughtful, convinced evolution from the relative realism of his early years (1904-10), through a brief flirtation with expressionist distortions (1911), into his own colorful and revolutionary handling of cubism and on, finally, to the full triumph of the "Nude," "The Bridge," and that incalculable masterpiece known as "The Large Glass."

The presence of the last-named work at Philadelphia is one of the most encouraging evidences of poetic justice in an art world where quarter is seldom asked or expected. Originally owned by the Arensbergs, it was given by them to Miss Katherine Dreier when they moved West, fearful that travel might damage this big, frail object. As luck would have



—*Philadelphia Museum of Art.*

Brancusi's "The White Negress," Duchamp's "The Bride," and Brancusi's "The Fish"—"Philadelphia's art patrons go hard and fast."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it, the glass was partially shattered in transit when the late Miss Dreier, who bequeathed "The Large Glass" to the Arensbergs, lent it to an exhibition near New York. But Duchamp, to whom accidents can be semi-sacred, was delighted with the new cracks and declared his object much improved. Even so, I shuddered when I read the Philadelphia Museum's press release, describing the installation of "The Large Glass" under Duchamp's supervision. I installed the glass myself once in the Museum of Modern Art. And though almost everyone on the Museum's staff was on hand to assist, I trembled as the huge panel moved into place on its dolly. Duchamp didn't. He puffed serenely on his pipe and said: "We must be careful not to drop it; it might break someone's foot."

THERE are, of course, many other extraordinary works of art in the Arensberg collection: nine Picasso oils, mainly of the great cubist period; eight comparable Braques; four of the best Légers; the Douanier Rousseau's "Merry Jesters," one of the most beguiling of his jungle pictures; a single but extremely fine Matisse, the famous "Mlle. Yvonne Landsberg" of 1914; excellent Mondrians; five paintings by Juan Gris from the golden pre-1920 period; works by the lesser cubists Gleizes and Metzinger, and by the leading surrealists Ernst and Tanguy; a top Chagall of 1911, entitled "Half-past Three"; and one of the four known very large compositions by Giorgio de Chirico from his vastly influential early period in Paris (1911-15). These among others, including a well-chosen group of pictures by Kandinsky, whose market since his death has soared unbelievably. There are also three of the best of Picabia's Dada works, now coming into more general esteem.

As the Philadelphia catalogue points out, the core of the Arensberg collection relates to the decade 1910-20—quite possibly the most fertile decade of our century as to world-shaking ideas among artists. But the Arensbergs were also intensely interested in painters and paintings of later date. When I visited their house in Hollywood in 1940, Walter Arensberg asked many questions about the recent works of Klee and Miro, by whom he already owned large groups of pictures—no less than thirteen Klees of first quality and nine strong Miros, all of them painted, as I remember it, before 1936. One had the impression that he wanted to bring up to date his representation of these two inexhaustibly inventive artists. He also seemed fascinated by the newer American painters and sculptors, just as long ago he had championed Demuth, Sheeler, Feininger, and others. But at that point, with New York distant and Europe cut off by the war, it must have been difficult for him to buy strictly contemporary works with the care and reflection he had always shown.

At any rate, from the late 1930s on, Arensberg bought almost exclusively in the field of pre-Columbian sculpture, from dealers on the West Coast and in Mexico. That he bought brilliantly, the forthcoming catalogue of the sculpture collection will undoubtedly prove. But sometimes a note of wistfulness would sound in his voice when he talked about younger, living artists, whose works he had seen only in photographs for the most part. "If I could start over again," he would murmur, and one had a truly frightening image of his house, every inch of its wall space already jammed, being rearranged to hold works by the creative figures of the new generation, here and abroad. He would have found most of them all right. He had already found and nourished enough first-rate talent to make him one of the most important figures in the history of taste in this country.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

In Every Corner

By Joseph Joel Keith

DAY's odor lies lightly over
Hawley's field and hill.
By night it seems more
fragrant;
in hammock and bed the
wakeful
are glad and still.
Peace is deep,
awaiting a perfumed sleep.
In every corner of darkness,
as in the spread of light,
the gift of scarlet flowers,
the gift of verdant meadows,
are not for sight;
though not seen,
they are more gay, more green.

In the mahogany bureau,
in the crystal bowl,
a scent of summer's gathered,
the odor of the ripeness
that no one stole:
petals fell,
leaving their gifts to tell,
while leaving for eyes of
autumn
the treasured four leaf clover,
that summer has been gathered,
that during winter, summer
is not yet over:
July's good
scents linen, glass and wood.

SKIRA BRINGS YOU
MASTERPIECES OF TWO GREAT CENTURIES
GOTHIC PAINTING

An exciting excursion through the world of Gothic art!

A vivid record of the prodigious intellectual awakening of the 13th and 14th Centuries! The reproductions in rich color and brilliant gold include illuminations, stained glass windows, frescos, tapestries and paintings from England France, Italy, Spain, Bohemia and Germany.

Text by Jacques Dupont and Cesare Gnudi. 110 color reproductions. 216 pages. Cloth bound. 10" x 11¼".

At all bookstores.

SYMBOL OF FINE ART REPRODUCTION
SKIRA ART BOOKS

SKIRA, Inc., Publishers
381 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

A UNIQUE GIFT
that will always be cherished.
EARLIEST KNOWN GLASS
about 1000 B.C. to 300 Years A.D.
Beautifully iridescent as result of long burial in Palestine & Syria
(Used in ancient banquets & in Mi-lady's boudoir)
Shown & Offered by
SUSETTE KHAYAT
ANCIENT ART GALLERY
505 Fifth Ave., New York
Afternoons Only
From $50.00 & up Guaranteed authentic.

Robert Watson
EXHIBITION • Oct. 25-Nov. 13
BABCOCK GALLERIES
38 E. 57 St., N. Y.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED
Do you have a book-length manuscript you'd like published? Learn about our unusual plan whereby your book can be published, promoted and distributed on a professional basis. We consider all types of work—fiction, non-fiction, poetry, religious and scholarly books, etc. For more information, write for booklet FF. It's free.
VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 120 W. 31 St. N. Y. 1
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Durrow to Van Dyck

"Painting in Britain: The Middle Ages," by Margaret Rickert *(Penguin Books. 253 pp. $8.50), is a copiously illustrated survey of English pictorial art from the seventh through the fifteenth century. Here it is reviewed by Harry Bober, associate professor of fine arts, Institute of Fine Arts, New York University.*

By Harry Bober

MARGARET RICKERT is a scholar who deserves to be remembered for an extraordinary feat of devoted patience and skill. Out of a late fourteenth-century illuminated manuscript a nineteenth-century collector had cut about 1,600 miniatures and decorative bits, but discarded practically the entire text. It was Miss Rickert who worked on this nearly hopeless jig-saw puzzle for sixteen years to achieve a successful reconstruction of the English Carmelite Missal published two years ago.

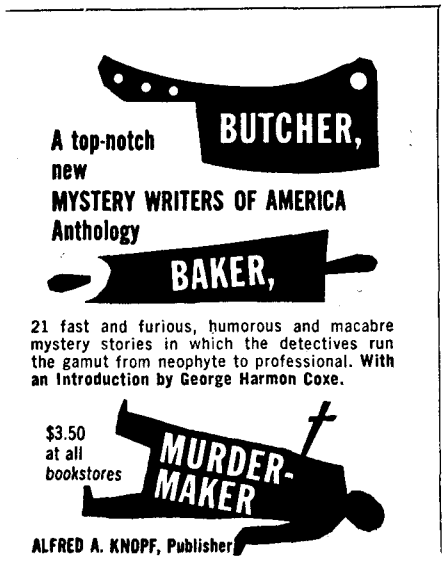
Could it be that the habits and predispositions requisite to such painstaking work on one manuscript must leave a person ill adapted for the writing of a broad general history covering many centuries, and hundreds of manuscripts? Be that as it may, it is evident from Miss Rickert's new book, "Painting in Britain: The Middle Ages," that she is at her best when faced by an individual manuscript. The internal problems within a single example, its "hands," original foliation, intermingled prototypes, and so forth, are discussed with relish and businesslike assurance. Thus it is the fruit rather than the tree which is most to be admired.

The marvels of medieval painting in Britain include many familiar treasures such as the Book of Kells, the Bayeux tapestry, the stained glass of York and Gloucester, and the Wilton diptych. Miss Rickert's survey will have served well if it introduces newcomers in the field to the less familiar masterpieces of this art; the Lindisfarne Gospels, the Lambeth Bible, the Evesham Psalter, and such masters as William de Brailes and Matthew Paris. For that pleasure the excellent photographs reproduced in finely printed plates provide a happy introduction. Over a dozen of the splendid manuscripts discussed are to be found in New York City, at the Pierpont Morgan Library and the New York Public Library, available to devotees.

As an effort to present a coherent picture of medieval painting in Britain the text is disappointing. It is too unsure of the orientation of this art in relation to contemporary developments in the rest of Europe to fulfil the best possibilities of the subject. Not infrequently writers on English art become unnecessarily defensive, even insular, in their viewpoint; the danger is not quite avoided here. For instance, when dicussing the impact of French Gothic art Miss Rickert regards the foreign style with irrelevant suspicion. She invokes the "sturdiness of the English temperament, which refused to surrender to fads but insisted on taking time to weigh the new elements. . . ." But Gothic architecture, which was the leading and most progressive form of the style, *was* imported directly and without modification. Canterbury Cathedral had suffered from a devastating fire in 1174; by 1175 a French architect had been engaged to rebuild it and was already at work on a new choir, the first Gothic structure in England. While it is true that the painters were slower in transforming the old Romanesque into the newer forms, there is a marked lag in France as well as England.

One of the things which is to be expected in a book on medieval painting is a clear and consistent characterization of the major phases of its stylistic development, of the Romanesque, Gothic, and the International Style. To anyone who did not already know the reasons for these distinctions it would not be clear from the text why the paintings should be classed under one or another of these headings. The author's analytical vocabulary for the study of style and technique is unfortunately limited and confusing. To take one example, "shade" and "shaded" are used throughout the book to convey a variety of different, often conflicting, meanings. Sometimes "shaded" refers to modulations of value, at other times to color intensities, and, again, to describe the means by which depth or volume is suggested; in one instance *"shaded with white . . ."* is used to explain how *high-lights* are indicated. "Line" and "linear," crucial terms for the author's thesis as to the underlying character of English art of the Middle Ages, are applied to such radically divergent styles without adequate distinction, so as to invalidate their usefulness for purposes of clarification.

ACTUALLY, one of the major ambitions which Miss Rickert has set herself is that of defining "the fundamental characteristics of English pictorial art in all its forms" from the seventh through the fifteenth century. This is rather more difficult than the problem announced in the title because of the difference between *English* style and painting *in Britain*. From the beginning to the end of this history we are repeatedly confronted with major works whose artists are either known to have been foreigners or else cannot with certainty be identified as English. The earliest book illustrations discussed, those of the seventh-century Book of Durrow, may well have been the work of an Irish artist. The famous Wilton diptych, an example from the end of the fourteenth century, "has been assigned to four different countries, including England, all apparently with good stylistic reasons." While I would, in fact, agree with the English attribution of the diptych, that is not the point in this connection. The problem is in many ways analogous to that of finding the English denominator for painting of sixteenth-century England (dominated by a German, Holbein), and the seventeenth century (by a Fleming, Van Dyck). The question is whether such traits as Miss Rickert has singled out as English, such as "decorative linear pattern and figural drawing in outline," give the necessary clue to common elements within the diversity of styles. The answer is not easy and cannot be forced. There is something to Miss Rickert's conclusions but her terms would require considerable refinement and qualification to insure usefulness.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Middle-Class Taste

"The Light of Distant Skies," by James Thomas Flexner *(Harcourt, Brace. 306 pp. $10), continues the story of American painting begun in "First Flowers of Our Wilderness," telling of West, Peale, and their contemporaries. Virgil Barker, who reviews it here, is the author of "American Painting" and other volumes.*

By Virgil Barker

SINCE "The Light of Distant Skies" is the second instalment of what James Thomas Flexner calls his "projected many-volume history" of American painting it is well to note at once that it is a more shapely book than its predecessor. "First Flowers of Our Wilderness," in presenting much material generally unfamiliar, attempted at the same time to interest the layman and to expertize its material for the benefit of other scholars. Both sorts of reader had to wrestle with more than one layer of notes and patch supplementary facts and ideas into the text as best they could. For this period, too, there are problems concerning the authenticity of pictures and the stylistic integration of individual painters, but Mr. Flexner puts them aside in favor of a compact, fast-moving narrative with the widest possible reader-interest.

This undivided intention enables Mr. Flexner to devise an interesting pattern of presentation. The pattern is woven of several strands: historical events involving class divisions, economic changes, political differences; biography, much of it gossipy and with occasional subjective interpretation, discussion of techniques from crude to sophisticted, of esthetic concepts limited by religious primitivism or adulterated by almost universal materialism; and continual citation of particular pictures which may illustrate these multiple aspects of life and people. The main themes through all this are the defeat of aristocratic taste by that of the new middle class, the shift of the newer taste from the neoclassic to the romantic, the continuing and unresolved struggle between European fashion and American provincialism.

In my poinion there is here offered no material or idea which radically alters the character of the period as a whole or the role of any major painter in it. But the chosen method of presentation, good as it may be for describing the painting preferences of the age in their combined change and continuity, involves what seems to me a drawback. It requires that the principal painters—West, C. W. Peale, Trumbull, Vanderlyn, and the rest—appear and disappear and reappear, each time with some shade of difference which carries forward the general theme. Thus only men of lesser importance and productiveness

The Criminal Record

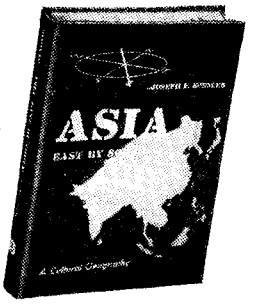
The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
TELL HER IT'S MURDER *Helen Reilly* (Random: $2.75)	Child killed by car (NY area); bridegroom takes rap, is freed, lams.	Inspector McKee is usual Rock of Gibraltar in author's Opus 27.	Upsy-downsy
FINGERPRINTS NEVER LIE *Fred Cherrill* (Macmillan: $3.95)	Yard's dactyloscopic ace, recently pastured, offers best from case-book; nice pix too.	Fascinating factual job, covering 1914-1953 (even gloves aren't foolproof).	Grade A
WHISTLE PAST THE GRAVEYARD *Richard Deming* (Rinehart: $2.75)	One-legged Op. Manny Moon takes on case involving gals and gadgets; three die.	Invention slant ingenious; clever plot has nice carry.	Intelligent toughie
A KEY TO DEATH *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	NY lawyer plugged at desk; Capt. Weigand of Homicide, Pam and Jerry North, look into things.	Opening overpopulous; a few red herrings; picks up momentum.	Slow start, strong finish
THEY ALL BLEED RED *Richard Sted* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Meatjackers annoy NY circulation mgr.; cops not too friendly either.	Slaphappy and wisecracky; regulation toughie with variations.	Plus and minus
NO MAN'S STREET *Beverley Nichols* (Dutton: $2.75)	Baronet bumped; Horatio Green, scholarly eye, tells Yard how come.	*Içi on parle français;* knowledge of music and German also helpful.	On the ducky side

—SERGEANT CUFF.

A timely geo-political study

ASIA, EAST BY SOUTH



By JOSEPH E. SPENCER
University of California, L.A.

Here is a balanced cultural geography of one of the world's most vital regions: from Khyber Pass to New Guinea, from Java to Hokkaido.

Written by an expert with more firsthand knowledge of the Orient than any other living American geographer, *Asia, East by South,* describes not only the terrain and cultures of the region, but also the ways in which they were developed. It stresses the reasons why certain cultures have evolved in particular regions, making the countries of the area separate economic, political and cultural entities, distinctly different from those of the Occident.

Asia, East by South, is illustrated with numerous large, specially drawn maps and diagrams, many in two colors. An appendix contains a wealth of current statistics on each country, conveniently assembled for quick reference.

For everyone who wants to be well-informed about this highly critical area, *Asia, East by South,* offers an interesting and instructive source of *both* background material and accurate, up-to-date information. 454 pages; 8⅝" x 11¼".

$8.50 at your bookstore

JOHN WILEY & SONS, Inc., Publishers
440 Fourth Avenue New York 16, N. Y.

Thirty great articles —how they were planned, researched, written and sold

A GUIDE TO SUCCESSFUL MAGAZINE WRITING

by The Society of Magazine Writers

The foremost writers in their field give the reader a complete inside view of the whole article writing industry. Types of articles: Profiles, Political, Medical, Exposés, etc., and their entire history from conception to birth in print. A wonderful handbook, and an anthology of some of the best articles ever published. $4.95

At bookstores everywhere

SCRIBNERS

RUMORS TO THE CONTRARY
Children Are Reading More Than Ever!
A Fact-Packed Article in
The Saturday Review-November 13th

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are presented as unities, and that only because they are single and momentary details in the pattern. The impact upon the reader of the really shaping minds is dispersed.

West especially, as he comes and goes in this tapestry of his time, seems to be several people: passively absorbing the past, intelligently projecting the future, manufacturing spiritually empty acres of canvas, flaring into visions of subconscious desires, prudently calculating his conduct toward the King, counseling impulsiveness and experiment to the young.

The phrase or the paragraph which can make these phases cohere is not given in this book. In emphasizing West's merit as a teacher perhaps Mr. Flexner relies too much on fair-sounding words by West himself and praise of him by others. The test would be the pictures actually made by those who most fully accepted his teaching. The benefits to Stuart and Constable depended on their clear knowledge of what advice they should reject.

MR. FLEXNER plays up the word "vernacular" for the continuing native quality. I believe this good word was first stressed by John A. Kouwenhoven in connection with the technological aspects of American civilization. As confined to painting and defined in painting, Mr. Flexner develops it into successful criticism by characterizing it afresh at several points in connection with different painters. From others will come agreement on the large idea and shades of modification in particular instances.

Such differences of opinions are about the most stimulating feature of art history and criticism. I think that Mr. Flexner is very good indeed on C. W. Peale and Stuart. In discussing the less important figures he seems inclined to overpraise those who make some contribution to his conception of the vernacular. He writes of Francis Guy in words more appropriate to Piero di Cosimo and loads the work of Edward Hicks with Freudian portents which it cannot support. Such aberrations, as they seem to me, are engaging in a way, but they leave me uneasy about their fitness in a history.

Every new presentation of Americant painting when done as well as Mr. Flexner does it is important for spreading the kind of national self-awareness which is essential to any possible culture under democratic conditions. So it is to be hoped that the foundation grants will be continued to allow Mr. Flexner to complete his "many-volume history."

The Booming Bust of the Paperbacks

Continued from page 16

a task is expensive. Some editors feel that only a hardcover publisher can afford the kind of creative staff that will develop new authors. They ask what reprint house can afford the services of a Maxwell Perkins? And they believe that Ballantine Books may have difficulty publishing only originals because they must pay authors high prices for them. They also point out that authors prefer the prestige of writing originals for a hardcover instead of a paperback house because—so they feel—such books are more often reviewed, have more chance of selling to the book clubs, where the real money lies. Book clubs, it has been all too well shown, are not interested in paperback originals. When Howard Swiggett's "The Power and the Prize" was chosen by a book club the club insisted that Ballantine publish it only as a hardcover book, not as a paperback.

To solve these and a host of other problems—including the problems of authors who want more money because they still think the paperback companies can afford it—the companies which deal in magazine-type distribution are trying some elaborate cures. They are trying to diversify their lists so that old standbys will help to finance new originals—a trick which the hardcover publishers have been using for years. They are also trying to widen their markets, perhaps even to the point of turning away from the magazine distribution system. One of the big publishers is now engaged in an expensive survey involving punch cards and IBM machines in the hope of discovering exactly how many copies of each category of books sell in each type of retail store. They are sending out field representatives to educate the drugstore owners on how to handle and display books. They are also trying to inveigle the dealers into maintaining larger stocks of their books so that more will be there to sell, including the slow-sellers. They have infiltrated the old-line book and department stores—Brentano's in New York carries them as does Harper in San Francisco, Schroeder in Cleveland, Hudson's in Detroit, and Kroch's in Chicago—and they have made a spectacular struggle for one type of market where good paperbacks sell well: the colleges, schools, and libraries and, recently, the markets in foreign countries. Dell Publishing Company has recently been trying to improve the quality of its line by publishing reprints of authors of high literary reputation (Faulkner, Evelyn Waugh, Oscar Wilde, Ernest Hemingway, Henry James, F. Scott Fitzgerald, etc.), and by a series called "First Editions" that will include works on religion, sports, the arts and a poetry anthology which they exuberantly describe as ready "to make the Oxford Book of English Verse" obsolete. And Gold Medal, whose books have hitherto appealed to low-brow tastes, is developing a new line of true-crime books which are intended to give thoughtful treatment to some pretty sensational material.

Surprisingly enough, there have appeared in the midst of the chaos three houses whose success so far has remained unquestioned. Their success may even influence the entire paperback industry. There is, however, a difference between these houses and the others. The difference is that the three—Penguin, Anchor, and Vintage—are not handling their books like magazines at all. (They are, of course, profiting from the spade-work of the others who have broken down some of the traditional American prejudice against paperback books.) For, contrary to the cures which the other paperbacks have hit upon, these have gone their own way, sometimes with originals and sometimes with reprints, but all with quality books instead of cheap ones, all with high prices by comparison, and all relying on bookstore, or at least "class" newsstands, instead of ordinary newsstand sales. (There is one danger. The titles—as well as the formats—of the Vintage books have imitated those of the successful Anchor books. In fact, the Vintage books are almost title for title identical with their forerunner. In Anchor there is an André Gide novel; so is there now in Vintage. In Anchor there are books on teaching and on the theatre in America; so are there now in Vintage.)

The pioneer among these quality paperbacks was Penguin, a firm which was founded in England in 1935. After a brief American operation in the early 1940s it formed an American subsidiary in 1949 and resumed full-scale publishing in the U. S. in 1950. To some of the watching publishers, one of the most important discoveries contributed by Penguin has been its proof that the quality which sells a paperback book is the quality of the book itself. Penguin editorial tastes reflect the desires of the editors themselves instead of what the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

editors imagine the public wants, and as a result this firm has sold quantities of a hundred or so titles a year at the relatively high prices of fifty cents to one dollar and including such titles as Richards's "Modern Architecture," Cecil's "Early Victorian Novelists," Cadoux's "Life of Jesus," and Ure's "Justinian and His Age." To this market Anchor Books have now come with a list of thirty titles which, in their second year, have sold at sixty-five cents to $1.25 a copy, a total of more than 600,000 copies in all. The best seller of these, David Riesman's "The Lonely Crowd," has sold 50,000 copies. One of Anchor's best sellers sold less than 2,000 copies in the original hardcover edition. Now Anchor is planning to publish original nonfiction titles. The Vintage books, reprints from the house of Alfred A. Knopf, which owned all its original rights, are being sold at ninety-five cents a copy. Next February the Noonday Press will publish a line of books to be known as Meridian Books—including E. M. Forster's "Abinger Harvest" and Burckhardt's "Force and Freedom"—at even higher prices, one dollar to $1.50. And Noonday hopes eventually to be able to publish original, experimental fiction in paperback for $1.75—a price which they hope will make enough money to enable them "to remain creative."

Books of fiction have long been the biggest risk in the book-publishing industry. Rising production costs have priced hardcover editions of new fiction out of the reach of numbers of readers. Since it is too difficult to predict whether or not a novel will sell, the old hardcover publishers have tended to lean on non-fiction and to limit their choice of novelists to those who are well-established or who offer some specific appeal to readers. Most of the hardcover editors, however, join with the softcover ones in feeling that if it were somehow possible to publish more of the worthy manuscripts that cross their desks many new novelists would turn out to be commercially successful and the whole business of publishing—both hard and softcover—would turn out to be less risky. There are many who feel that the low-cost paperback format, highly enough priced, might be the solution to this problem, and one hardcover editor feels that this system may eventually be necessary if the novel is to survive at all. If this is true it is possible that the paperback industry could, if all else fails, become at least the progenitor of a new trend in American publishing.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the above article is indebted to William Murray for assistance in the research.*

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 35¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 27¢ a word; 26 times 29¢ a word; 13 times 31¢ a word; 6 times 33¢ a word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

WE PUBLISH, print, and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent; books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED for publication. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPTS typed intelligently, promptly, reasonably. MIMEOGRAPHING—yes! MIRIAM LANCASTER, Hotel Vanderbilt (NYC). MUrray Hill 3-4000, Ext. 55.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

FICTION, NON-FICTION, and POETRY manuscripts marketed directly to trade editors. New authors encouraged. No charge for reading and editorial advice. SPOON RIVER ASSOCIATES, 3554 73 St., New York 72, N. Y.

PAULINE RESNIKOFF—Excellent typing of manuscripts. Theses. Mimeographing. Resumés. 60 East 42 St., Suite 1542, NYC. LExington 2-4770.

AUTHOR OF 38 PUBLISHED NOVELS, bored with 39th, will help talented beginners. Write E.W.C., Box 761, Beverly Hills.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPTS! Literary agents 34 years. Constructive criticism, editing. New writers invited. References: ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

AUTHORS READY FOR COOPERATIVE PUBLISHING but who can't decide which Press to select or what royalty scale (20%, 40%, or the full 100%) they are entitled to, we are specialists in this field and qualified to offer authoritative advice. We guarantee saving hundreds of dollars in publishing costs, getting best royalty terms and sales campaigns. For information write WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC 17.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY PRESENTED. Tape recordings transcribed. Quality typing at reasonable rates. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1278 Third Ave. (at 73 St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED accurately, neatly, and promptly. Effective editing. ILlinois 7-9895 (NYC).

OVERNIGHT DUPLICATION SERVICE. Letters, Manuscripts, Reports, Sketches, Legal Documents, Musical Arrangements, Galley Proofs, or similar material reproduced the same day or overnight at the latest, by new photo-copy method. From carbon copies as well as originals. 5¢ per page. Bindings to specifications, including plastic rings. Hotel Schuyler, 57 West 45 St., NYC. JUdson 2-0840.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

TRANSLATIONS: French, Spanish, Italian. Qualified linguists. Box T-965.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order Catalogue 40¢.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—Over a thousand titles and a million issues. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Danvers, Mass.

BACK ISSUES MAGAZINES: reasonable. Books, 950 Columbus Ave., NYC 25.

OUT-OF-PRINT

COMPLETE STOCK—One of the largest buyers, sellers of hard-to-find books WORLD OVER. Since 1900. No service charge. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

FIND IT AT BARNES & NOBLE. Over a million books. Free search facilities. For 80 years one of the world's largest bookstores. Dept. L. BARNES & NOBLE, Inc., 105 Fifth Ave. (18 St.), NYC 3.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll Get It! CHICAGO BOOK-MART, Chicago 40, Illinois.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS on any subject. BAY BOOKS, Box 2423, San Francisco 26, California.

BOOKS LOCATED. No charge for searching. Send your wants. DELTA BOOK SERVICE, 2856D Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

CONTINUOUS WORLD-WIDE SEARCH FOR BOOKS. That's why: fastest service, lowest prices. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, U.S.A. Address: Box 3003-K, Beverly Hills, California.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE: Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKS

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

SAVE 50% to 80%. SEND for FREE bargain catalogue No. 385-SR. UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 123 East 24 St., NYC 10.

"TAXCO—THE ENCHANTED CITY," by American resident. Full information. $2 postpaid. Leslie Curtis, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

REMOVAL SALE—50% DISCOUNT on all books in stock. About December 15 we will occupy the entire building at 63 Fourth Avenue between 9 and 10 Streets. BIBLO & TANNEN BOOKSELLERS, 57 Fourth Ave., corner 9 St., NYC 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER Co., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

RECORD MART

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) finest imported make. English, Swiss fingerings. $4, $6, $7.50 up. Recorder music, recorder records. Free catalogue R114, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey.

RE-RECORD your old 78's on LP's or tape. Radio and TV shows $7.50 an hour. BELL MUSIC BOX, 847 Sixth Ave., NYC 1. LOngacre 5-9773.

(Continued on page 66)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 65)

ART

STUDY IN BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

LANGUAGES

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Chinese, Modern Greek—29 languages available by Linguaphone's World Standard Conversational Method. You learn by listening—it's like living in a foreign country. Send for FREE Book. Call for FREE Demonstration. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2611 RCA Building, NYC 20. Circle 7-0829.

PERSONALS

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, etc. $1 each. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

THERE'S A SURPRISE in store for Review Readers visiting Washington, D.C. They enjoy special all-expense tour rates at the 3 fine, friendly Manger Hotels—the Annapolis, Hamilton, and Hay-Adams. Tours as low as $10.95 include air-conditioned room and bath, sightseeing trips, broadcasts, etc. Write Harry Weissinger, General Manager, Hotel Annapolis, Washington 5, for advance reservations. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

RUSSIAN LINGUAPHONE SET for sale. Complete, new. $30. Box T-747.

WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED the day you were born? News highlights, popular songs, prices, many other fascinating facts. Treasured birthday anniversary, baby gift. Colorful 8 x 10 Scroll. Name inscribed. Any date since 1870. Amazing value for only $3. 10-day service. Sample free. BIRTHDATE RESEARCH, Box 249-K, Wall St. Station, NYC; or telephone LEvittown 3-5720.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

PIANIST, young woman, available for parties, etc., evenings, week ends. RIverside 9-5464 (NYC), evenings.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16, MUrray Hill 5-4280.

KING ARTHUR Bonded Moving. No job too small. Lowest rates. ALgonquin 5-0794 (NYC).

"FOREIGN JOB OPPORTUNITIES!" Excellent professional, technical, teaching, clerical positions Europe, Asia, S. America, Africa. Detailed information on 200 job classifications; over 100 firms, government agencies now hiring. (Male, Female.) Only $1. Money-back guarantee. OTIS PUBLICATIONS, Box 2IS, Alden Manor, Elmont, N. Y.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported rosewood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

MALE, 25, leaving January 1955 Guatemala, Mexico tour desires traveling companion, share expenses. Box T-948.

ACTIVE GENTLEWOMAN WITH GUMPTION, 30 to 50, who likes dogs and enjoys comfortable country living, wanted as househelper in owner's residence on large dairy farm, Columbia County, N. Y. Driving desirable. No cooking. Salary and maintenance. Give telephone number. Box T-785.

PERSONALS

EDITOR-WRITER—Able man to edit natural history, scientific and travel articles for popular consumption in nationally known magazine. Experienced feature writing desirable. Must excell at rewriting, drawing out authors, and improving stories; have a knack for writing captions and headlines. Opportunity for advancement. In confidential resumé, please give complete information on education, positions held, bibliography of works, domestic and foreign travel, and salary requirements. Preferably not over 32 years of age. Box T-959.

ENGLISH CORRECTION. Man experienced with slow, difficult pupils. Box T-955.

FORMER WAC wanted for writing project. Literary ability or interest in literature. OXford 7-3983 (NYC). Box T-957.

CULTIVATED office manager, budget analyst, contract administrator, (ex-teacher), 35, seeks challenging position anywhere. FLUENT French. Box T-952.

YALE GRAD, 25, wants someone to share driving and expenses on inexpensive European tour. Winter or spring. Box T-953.

"AFRICAN SCULPTURE SPEAKS" with 276 illustrations, $7.50 postpaid. SEGY GALLERY, 708 Lexington Ave., NYC.

WISH TO BUY three used Linguaphone (or other make) record sets in French, German, Spanish. Box T-954.

CAPABLE, versatile gentlewoman desires companion position with elderly lady. FIllmore 8-7448, Manhattan. Box T-951.

CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE FOR TIME OF YOUR LIFE! A leisurely, comfortable, relaxing trip through Scandinavia & British Isles or on the Continent. The Harts do it in their private autos. FOR STUDENTS: Study-tour in Spain, $500 complete. Contact your TRAVEL AGENT or write CROW'S NEST TRIPS, 7326 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia 19, Pa., for fascinating brochure.

EAST 60th—For Rent: Small private office on second floor, professional use: share reception room. Unlisted telephone available. TEmpleton 8-7097 (NYC).

BINOCULARS; from Museum Curator, a professional user. Bartlett Hendricks, Pittsfield 50-B, Mass.

GIVE AN XMAS GIFT of social significance! Choice of three unusual recordings: SONGS OF THE WOBBLIES, 33⅓ LP album, 12 songs, $4; BALLADS FOR SECTARIANS, album of 9 songs lampooning history of Communist party line, 33⅓ LP or 78 RPM, $4; TWO POLITICAL SONGS, "The Giveaway Boys in Washington" and "Joe McCarthy's Band," 78 RPM, $1.25. All records unbreakable. We mail with Xmas card. LABOR ARTS, Dept. SR, 11431 Nashville, Detroit 5, Michigan.

LEARN THE REAL ITALIAN with help of Roman radio announcer. Box T-916.

AUTHOR, four books, experienced research, editorial, French, Italian. Needs job. Box T-958.

AWARDS FOR ORIGINAL PLAYS. Three classifications. Deadline February 25. For entrance blanks address DRAMATISTS' ALLIANCE, Stanford, Calif.

GROUP FORMING to leave Laredo, Texas, shoestringing Mexico, Central-South America January 4, 6 months. No guide. Probable basic $1,200. Box T-910.

FRENCH-SPANISH, other languages too. Speak in 12 exciting lessons. Native teachers. Uptown, downtown, MUrray Hill 5-4160 (NYC).

BOOK ADVERTISING for publishers. George Butterly, Times Tower, NYC.

EUROPE IS WONDERFUL in winter! Interested in art, music, people? Be one of six in car. Inquire immediately. Box T-779.

PERSONALS

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

ABC SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. $2 Returnable. ZINMAN, 215-S West 91, NYC 24.

HAVE YOU A KNACK WITH DOGS? WANTED: Vigorous young woman to help owner of long-established country breeding kennels, registered AKC. Good wages and maintenance. State experience and telephone number. Box T-784.

TOP-DRAWER SECRETARY, under 35, interested working for fine firm. Now teaching Adult Extension classes. References. Box T-956.

TOWARD A THEORY OF CREATIVITY—lead article by Carl R. Rogers in current issue of ETC., official journal of Int'l Society for General Semantics, edited by S. I. Hayakawa. Read how language forms tend to limit thought, behavior. $4 year; trial issue $1. Write Dept. 33, 400 West North Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.

COMPANION position sought by mature woman, well-traveled. Drives, types. Box T-950.

SIAMESE KITTENS. Home-raised. Sturdy. Affectionate. Cunningham, 40 Titus Road, NYC. GLen Cove 4-9138.

TRAVEL

EUROPE 1955: "GRAND CIRCLE," 17 countries, 80 days, starting mid-June. Age group 18 to 40 years. Tourist-class steamer, luxury coaches, good hotels. $1,155. "Standard Circle," 12 countries, 66 days, $995. No additional expenses. MIDWEST TOURS, St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota.

EUROPE SUMMER 1955. Foreign Service man and schoolmaster accepting reservations NOW for escorted trip through France, Austria, and Germany. Small group. Information. Box 3582, Georgetown, D.C.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL INN, Fairhope, Alabama. Charming, delightful, homelike. Write for folder.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

BUCKINGHAM HOTEL, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA. Spend Christmas holidays with us in our nation's oldest city. Enjoy old-world atmosphere, sincere hospitality, good food, modern comforts, reasonable rates.

COLONIAL CHARM, luscious food, casual, intimate. *Delightful walks. Horses and golf nearby.* LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

SEVILLE HOTEL, DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA, your home away from home, offers sunny room with bath and meals for $8 and $9 daily; less per person for double occupancy. Spacious grounds only four blocks from churches, stores, and amusements. Ownership management.

ENJOY AN ARIZONA HOLIDAY at Christopher Square, 1035 East Mabel St., Tucson. Thirty discriminating guests, good food, an unusual atmosphere. American plan. $7 to $12 daily.

FOOD DELICACIES

BLUEBERRY JAM FROM BLUEBERRY HILL! Lush, cultivated berries. Lucullan with biscuits. CUCUMBER MARMALADE, tangy foil for lamb, chicken, fish. $9.95 dozen, $5.25 six, $2.95 three, prepaid, gift wrapped, 12 oz. THE MASTERTONS, Brandon, Vt.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1076

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Point at the angle of the lower jaw on either side.	80 199 206 188 73 67
B. Drawingroom of the White House used for formal functions (2 wds.).	135 24 121 168 200 83 47 118
C. Slightly yellowish (comp.).	66 137 189 49 103 79 148 93
D. Ward of Bartholo in the "Barber of Seville."	20 138 142 16 97 28
E. German economist who expounded a famous "law of satiety" (1810-58).	98 149 62 9 1 179
F. States of entrancing joy or other violent emotion.	184 102 91 35 128 201 57 123 115
G. All but (2 wds.).	173 44 25 110 131 4 82
H. Englishwoman novelist considered originator of school of romance featuring horrors seemingly supernatural (18th cent.).	54 205 90 165 109 11 169 174 159
I. Streetsweeper.	76 158 65 30 94 99 207 55 129 6
J. Producing results which seem to be sure of continuing.	202 163 104 53 151 194 61 32 87
K. Plastic operation for making or restoring a lip.	111 176 196 59 130 7 2 68 69 172 23
L. Anything made with delicate, open, appearance.	22 63 40 124 198 191 139 177
M. General term for to copy.	77 12 161 21 26 203 170

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Sharp, sudden fall, as in business, etc. (term from aviation; 2 wds.).	141 182 10 46 114 119 155 37
O. An order for payment of money on demand (2 wds.).	136 3 88 100 64 42 71 19 92 143
P. Information known only to a select group (2 wds.; colloq.).	140 186 17 101 38 154 14 208 192 48 162
Q. See Word R.	183 195 175 150 96 125
R. Followed by Word Q, sovereign power of the state over all property to appropriate a part for public use, disting. from powers to tax, or police power.	8 181 132 120 126 145 85
S. Treatment of disease.	75 116 156 34 144 18 127
T. One of the most-dreaded of Biblical foes.	86 13 52 5 105 157 197
U. Revolutionary surveyor who made redrawing of L'Enfant's plan for Washington (1754-1820).	190 108 95 164 56 89 134 193
V. A "League of American" ones was a feature of bicycling days in the Gay Nineties.	122 36 50 43 78 27 147 106
W. Webster says, existence among the aristocracy or the rich (2 wds.).	81 209 180 204 60 153 74 112
X. Alligator pear.	107 58 70 45 171 160 31
Y. A dairy.	187 113 146 72 41 185 178 166 15
Z. Mischievousness.	39 167 84 117 210 152 29 33 51 133

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

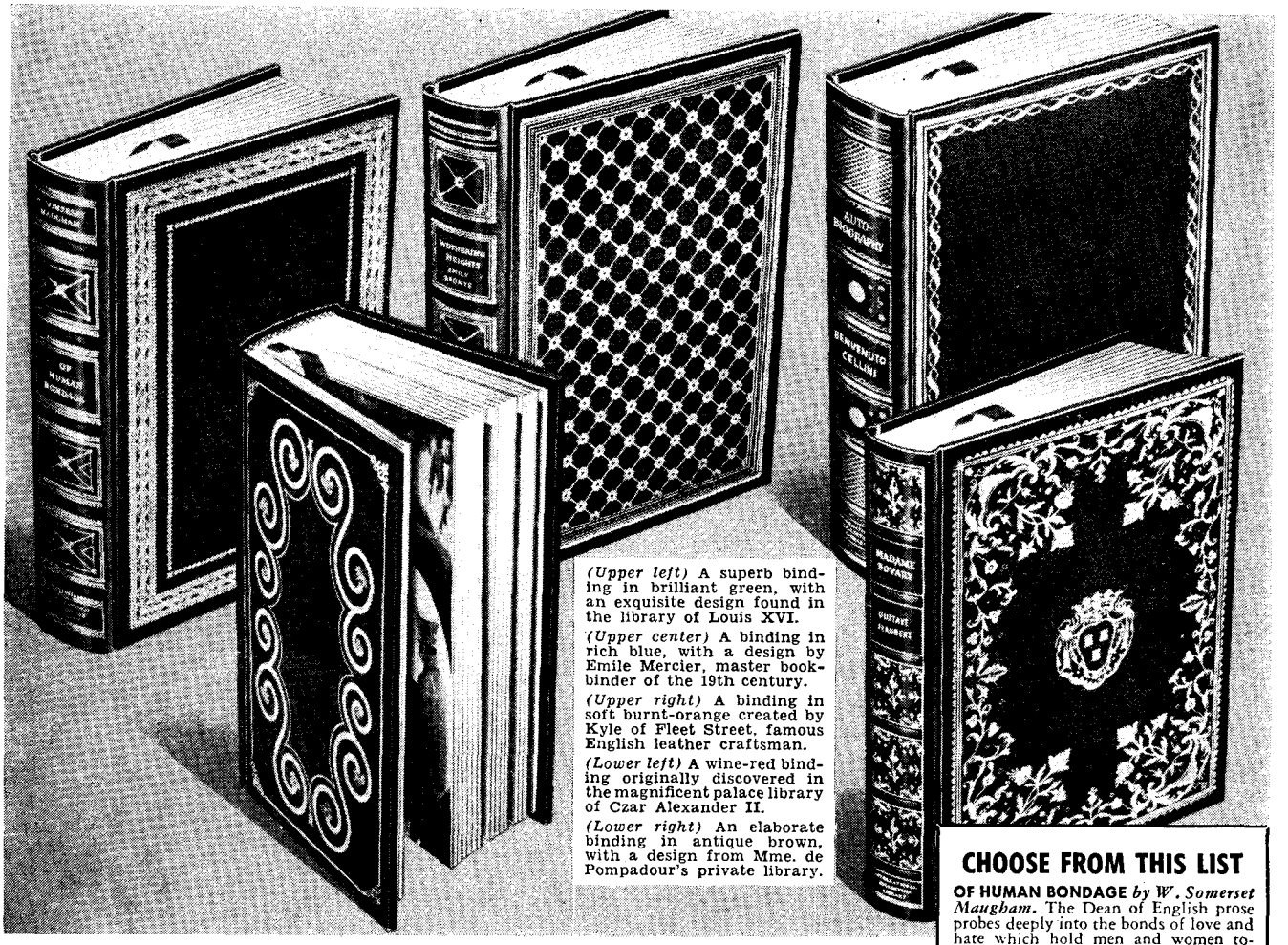
1 E	2 K	3 O	4 G	5 T	6 I	■	7 K	8 R	9 E	10 N	11 H	12 M	13 T	14 P	15 Y	■	16 D
17 P	■	18 S	19 O	20 D	21 M	22 L	23 K	■	24 B	■	25 G	26 M	27 V	28 D	29 Z	30 I	■
31 X	32 J	33 Z	34 S	■	35 F	36 V	37 N	■	38 P	39 Z	40 L	41 Y	42 O	43 V	44 G	45 X	46 N
■	47 B	48 P	■	49 C	50 V	51 Z	52 T	53 J	54 H	55 I	■	56 U	57 F	58 X	59 K	60 W	61 J
62 E	63 L	64 O	65 I	66 C	67 A	■	68 K	■	69 K	70 X	71 O	72 Y	■	73 A	74 W	■	75 S
76 I	77 M	78 V	79 C	80 A	81 W	82 G	83 B	84 Z	85 R	86 T	87 J	88 O	89 U	90 H	91 F	■	92 O
93 C	94 I	95 U	96 Q	97 D	98 E	■	99 I	100 O	101 P	102 F	103 C	■	104 J	105 T	106 V	107 X	108 U
109 H	110 G	■	111 K	112 W	113 Y	114 N	115 F	■	116 S	117 Z	118 B	■	119 N	120 R	■	121 B	122 V
123 F	124 L	125 Q	126 R	127 S	■	128 F	129 I	130 K	131 G	132 R	133 Z	134 U	135 B	136 O	■	137 C	138 D
139 L	■	140 P	141 N	142 D	143 O	144 S	145 R	146 Y	147 V	■	148 C	149 E	■	150 Q	151 J	152 Z	153 W
154 P	155 N	156 S	■	157 T	158 I	159 H	■	160 X	161 M	162 P	163 J	164 U	165 H	166 Y	167 Z	168 B	■
169 H	170 M	171 X	172 K	■	173 G	174 H	■	175 Q	176 K	177 L	178 Y	179 E	180 W	■	181 R	182 N	183 Q
184 F	185 Y	186 P	■	187 Y	188 A	189 C	190 U	■	191 L	192 P	193 U	■	194 J	195 Q	■	196 K	197 T
■	198 L	199 A	200 B	201 F	202 J	■	203 M	204 W	205 H	206 A	■	207 I	208 P	■	209 W	210 Z	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 58 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANY 3 OF THE MASTERWORKS LISTED BELOW IN AUTHENTIC PERIOD BINDINGS *Yours for only* $1.00 with Membership

TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE BEAUTY OF INTERNATIONAL COLLECTORS LIBRARY VOLUMES



(Upper left) A superb binding in brilliant green, with an exquisite design found in the library of Louis XVI.

(Upper center) A binding in rich blue, with a design by Emile Mercier, master bookbinder of the 19th century.

(Upper right) A binding in soft burnt-orange created by Kyle of Fleet Street, famous English leather craftsman.

(Lower left) A wine-red binding originally discovered in the magnificent palace library of Czar Alexander II.

(Lower right) An elaborate binding in antique brown, with a design from Mme. de Pompadour's private library.

SELECT THE VOLUMES YOU WANT AND MAIL THE COUPON

THE libraries of the men who created the "golden age of bookbinding" were retreats of exquisite beauty. On their shelves were fabulous volumes designed by great contemporary artists and lovingly hand-bound by dedicated craftsmen in centuries-old traditions. Not even a millionaire could buy these volumes now, for they are the national art treasures of a dozen lands. Yet—on the most limited budget you may have thrilling reproductions commissioned by the International Collectors Library!

A LIFETIME LIBRARY OF LUXURIOUS VOLUMES. Within the covers of these books are the greatest works of world literature . . . novels, drama, philosophy, biography, history. The bindings themselves are in the rich reds, meadow greens, bright browns and blues of the original editions. Each binding is elaborately embossed in rich gold color, and the top page edges are stained to protect the pages from dust. The exclusive price to members of the International Collectors Library is just $2.65 per volume.

Members are also offered DeLuxe editions at $3.65 per volume. Both the binding and interior of the two editions are alike, but the DeLuxe edition is embossed in 24K gold, with real gold on the top page edges, and each volume contains a silk ribbon marker.

HOW THE LIBRARY'S PLAN WORKS. As a member, each month you will receive an advance notice of the forthcoming release. If you do not want it, merely notify us and it will not be sent; otherwise, the volume will come to you for $2.65 or $3.65 (depending on the edition you prefer) plus small delivery charge. There are no membership dues or fees.

SEND FOR THREE VOLUMES FOR FREE EXAMINATION! Simply list the titles you want in the edition you prefer, and mail the coupon. When you receive your volumes, if you are not overwhelmed by their beauty and value, return them in 10 days and owe nothing. Otherwise, pay just $1.00 plus shipping for all three and become a Library member. You may continue membership as long as you wish, or cancel at any time after accepting only four selections during the coming year. Mail the coupon *now!*

INTERNATIONAL COLLECTORS LIBRARY • Garden City, N. Y.

11SRL

Write Below the Titles of the Three Volumes You Want For Just $1.00

_____

_____

_____

International Collectors Library
Garden City, N. Y.

Send me for free examination the three International Collectors Library volumes the titles of which I have written above—and enroll me as a member. If I wish to return the books, I may do so within 10 days and membership will be cancelled; otherwise, bill me only $1.00 (plus few cents shipping) for all three and I will be entitled to full members' privileges. Every month each new masterwork will be described in advance. If I do not want a volume I will notify you and it will not be sent. My sole obligation is to buy as few as four volumes during the coming year from among the many masterworks offered. After taking only four, I may resign whenever I wish, or continue to enjoy the benefits of membership as long as I wish.

I wish to receive my selections in the

(Check one) ☐ **Regular edition at $2.65 per volume**
☐ **DeLuxe edition at $3.65 per volume**

Name.....

Address.....

City.....**Zone**.....**State**.....

CHOOSE FROM THIS LIST

OF HUMAN BONDAGE *by W. Somerset Maugham.* The Dean of English prose probes deeply into the bonds of love and hate which hold men and women together. (Louis XVI binding).

WUTHERING HEIGHTS *by Emily Brontë.* The deeply-moving story of one of the strangest love relationships to be found in all world literature. (19th century Emile Mercier binding).

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI. Sculptor, artist, gunsmith, swordsman, lover, politician, murderer—Cellini was all of these and more! (London Fleet Street binding).

ANNA KARENINA *by Count Leo Tolstoy.* Perhaps the greatest novel ever written about one of the eternal literary themes—infidelity and betrayal in marriage. (Czar Alexander II binding).

MADAME BOVARY *by Gustave Flaubert.* A realistic portrait of courtship and marriage and the subsequent disintegration of a woman's character. (Madame de Pompadour binding).

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH *by Samuel Butler.* The gripping autobiographical novel which helped to terminate the puritanical Victorian age and begin our own. (Louis XVI binding).

BARCHESTER TOWERS *by Anthony Trollope.* An exciting love story richly spiced with the gentle humor and satire that is Trollope's trade mark. (19th century Emile Mercier binding).

THE SUMMING UP *by W. Somerset Maugham.* This famous autobiography is full of frank opinions about books, wine, women, words, love, ideas, travel. (London Fleet Street binding).

JOURNAL OF MADAME GIOVANNI *by Alexandre Dumas.* The fascinating travels of a beautiful adventuress and her consort to the far corners of the earth. (Madame de Pompadour binding).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED